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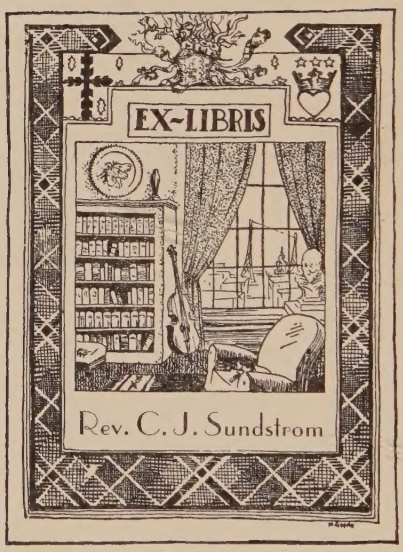
The New Hymnal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The NEW HYMNAL

for

Church *and* Home

PUBLISHED BY
CONFERENCE PRESS
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

PREFACE

THE NEW HYMNAL is hereby presented to those who love to sing songs of praise and adoration. For many months it has engaged much of the time of the members of the committee, time by necessity impressed into days filled with many duties. But the task of preparing The New Hymnal has been a labor of love; hence the toil has been greatly tempered with joy.

At the outset of its work the Committee decided to select only worth-while songs, songs tested by time and found good, songs of real literary and musical merit. To this decision the Committee has adhered strictly throughout its labors. Many kind and interested friends have greatly aided in this work by submitting favorite songs and valuable suggestions. Every suggestion has been carefully weighed and frequently followed. Where this has not been the case it has been by reason of conditions which have made such a course seem impractical or inexpedient. Some favorites will be missing because of copyright conditions which have made it impossible to secure their publication rights.

Many songs which we have learned to love in another tongue have been translated and incorporated in this collection. Not a few of them appear thus in the English tongue for the first time.

To Mr. Thoro Harris the Committee stands deeply indebted for his indefatigable zeal as editor and general counsellor. Not a few of his excellent compositions will be found in this volume.

With the sincere hope that this collection of songs will prove a unifying influence in our church, Sunday school and young people's work, and that they may tend in some degree to upbuild the kingdom of God and teach the Lord's people to sing His praises in the sanctuary of His holiness, we send out The New Hymnal on its mission.

JOHN E. SPANN,
J. O. BACKLUND,
F. C. HAMLIN.

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1 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!

E. PERRONET. DIADEM.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels prostrate fall,
2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,

Let an - gels pros - trate fall, Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,

And crown . . . . . Him, crown Him,

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of
And crown . . . . . Him, crown Him,

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown . . . . . .

crown Him, crown Him,

all; crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all!
crown . . . . . Him,

. . . . . Him. And crown Him Lord of all!

2 Praise Ye the Lord.

f Allegro moderato.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join in a song of sweet ac - cord, While ye sur - round the throne.
2. Let those re- fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God, But sol - diers of the heav'n - ly King, Must speak their joys a - broad.
3. Yea, and be- fore we rise To that im - mor- tal state, The tho'ts of such a - maz - ing bliss Should con - stant joys cre - ate.
4. The men of grace have found Glo- ry be - gun be - low; Ce - les - tial fruit on earth - ly ground From faith and hope may grow.

CHORUS.

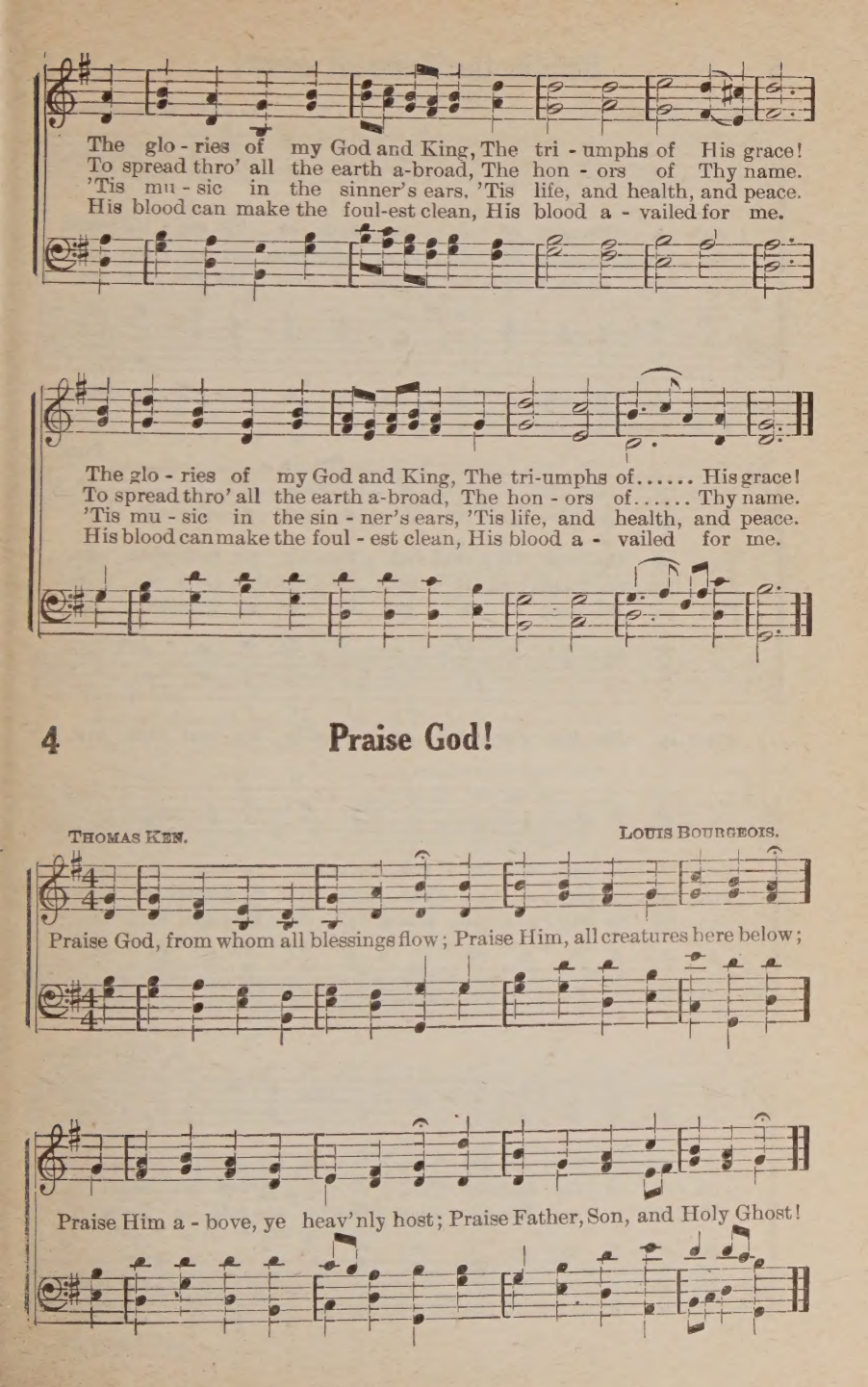
Praise ye the Lord, Hal- le - lu- jah! Praise ye the Lord, Hal-le - lu- jah!

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal- le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise ye the Lord!

3 O for a Thousand Tongues!

CHARLES WESLEY. OLIVER HOLDEN.

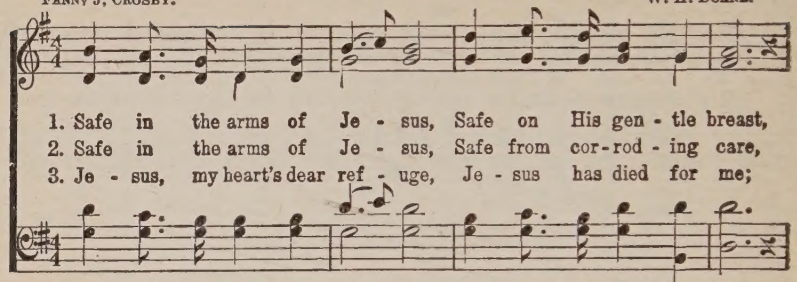
1. O, for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise;
2. My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim,
3. Je - sus, the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor-rows cease;
4. He breaks the pow'r of can-celled sin, He sets the pris-'ner free;


The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri - umphs of His grace!
To spread thro' all the earth a-broad, The hon - ors of Thy name.
'Tis mu - sic in the sinner's ears. 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
His blood can make the foul-est clean, His blood a - vailed for me.
The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of..... His grace!
To spread thro' all the earth a-broad, The hon - ors of..... Thy name.
'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
His blood can make the foul - est clean, His blood a - vailed for me.
4
Praise God!
THOMAS KEN.
LOUIS BOURGEOIS.
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

BY PER. BIGLOW & MAIN.

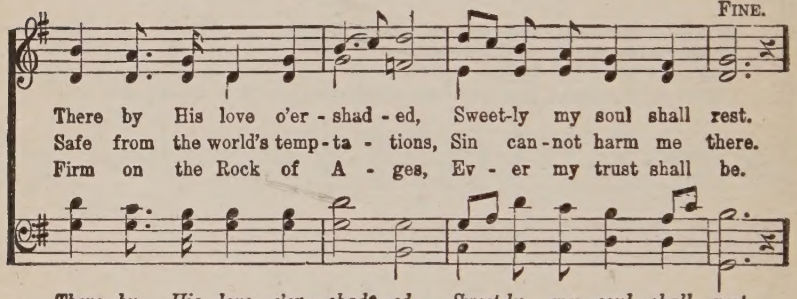
FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care,
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;

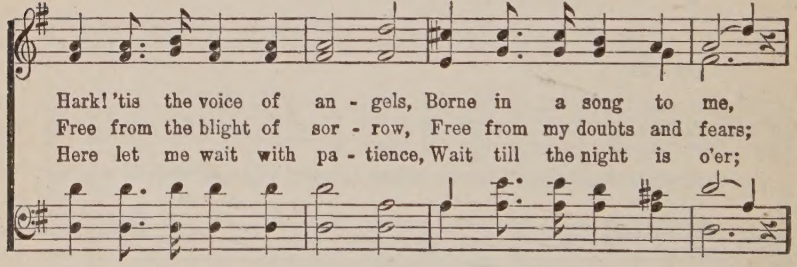
CHO.–*Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,*

FINE.



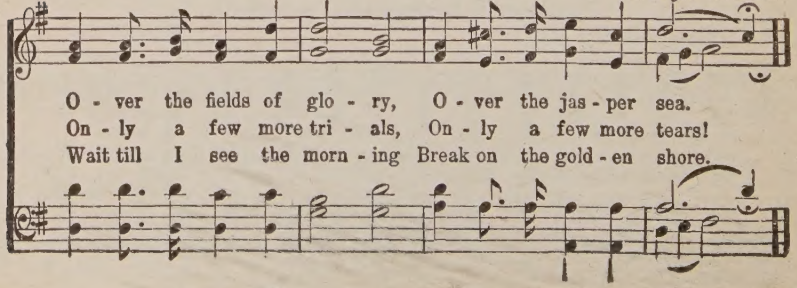
There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.
Safe from the world's temp - ta - tions, Sin can - not harm me there.
Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be.

There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.



Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
Here let me wait with pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;

D. C. for Chorus.



O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.
On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears!
Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold - en shore.

Praise Him! Praise Him!

FANNY J. CROSBY. CRESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Sing, oh, earth, His won - der - ful love pro - claim! Hail Him! hail Him! high-est arch-an-gels in glo-ry! Strength and hon-or give to His ho-ly name! Like a shepherd, Jesus will guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long; tell of His ex-cel-lent greatness, Praise Him, praise Him! ev-er in joy-ful song.

2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! For our sins He suf - fer'd, and bled, and died, He our Rock, our hope of e - ter-nal sal-va - tion, Hail Him! hail Him! Jesus, the Cru-ci - fied. Sound His praises! Jesus who bore our sor-rows, Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong; Praise Him! praise Him ev-er: Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com-ing o-ver the world vic-to-rious, Pow'r and glo - ry un-to the Lord be-long;

3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Heav'n-ly port - als loud with ho - san - nas ring! Je - sus, Sav - ior, reign-eth for - ev - er and

By permission.

Revive Us Again.

WM. PATON MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light,
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace,
5. Re - vive us a - gain, fill each heart with Thy love;

For Je - sus who died, and is now gone a - bove.
Who has shown us our Sav - iour, and scat - tered our night.
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed ev - ery stain.
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guid - ed our ways.
May each soul be re - kin - dled with fire from a - bove.

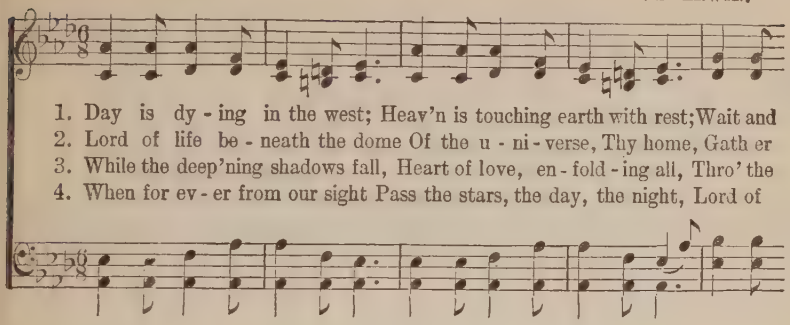
CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

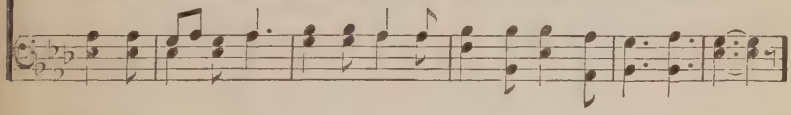
Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry! Re - vive us a - gain.

Day is Dying in the West.

MARY ANN LATHBURY. WILLIAM F. SHERWIN.



1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and wor - ship while the night Sets her evening lamps a-light Thro' all the sky.
2. Lord of life be - neath the dome Of the u - ni - verse, Thy home, Gath er us who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy em-brace, For Thou art nigh.
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of love, en - fold - ing all, Thro' the glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts ascend.
4. When for ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morn - ing rise, And shadows end.



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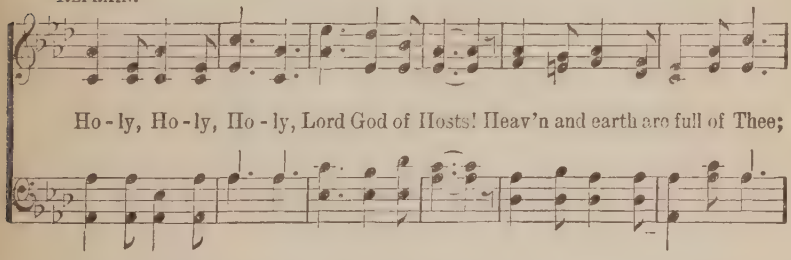
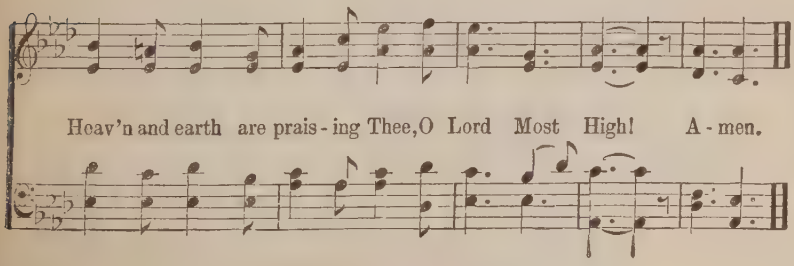


Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee;



Heav'n and earth are prais - ing Thee, O Lord Most High! A - men.

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The God of Abraham Praise.

T. Olivers. Anon.

1. The God of Abraham praise, Who reigns enthroned a - bove,
2. The God of Abraham praise, At whose supreme com - mand
3. He by Him-self hath sworn; I on His oath de - pend:
4. The whole tri-umph-ant host Give thanks to God on high;

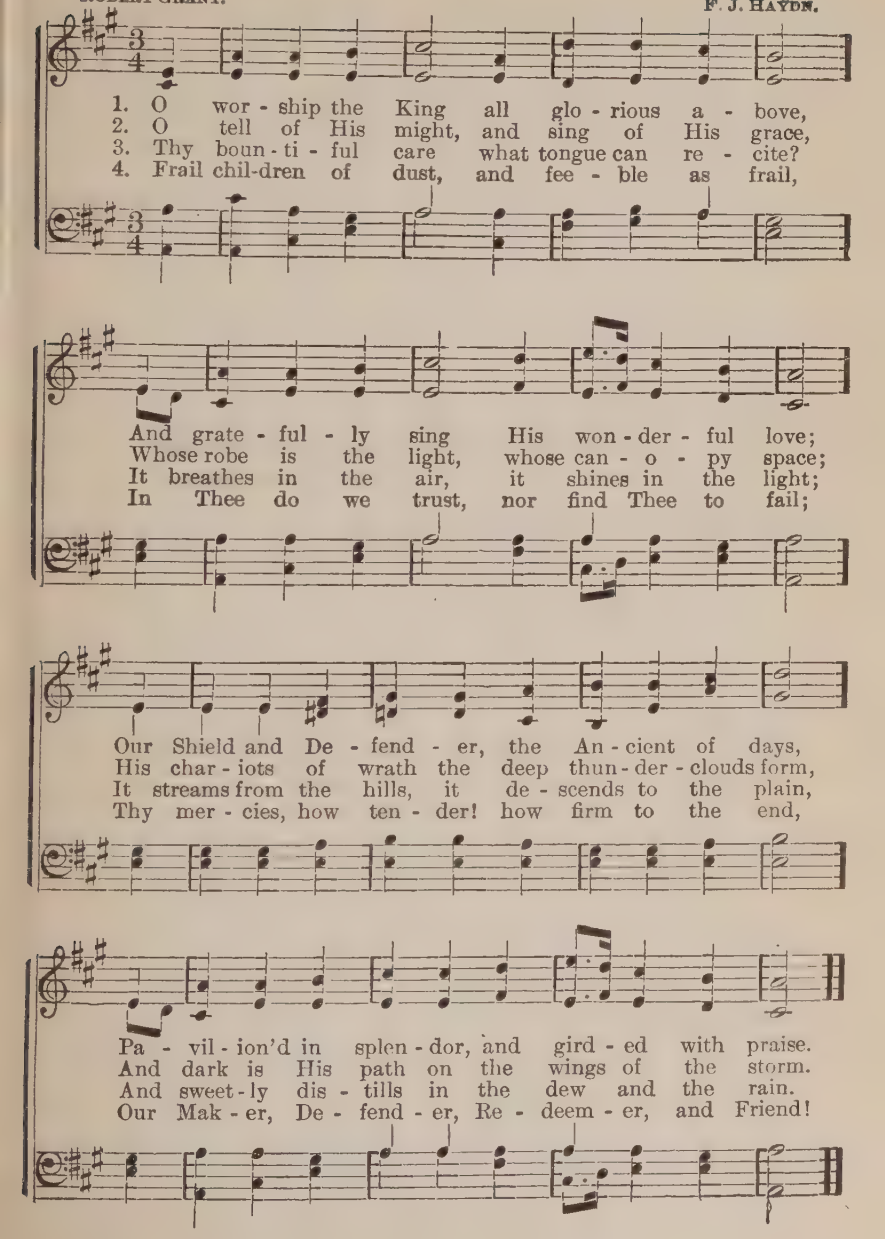
An - cient of ev - er - last - ing days, And God of love.
From earth I rise, and seek the joys At His right hand.
I shall, on ea - gles' wings up-borne, To heaven as - cend;
'Hail, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost!' They ev - er cry.

Je - ho- vah! Great I AM, By earth and heaven con-fessed!
I all on earth for - sake, Its wis - dom, fame, and power,
I shall be - hold His face, I shall His power a - dore,
Hail, Abraham's God, and mine! I join the heaven-ly lays;

I bow and bless the sa - cred Name For ev - er blest.
And Him my on - ly portion make, My shield and tower.
And sing the wonders of His grace For ev - er - more.
All might and majes - ty are Thine, And end - less praise. A - men.

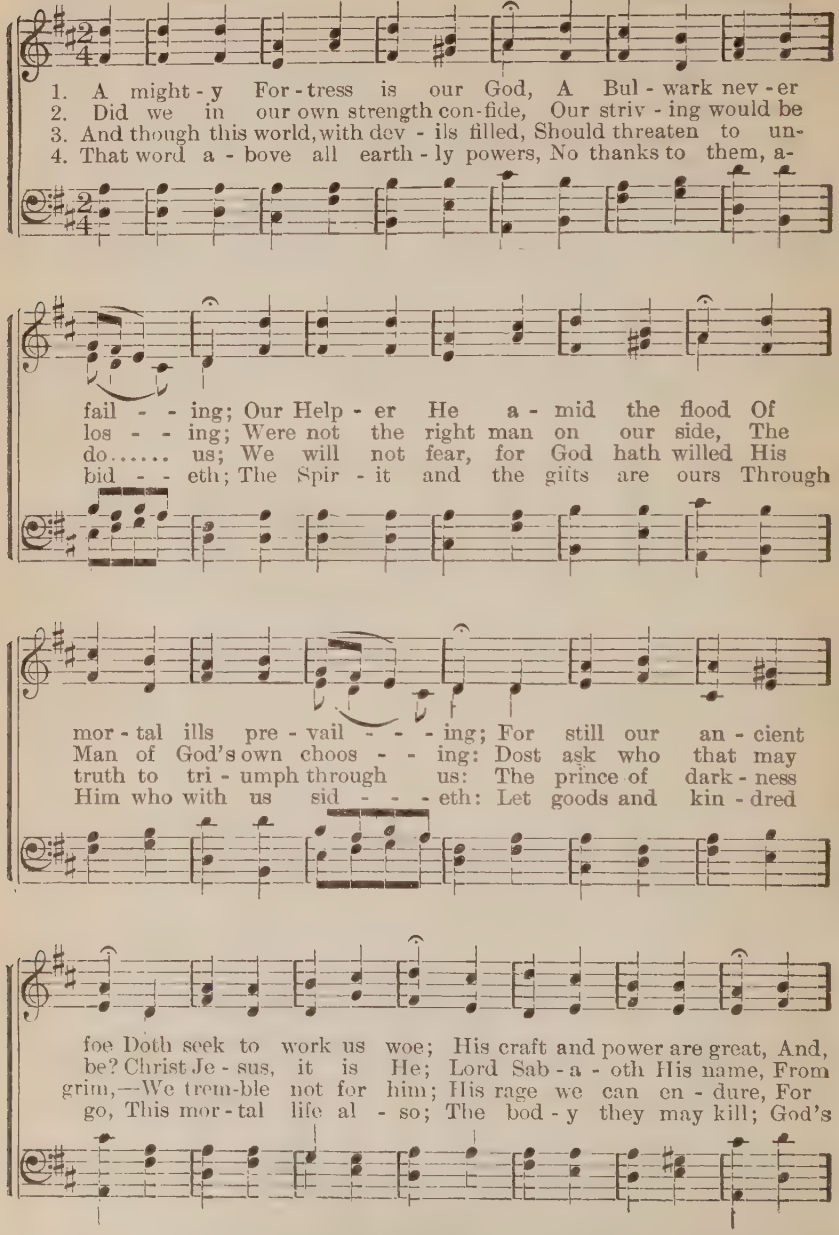
O Worship the King.

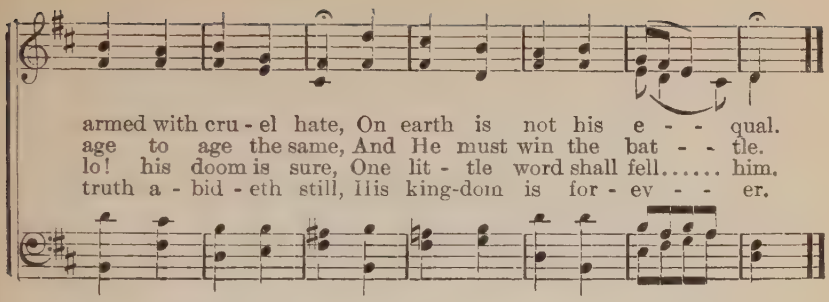
ROBERT GRANT. F. J. HAYDN.



11 A Mighty Fortress is Our God.

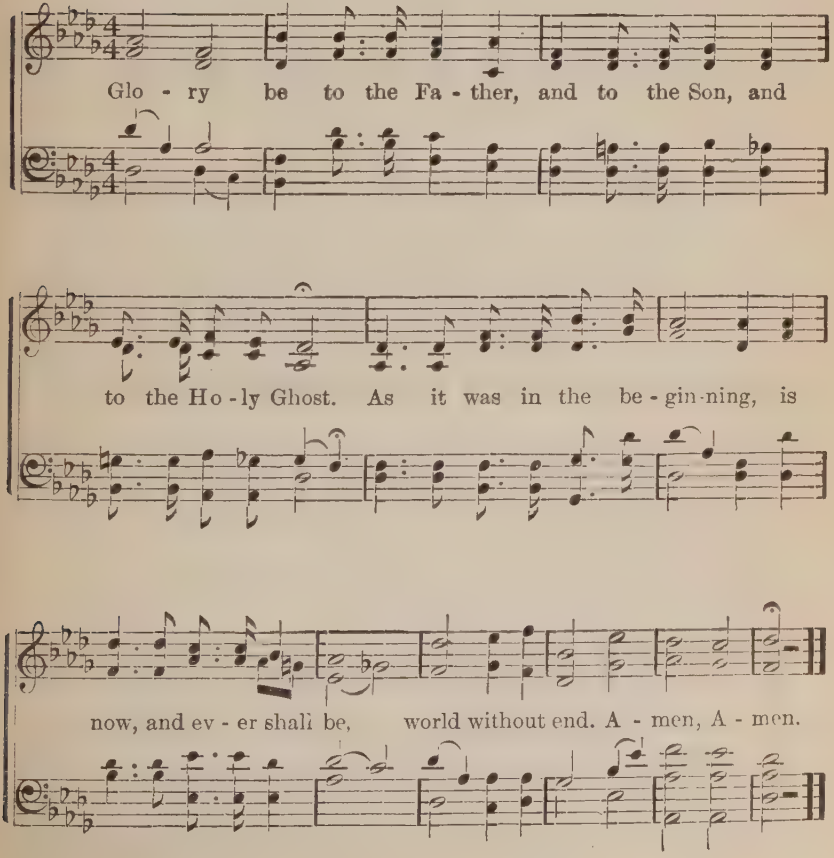
M. L. Tr. F. H. Hedge. Martin Luther.





12. Gloria Patri.

F. Earnest.



13 Rejoice.

"Rejoice in the Lord always: and again I say, Rejoice."

JOHN I. BERGSTROM

1. Oh, sing un-to the Lord a song, Oh, make a joy-ful noise!
2. 'Tis heav'n on earth, e'en as a-bove, His ho - ly name to praise,
3. Oh, may our lips for-ev-er share The song that an-gels sing.
4. And soon throughout the end-less day We'll sing the new, new song,

1. With yon-der hap-py blood-bought throng, Re-joice, re-joice, re-joice!
2. 'Tis great to know His match-less love And see His smil-ing face.
3. If clouds hang low or skies be fair, We'll let our prais-es ring!
4. All robed in spot-less white ar-ray, Je-hov-ah's blood-bought throng.

CHORUS

Oh, sing His praise with trum-pet voice, Re-joice, re-joice, re-joice!

He is your best your great-est choice, Re-joice, re-joice, re-joice!

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14 Dawn.

CARL O. DAHLEN, Tr.

1. Dawn a-wakes the moun-tain, Val-ley, plain and wood, Murm-ring as a
2. Hear the for-est ring-ing In a joy-ful mood: Thou-sand birds are
3. Sun-kissed waves are gleam-ing, Flow-ry mead-ows brood, Ros-es fair are
4. Soul, re-sound the sto-ry, Make it un-der-stood: God re-veals His

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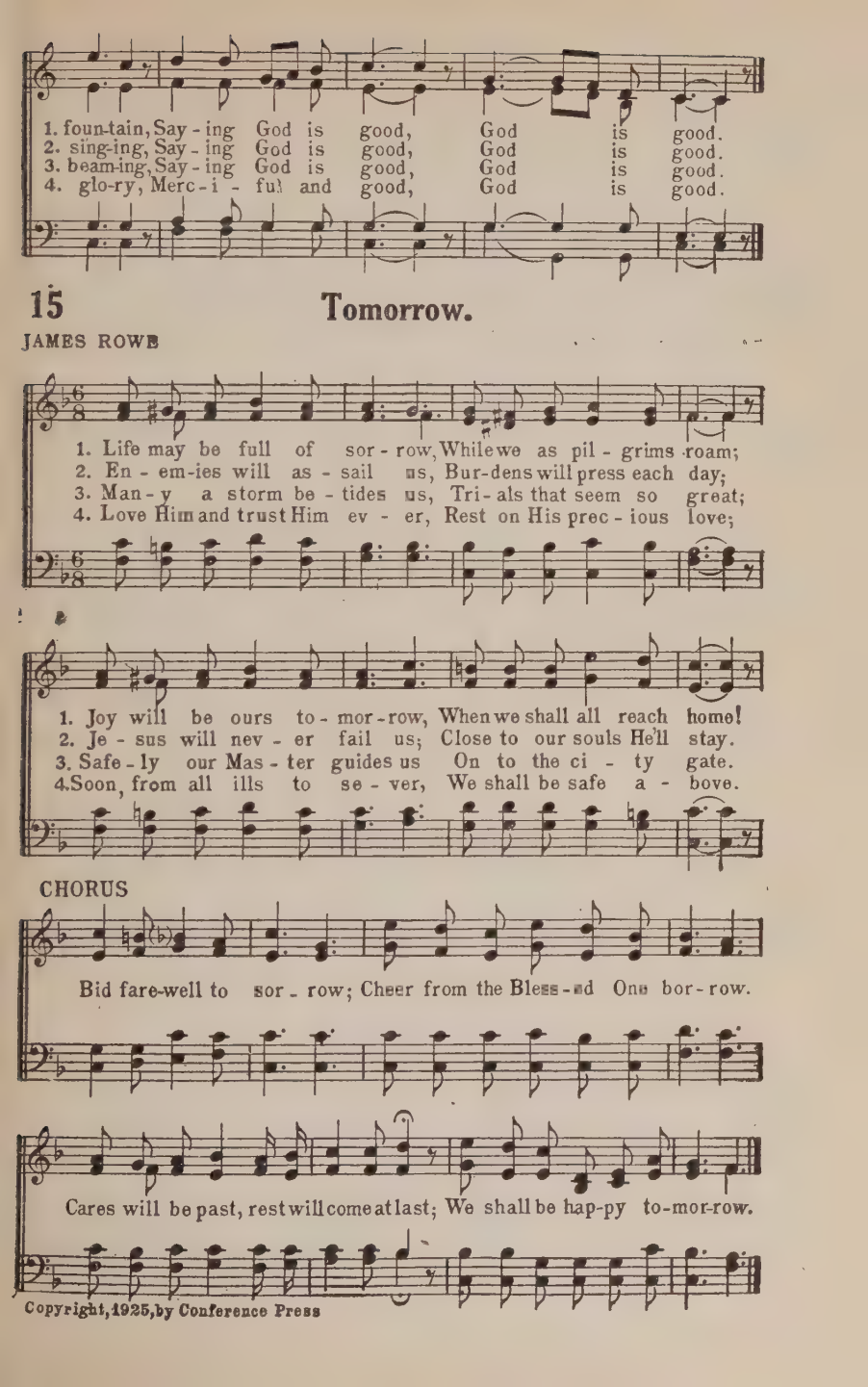

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Harvest Hymn.

J. S. B. MONSELL. J. F. HAYDN, Arr.

1. Earth be - low is teem - ing, Heav'n is bright a - bove;
2. For the sun and show - ers, For the rain and dew,
3. Earth's broad harvest whit - ens In a bright - er sun

Ev - ery brow is beam - ing In the light of love;
For the nur-turing hours,.... Spring and sum - mer knew;
Than the orb that light - ens All we tread up - on;

Ev - ery eye re - joic - es, Ev - ery thought is praise;
For the gold - en au - tumn, And its pre - cious stores,
Send out labor-ers, Fa - - ther! Where fields ripening wave;

Hap - py hearts and voic - es Glad - den nights and days.
For the love that brought them Teem - ing to our doors.
All the na - tions gath - er, Gath - er in and save.

CHORUS.

O Al - might - y Giv - - er! Boun-ti - ful and free,

As the joy in har - vest Joy we be - fore Thee.

17 First of All.

"That in all things He might have the pre-eminence.—COL. 1: 18.

Thoro Harris.

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1. In the house of God I have a place, Member of His roy-al fam - i - ly;
But tho here I may not see His face, Je - sus is the first of all to me.

2. He hath loved me with such tender love; And I cry, My soul, how could it be
That the King should leave a throne above, Dying on the cross of Cal-va-ry?

3. I am lost in won-der at the tho't Of His grace so boun-ti-ful and free;
This salvation Christ from heav'n hath bro't To redeem a sinful wretch like me.

CHORUS

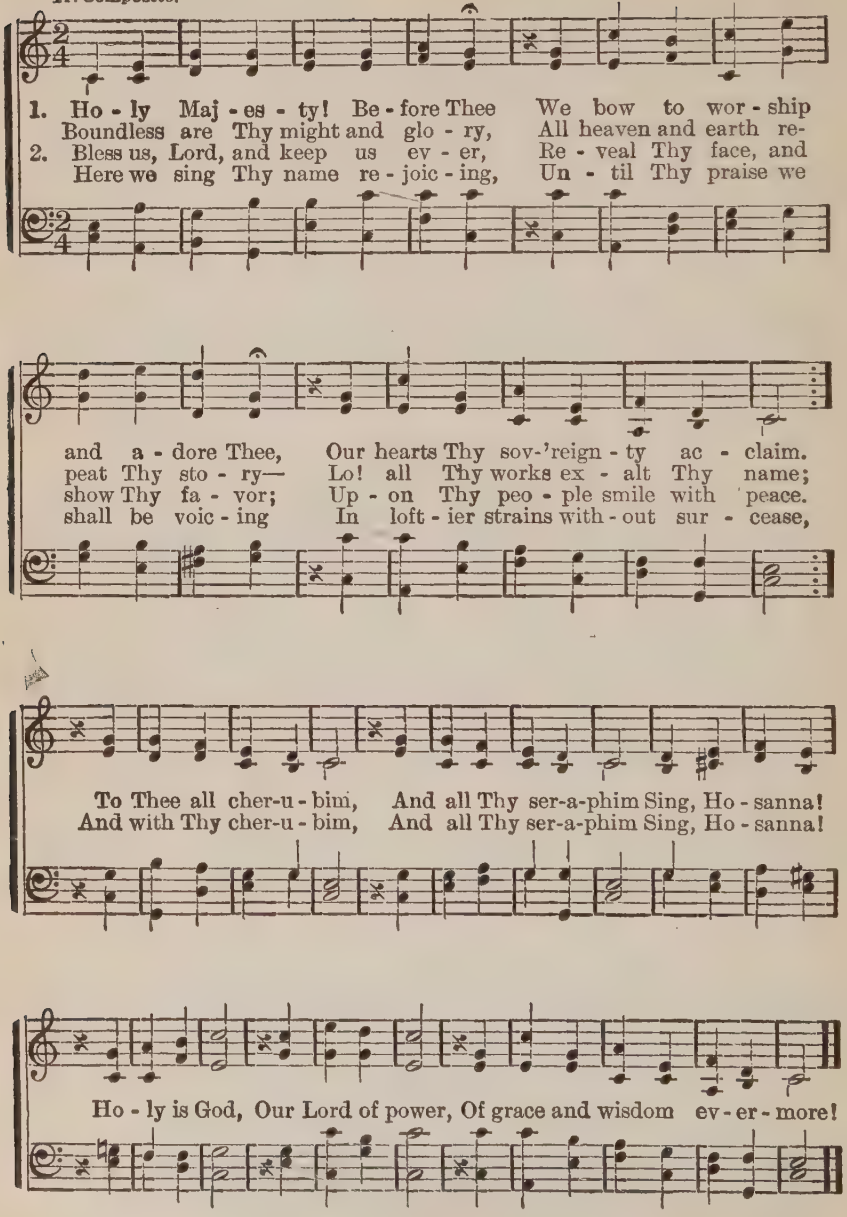
End - less glo - ry to His peer-less name In Him all of good I see;

With my heart I fer-vent-ly ex-claim, Je-sus is the first of all to me.

Holy Majesty.

S. J. Hedborn. (Swedish.)
Tr. Composite.

Ph. Nicolai.



Day and Night.

CARL O. DAHLEN

Quartet

1. The day is Thine, (the day is Thine,) The long bright sum-mer day,
2. The night is Thine, (the night is Thine,) The long dark win - ter night,
3. And life's brief day, (and life's brief day,) We have re-ceived from Thee,
4. The dark-er night (The dark-er night,) Is al - so Thine, O Lord,

1. From dawning light 'till evening gloom, With singing birds and flowrs in bloom,
2. The birds are hush'd and flow-ers sleep; But glow-ing stars their vig-ils keep,
3. Oh may we use the prec-ious time In work-ing for Thy cause sub-lime,
4. When through death's val-ley we shall roam But then we know we're go - ing home!

1. The gold - en beau - ty bid us say: The day, O Lord, is Thine, The
2. And tell of glo - ry and of might. The night, O Lord, is Thine, The
3. Un - til Thy ho - ly face we see; When end-ed is our day When
4. And as death's riv - er we shall ford, The dark ness ends in light, The

1. day, O Lord, is Thine, The day, O Lord, is Thine.
2. night, O Lord, is Thine, The night, O Lord, is Thine.
3. end - ed is our day, When end - ed is our day.
4. dark-ness ends in light, The dark-ness ends in light.

The day, O Lord,
The night, O Lord,
When end-ed is
The dark-ness ends

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At the Cross I'll Abide.

I. B. I. Baltzell.

1. O Je- sus, Saviour, I long to rest, Near the cross where Thou hast died;
2. My dy- ing Je- sus, my Sav-iour, God, Who hast borne my guilt and sin,
3. O Je- sus, Saviour, now make me Thine, Never let me stray from Thee;
4. The cleansing pow'r of Thy blood ap-ply, All my guilt and sin re-move;

For there is hope for the ach - ing breast; At the cross I will a - bide.
Now wash me, cleanse me with Thine own blood, Ev-er keep me pure and clean.
Oh, wash me, cleanse me, for Thou art mine, And Thy love is full and free.
Oh, help me, while at Thy cross I lie, Fill my soul with per-fect love.

CHORUS.

At the cross I'll a - bide, At the cross
At the cross I'll a- bide, At the cross

I'll a - bide; At the cross I'll a - bide, There His
I'll a- bide,

blood is ap- plied at the cross I am sat - is - fied.

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There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. J.

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L. E. Jones.

1. Would you be free from the bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit-er, much whit-er, than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv-ice for Je - sus, your King? There's pow'r in the blood,

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal - va - ry's tide;
pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow;
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly His prais - es to sing?

CHORUS.

There's won-der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
there is

Won-der-work-ing pow'r in the blood of the Lamb; There is
In the blood of the Lamb:

pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r In the pre-cious blood of the Lamb.
there is pow'r,

Never Alone.

Arr. by IRA O. HOFFMAN.

1. I've seen the light'ning flash - ing, And heard the thun - der roll;
2. The world's fierce winds are blow - ing, Temp-ta-tions sharp and keen;
3. When in af - flic - tion's val - ley, I'm tread'ng the road of care,
4. He died for me on the moun - tain, For me they pierced His side;
5. He gives me the sweet prom - ise That He will come a - gain,

CHO.— *No, nev-er a - lone, No, nev-er a - lone;*

I've felt sin's break - ers dash-ing, Try - ing to conquer my soul;
I feel a peace in knowing My Sav-ior stands be - tween;
My Sav - ior helps me to car - ry My cross when heavy to bear;
For me He opened that foun-tain, The crimson, cleans - ing tide;
And when He reigns in glo - ry, And I to heav'n at - tain,

He prom - ised nev-er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.

I've heard the voice of my Sav - ior Tell-ing me still to fight on;
He stands to shield me from dan-ger When earth - ly friends are gone;
My feet, en-tan-gled with bri - ers Read-y to cast me down,
For me He's waiting in glo - ry, Seat-ed up - on His throne;
I shall, in that dear coun-try, Be num - bered with His own;

No, nev-er a - lone, No, nev - er a - lone;

D. C. for chorus.

He prom - ised nev-er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
He prom - ised nev-er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
My Sav - ior whispers His promise: "I never will leave thee alone.
He prom - ised nev-er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
And live with Him for - ev - er, Nev - er, no, nev-er a - lone.

He prom - ised nev-er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.

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I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can-not bear these
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub-les; He is a kind, com-
3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my
4. O how the world to e - vil al-lures me! O how my heart is

burdens a - lone; In my distress he kind - ly will help me; He ev-er
passionate Friend; If I but ask him, he will de - liv - er, Make of my
burdens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus; He all my
tempted to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and he will help me O - ver the

Chorus.

loves and cares for his own.
troub-les quick-ly an end.
cares and sor-rows will share.
world the vic - t'ry to win.

I must tell Je - sus! I must tell

Je - sus! I can-not bear my bur-dens a - lone; I must tell

Rit.

Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! Je-sus can help me, Je-sus a - lone.

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'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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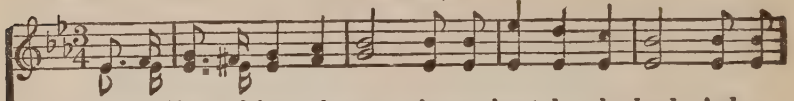
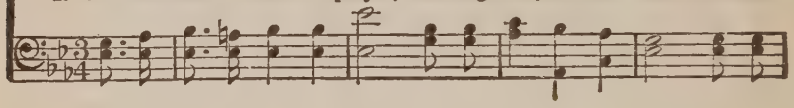
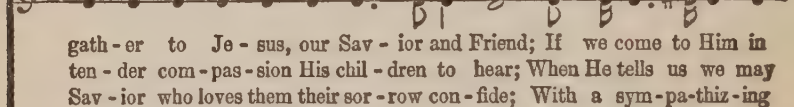
W. H. Doane.



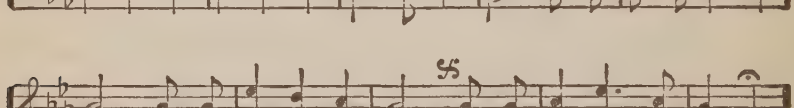
1. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low - ly bend, And we
2. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the Sav - ior draws near, With a
3. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the tempt-ed and tried To the
4. At the bless - ed hour of prayer, trust-ing Him, we be - lieve That the



gath - er to Je - sus, our Sav - ior and Friend; If we come to Him in
ten - der com - pas - sion His chil - dren to hear; When He tells us we may
Sav - ior who loves them their sor - row con - fide; With a sym - pa - thiz - ing
bless - ing we're need-ing we'll sure - ly re - ceive; In the full-ness of this

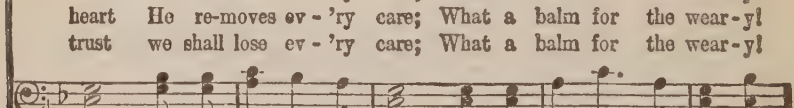


faith, His pro - tec - tion to share, What a balm for the wear - y!
cast at His feet ev - 'ry care, What a balm for the wear - y!
heart He re-moves ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wear - y!
trust we shall lose ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wear - y!

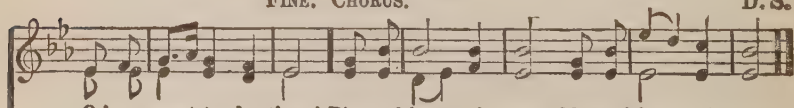


D. S.—*What a balm for the wear - y!*

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.



O how sweet to be there! Bless-ed hour of prayer, bless-ed hour of prayer;



O how sweet to be there!

A Friend Unfailing.

T. H.

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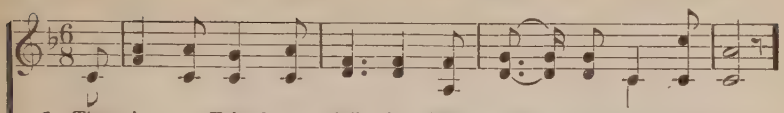
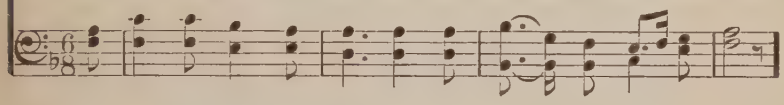
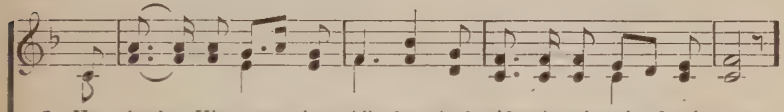
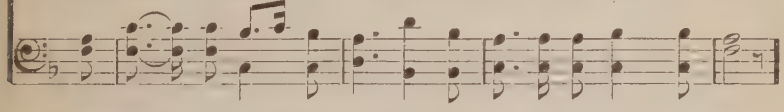


1. There is a Friend un - fail - ing; Thru all our pil - grim days
2. There is a Heart un - chang - ing, Tho earth - ly pros-pects die,
3. He light - ens all our dark - ness With rays of truth di - vine;
4. Then call on Him in dan - ger, Tho foes be swift and strong,
5. Fear not, for He is near thee; Hope on, nor be dis - mayed;
6. For His is love e - ter - nal, The ful - ness of grace un - known,





1. He leads His trust - ing chil - dren And guides them in wis - dom's ways.
2. Whose ear is ev - er o - pen To hear when the faith - ful cry.
3. His pres-ence at - tends us al - ways: O soul, what a hope is thine!
4. Ex - change thy heav - y bur - den Of grief for a joy - ful song.
5. He'll com - fort and sus - tain thee, Thy bur - den up - on Him laid.
6. And thou art His spe - cial treas-ure, And He is thy ver - y own!



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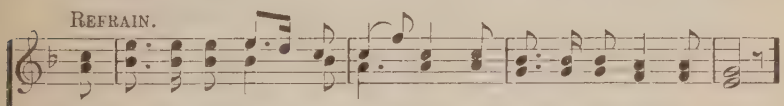
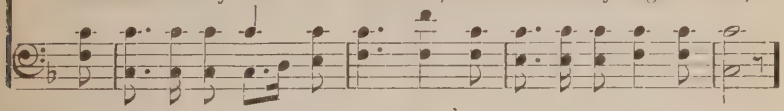
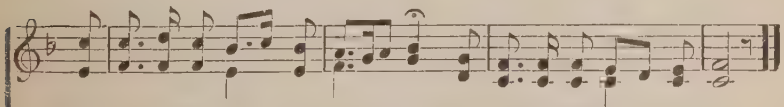
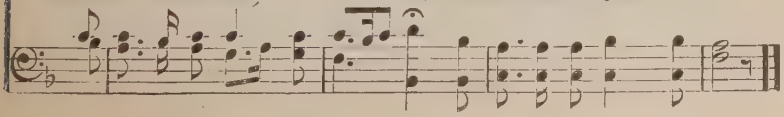


Then come with thy care and sor - row, And come with thy weight of wo;



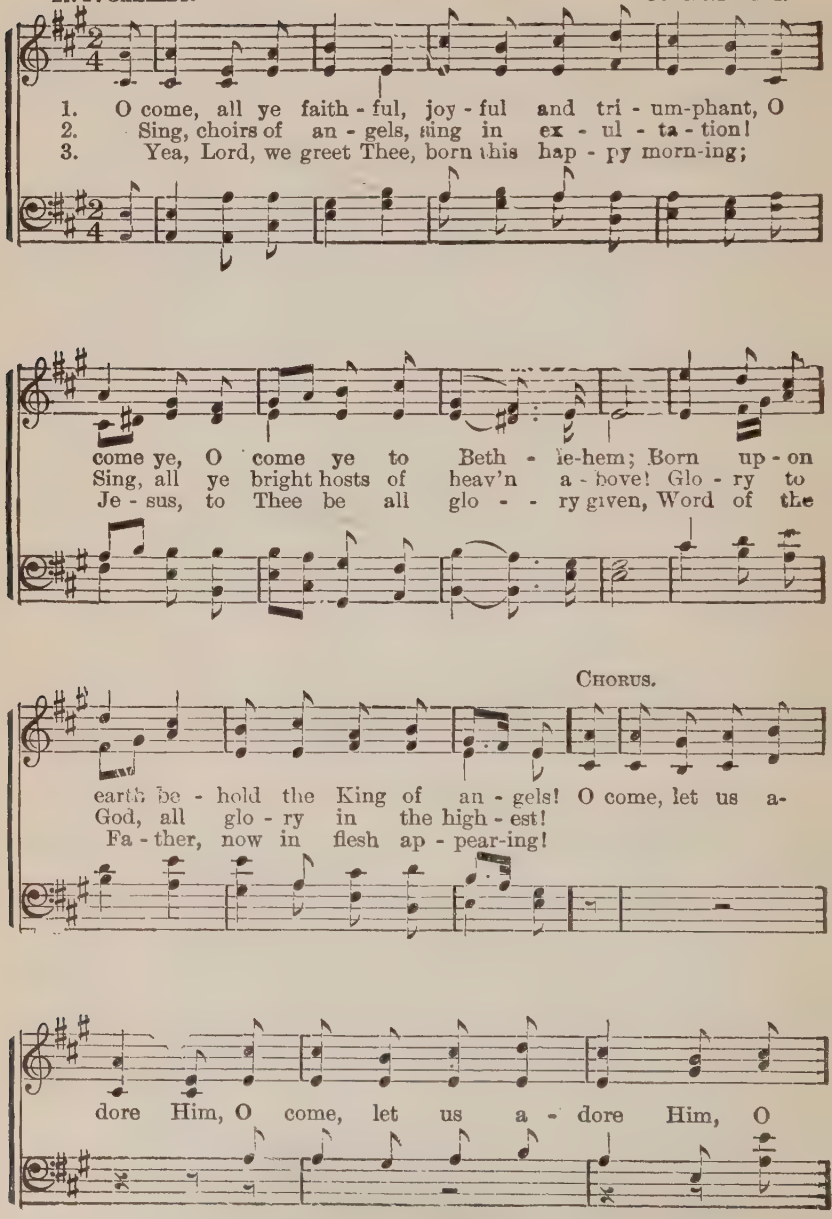


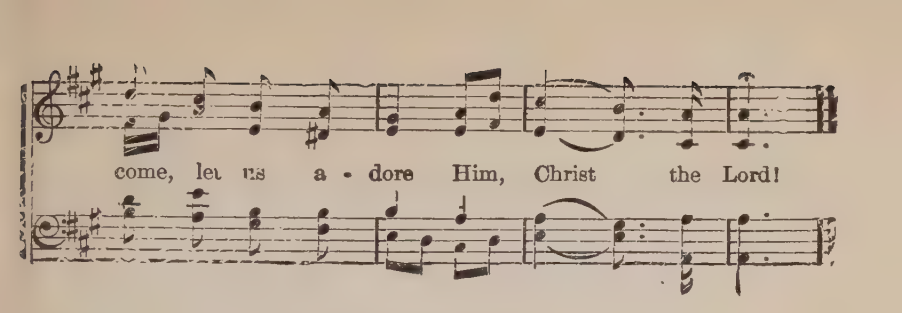
Leave all at the feet of Je - sus, His rest and His peace to know.



O Come, All Ye Faithful.

Tr. F. Oakeley. John Reading.





27 The Sweetest Name.

GEO. W. BETHUNE. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heav-en,
2. And when He hung up - on the tree, They wrote His name a-bove Him,
3. So now, up - on His Fa-ther's throne, Al-might-y to re-lease us
4. O Je - sus! by that matchless Name Thy grace shall fail us nev - er;

:S: *Fine.*

The name, be-fore His won-drous birth, To Christ the Sav-iour giv - en.
That all might see the rea - son we For ev - er-more must love Him.
From sin and pain, He ev - er reigns, The Prince and Sav-iour, Je - sus.
To - day as yes - ter - day the same, Thou art the same for - ev - er!

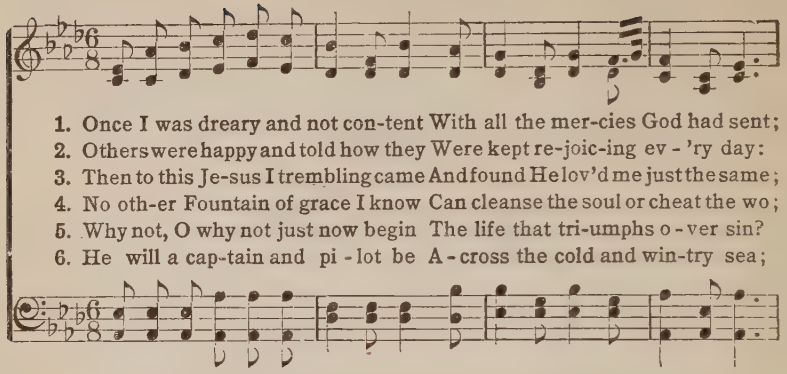
D.C. For there's no word ear ev - er heard So dear, so sweet, as "Je - sus!"

CHORUS. *D. S. al Fine.*

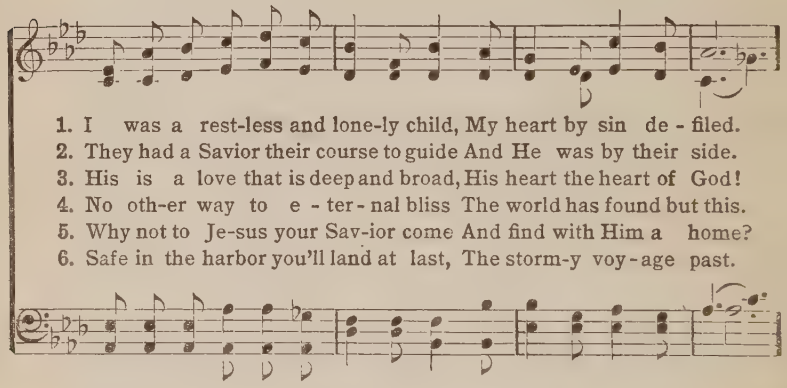
We love to sing of Christ our King, And hail Him bless-ed Je - sus!

My Companion.

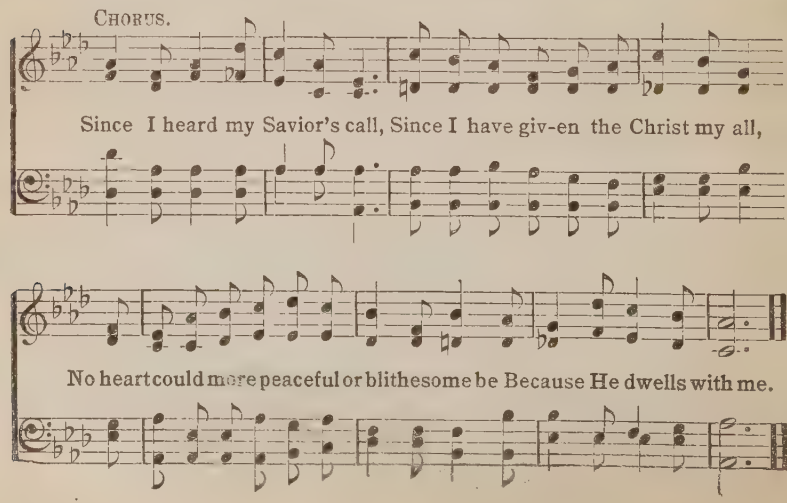
Thoro Harris. COPYRIGHT, 1923, BY THORO HARRIS. Ruby Janata.



1. Once I was dreary and not con-tent With all the mer-cies God had sent;
2. Others were happy and told how they Were kept re-joic-ing ev - 'ry day:
3. Then to this Je-sus I trembling came And found He lov'd me just the same;
4. No oth-er Fountain of grace I know Can cleanse the soul or cheat the wo;
5. Why not, O why not just now begin The life that tri-umphs o - ver sin?
6. He will a cap-tain and pi - lot be A - cross the cold and win-try sea;



1. I was a rest-less and lone-ly child, My heart by sin de - filed.
2. They had a Savior their course to guide And He was by their side.
3. His is a love that is deep and broad, His heart the heart of God!
4. No oth-er way to e - ter - nal bliss The world has found but this.
5. Why not to Je-sus your Sav-ior come And find with Him a home?
6. Safe in the harbor you'll land at last, The storm-y voy - age past.



CHORUS.

Since I heard my Savior's call, Since I have giv-en the Christ my all,

No heart could more peaceful or blithesome be Because He dwells with me.

I Have a Friend.

C. O. Rosenius.
Tr. J. Jesperson.

Swedish.

1. I have a Friend, so pa - tient, kind, for-bear - ing,
2. He is my Lord, my Friend, yea, He's my Broth - er;
3. My poor and wretch - ed soul He bought so dear - ly,
4. Thus I'm re - deemed; no more the law pre - vail - eth,
5. With hal - le - lu - jahs here I'd tell the sto - ry,

Of all my friends this Friend doth love me best;
And Je - sus Christ is His most bless - ed name.
And freed from con - dem - na - tion, death, and hell;
For Christ, the Lord, is my Re-deem - er's name;
My Lord to praise, to laud and mag - ni - fy;

Though I am weak and sin - ful, yet when shar - ing
He loves more ten - der - ly than an - y moth - er:
The old and bit - ter foe He crushed com-plete - ly:
His pre - cious blood more than my sin a - vail - eth;
And praise His name for - ev - er - more in glo - ry,

His love and mer - cy I am ev - er blest.
To rest in Him is more than wealth and fame.
My soul, re - joice and sing, for all is well!
And cleans - eth me from all my guilt and shame.
Be - fore His throne with all the saints on high.

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Away As On Wings.

C.O. D-n

CARL O. DAHLEN

1. A - way as on wings, to God I re - pair, A
2. A - way as on wings, when sor - rows de - press, To
3. A - way as on wings, I'll flee to my Lord, At

re - fuge is He from all dan - ger He an - swers my cry, He
Je - sus for heart con so - la - tion, To tell Him my grief, my
day break, at noon and at e - ven; I'll trust Him for aye re -

knows my de - spair, And shel - ters me from the a - ven - ger.
sin to con - fess, For He is my jus - ti - fi - ca - tion.
ly on his word, But pray, and to you shall be giv - en!

The world with its din And foulness of sin, The ci - ty of
My heartache, my sigh, The clouds in the sky, Re - cede for the
When night draweth near, I need neither fear, His sweet lov - ing

re - fuge can not en - ter in There have I peace with Je - sus.
Master and hap - py am I: So - lace I find with Je - sus.
presence will comfort and cheer: Oh, to a - wake with Je - sus.

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Rejoice and Be Glad.

C. O. D-n

CARL O. DAHLEN

1. Re - joice, all ye people of God, and be glad; The joy of
2. Re - joice in the Lord, thy sal - va-tion is He, Ye're ransomed
3. Re - joice in the Lord, for the world needs to know The free flow-

the Lord is your strength. In righteousness ev-er be robed and be clad,
and bought with a price; The joy of sal-vation, the joy to be free,
ing fountain of joy; No oth-er can life ev-er lasting be-stow,

CHORUS

Re - joice thru your journey at length.
Bring forth as thy sweet sa-cri - fice Re - joice in the Lord
Your songs to its praise then em-ploy

and be glad, The promise remains, be ye glad, your joy then

shall be as waves of the sea, Re-joice in the Lord and be glad.

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I've Found a Friend; O Such a Friend.

JAMES G. SMALL. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. I've found a Friend; O such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
2. I've found a Friend; O such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend; O such a Friend! All power to Him is giv - en,
4. I've found a Friend; O such a Friend, So kind and true and ten - der!

He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him;
And not a - lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.
To guard me on my on-ward course, And bring me safe to heav-en:
So wise a Coun - sel - lor and Guide, So might-y a De - fend -er!

And round my heart still close-ly twine Those ties which naught can sever,
Naught that I have mine own I'll call, I'll hold it for the Giv - er;
E - ter -nal glo-ry gleams a - far, To nerve my weak en-deav - or:
From Him who loves me now so well What power my soul shall sev-er?

For I am His, and He is mine, For-ev - er and for-ev - er.
My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for-ev - er.
So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for-ev - er.
Shall life or death, shall earth or hell? No: I am His for-ev - er.

33

Jesus is All the World to Me.

W. L. T.

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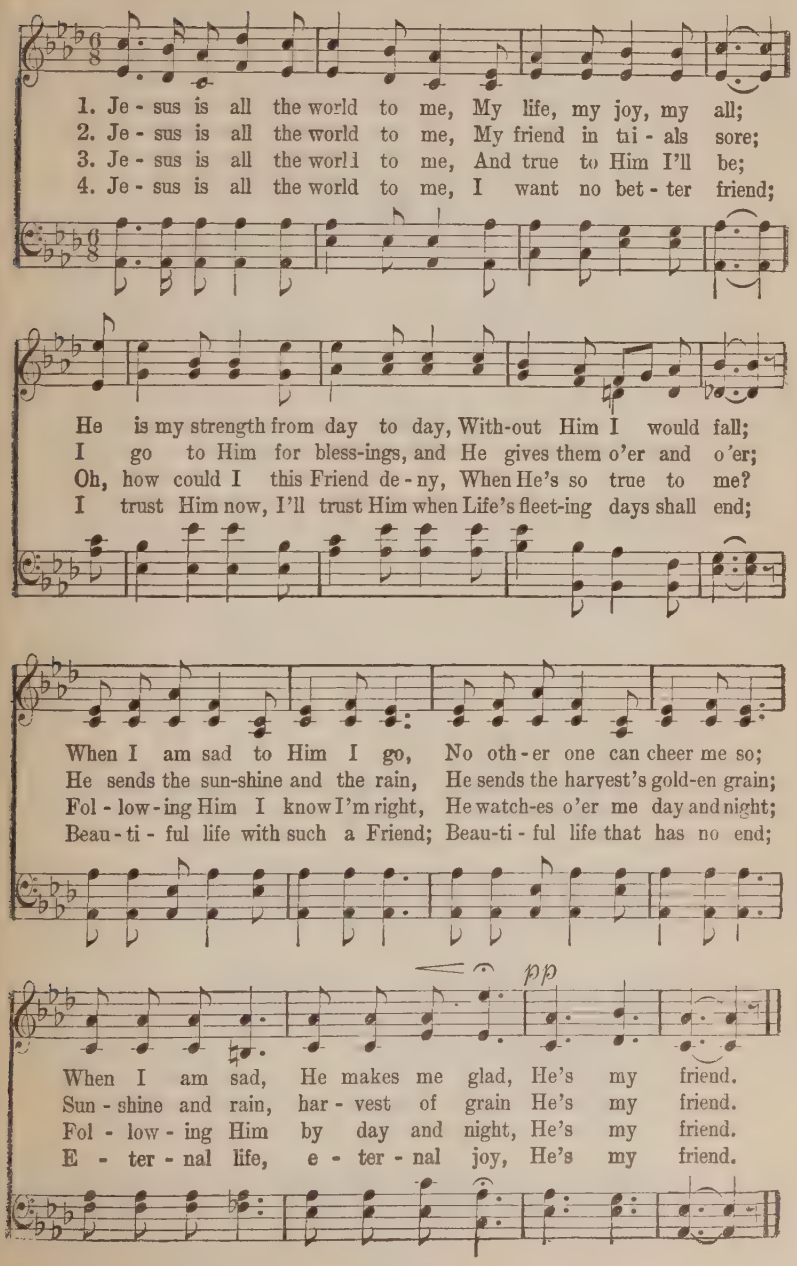
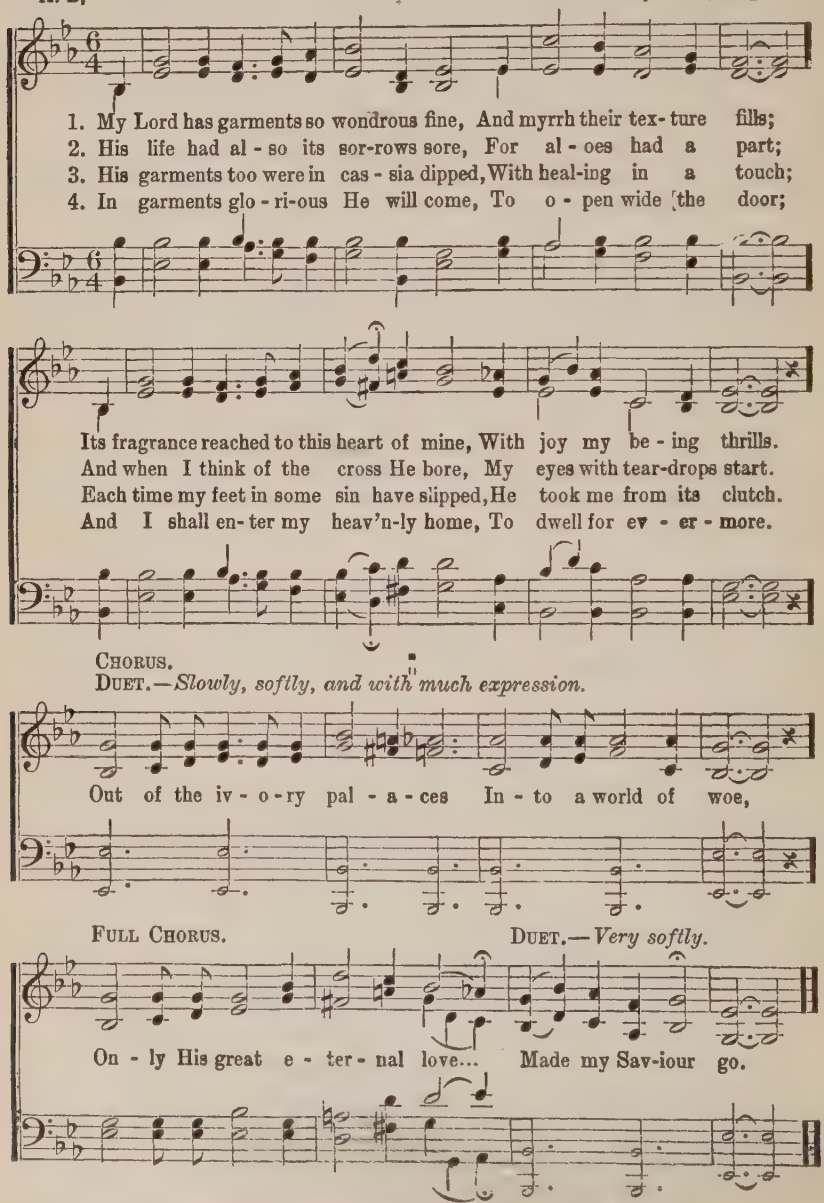


Ivory Palaces.

Suggested by a sermon of Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman's on Psalm 45 : 8, in which Christ is pictured coming out of the ivory palaces of heaven to redeem mankind, clothed in garments which are perfumed with myrrh for beauty, with aloes for bitterness, and with cassia for healing, the fragrance of which remain to tell of His near presence.

H. B. Henry Barraclough.



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My Saviour's Love.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I stand a-mazed in the pres-ence Of Je-sus the Naz-a-rene,
2. For me it was in the gar-den He prayed—"Not my will but Thine;"
3. In pit-y an-gels be-held Him, And came from the world of light
4. When with the ransomed in glo-ry His face I at last shall see,

And won-der how He could love me, A sin-ner, condemned un-clean.
He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat-drops of blood for mine.
To com-fort Him in the sor-rows He bore for my soul that night.
'Twill be my joy thro' the a-ges To sing of His love for me.

CHORUS.

How mar-vel-ous! How won-der-ful! And my song shall ev-er be:
O how O how

How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful Is my Sav-iour's love for me.
O how O how

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Nailed to the Cross.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. COPYRIGHT, 1899. BY TULLAR-MEREDITH CO. Grant Colfax Tullar.

Duet. Ad lib.

1. There was One who was will - ing to die in my stead, That a
2. He is ten - der and lov - ing and pa - tient with me, While He
3. I will cling to my Sav - ior and nev - er de - part— I will

soul so un-worth - y might live, And the path to the cross He was
cleans-es my heart of the dross, But "there's no con-dem-na - tion"—I
joy - ful - ly jour - ney each day, With a song on my lips and a

REFRAIN.

will - ing to tread, All the sins of my life to for-give.
know I am free, For my sins are all nail'd to the cross. They are nail'd to the cross,
song in my heart, That my sins have been taken away.

pp

They are nail'd to the cross, O how much He was will-ing to bear! With what

rit.

an-guish and loss, Jesus went to the cross! But He carried my sins with Him there.

He is Mine.

C. Austin Miles. J. Lincoln Hall.

Parts.

1. There is a Shep-herd who cares for His own, And He is mine;
2. Je - sus left heav - en my Sav-iour to be, And He is mine;
3. There is a Com- fort - er come from a - bove, He too is mine;

Tenor and Basses, or all in unison, or solo.

Noth-ing am I, He's a King on the throne, But He is mine;
I am not worth all He suf- fered for me, But He is mine;
Com- ing to me to re - veal Je - sus' love, And that is mine;

How He can love such a sin - ner as I, Tho' He is mine;
Tho' I'm not wor- thy He dwells in my heart, And He is mine;
Shep-herd and Sav-iour, and Com-fort - er, too, They all are mine;

:S: FINE.

I can- not fath- om tho' oft - en I try, But He is mine.
From Him I'll nev - er, no nev - er de - part, For He is mine.
That's why I know the old sto - ry is true, They all are mine.

D.S.–*Tho' it is won-der- ful, yet it is true, That He is mine.*

CHORUS. *D.S.*

He is mine,..... He is mine;
He is mine, yes, He is mine:

Tho' all un - wor- thy I know He is mine, He is mine;

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I Will Sing of My Redeemer.

P. P. BLISS. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er And His won-drous love to me;
2. I will tell the won-drous sto-ry, How my lost es-tate to save,
3. I will praise my dear Redeem-er, His tri - umphant pow'r I'll tell,
4. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His heav'n-ly love to me;

On the cru - el cross He suffer'd, From the curse to set me free.
In His boundless love and mer - cy, He the ran - som free - ly gave.
How the vic - to - ry He giv - eth Ov - er sin, and death, and hell.
He from death to life hath brought me, Son of God, with Him to be.

CHORUS.

Sing, O sing..... of my Re-deem - er!
Sing, O sing of my Redeem - er, Sing, O sing of my Redeem - er!

With His blood..... He purchased me;.....
With His blood He purchased me, With His blood He purchased me;

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On the cross..... He sealed my par - don,
On the cross He sealed my pardon, On the cross He sealed my pardon,

Paid the debt,..... and made me free.....
Paid the debt, and made me free, and made me free, and made me free.

39 Remember Me.

ISAAC WATTS. ASA HULL.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up-on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,

CHORUS. *Help me, dear Sav - iour, Thee to own, And ev - er faith - ful be;*

Would He de - vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz-ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be-yond de - gree.
When Christ, the might-y Ma - ker, died For man, the creature's sin.

And when Thou sit - test on Thy throne, O Lord, re - mem-ber me.

4. Thus might I hide my blushing face,
Whilst His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears. *Cho.*

5. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do. *Cho.*

40 O Lamb of God.

N. D. (Swedish.) Tr. O. Olson. Nic. Decius.

1. O Lamb of God, most ho - ly, On Cal - va - ry an off-'ring;
De-spis-ed, meek and low - ly, Thou in Thy death and suff-'ring

Our sins didst bear, our an - - guish; The might of

death didst van - quish; Give us Thy peace, O Je - sus!

41 My Crucified Saviour.

A. C. R. (Swedish.) Tr. C. W. Foss. A. C. Rutström.

1. My cru-ci - fied Sav - iour, despised and contemned, Thou in - no-cent
2. Thou weepest and moanest in con - flict and prayer, And writh-est in
3. For me Thou hast la-bored sal - va - tion to win, For me tast-ed
4. Thou consecrate Vic - tim, my Pass - ov - er slain, The gall and the

Vic - tim for sin - ners con-demned, Thy garments are blood-stained, Thy
ag - o - ny, pain and de - spair; In thir - ty years' an-guish our
death to a - tone for my sin; Neg - lect - ed, for - sak - en, but
worm-wood for me Thou dost drain, That I might be bless - ed Thou

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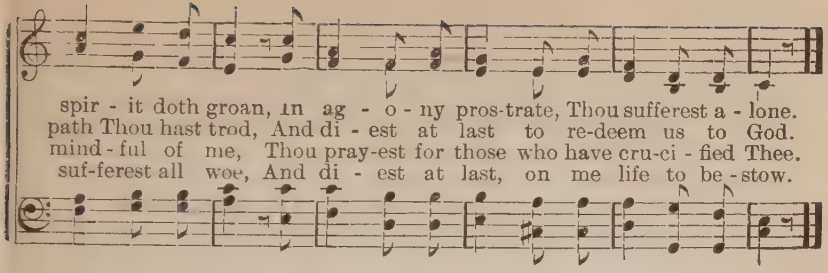
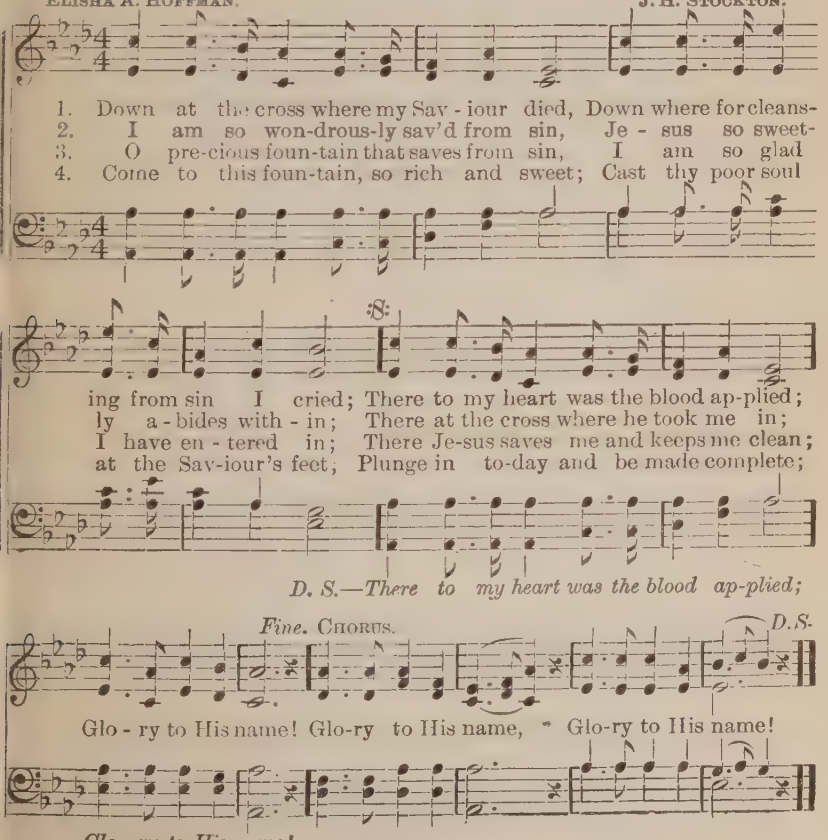


5. So come, trembling sinner, come just as thou art,
Thy cares and thy sorrows to Jesus impart;
In Him seek salvation from death and the grave,
For Jesus is willing and mighty to save.

42 Glory to His Name.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. J. H. STOCKTON.



43 God Will Take Care of You.

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C. D. MARTIN. W. S. MARTIN.

1. Be not dis-mayed what-e'er be-tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat - ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;

Be-neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
When dangers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
Noth-ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wea-ry one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.

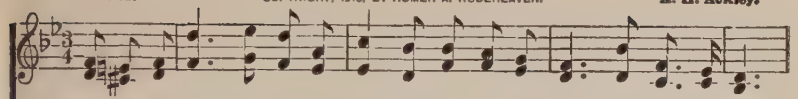
CHORUS.

God will take care of you, Thro' ev - 'ry day, O'er all the way,

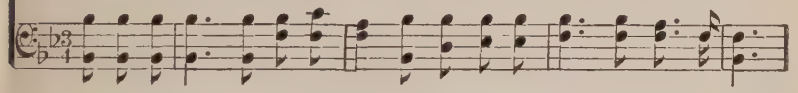
He will take care of you, God will take care of you.....
take care of you.

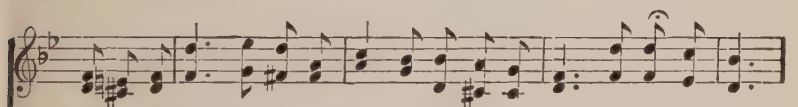
He Knows the Way.

A. H. A. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. A. H. Ackley.

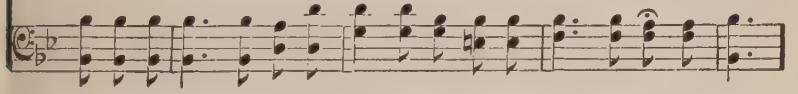


1. There is a Guide that nev-er fal-ters, And when He leads I can - not stray,
2. Oft-times the path grows dim and dreary, The darkness hides the cheer-ing ray,
3. He knows the e - vils that sur-round me, The turnings that would lead a-stray,
4. O heart weighed down with nameless anguish, O guilt-y soul torn with dis-may,

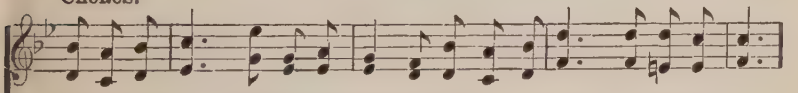




For step by step, He goes be - fore me, And marks my path, He knows the way.
Still I will trust tho' worn and wea - ry, My Sav-ior leads, He knows the way.
No foes of night can ere con-found me, For Je - sus leads, He knows the way.
Thine ev-'ry foe, His pow'r will vanquish, Let Je - sus lead, He knows the way.

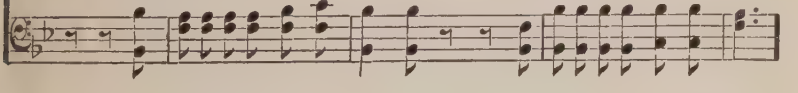


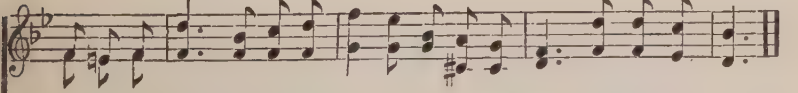
CHORUS.



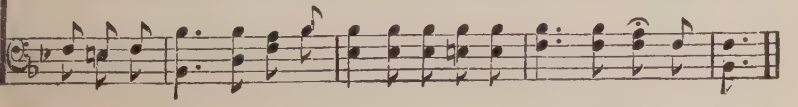
He knows the way that leads to glo - ry; Thy ev -'ry fear He will al - lay,

He knows the way Thy ev-'ry fear





And bring thee safe at last to heav-en, Let Je-sus lead, He knows the way.



The Still Small Voice.

C. O. D. CARL O. DAHLEN.

1. Once a pro-phet, sad, des - pon - dent, Stood and list-
2. Ev - en now the Lord is speak-ing In a ten-
3. Je - sus spoke up - on a moun - tain And be - side
4. In the Bib - le God is call - ing In a strong,

1. ened for the Lord, Heard him not in might-y thun-der,
2. der, still small voice; Those, who lis-ten to his mes-sage
3. the Gal - i - lee, Still the mes-sage is re - sound-ing
4. yet ten-der plea, Hard - en not your heart, my broth-er

1. But in qui't-ness came the word. God's own voice,
2. And re - ceive it, will re - joice. Heed His voice,
3. O - ver moun - tain, plain and sea. Heed His word,
4. "Now" the Lord is call - ing thee. Heed His call,

1. God's own voice, Not in thund-rous noise; God's own voice,
2. Heed His voice, Heed His ten - der voice; Heed His voice,
3. Heed His word, Heed His ho - ly word! Heed His word,
4. Heed His call, Heed His lov - ing call Heed His call,

1. Gods own voice, Came in qui - et, still small voice.
2. Heed His voice, Trust - ing Him thou shalt re - joice.
3. Heed His word, Great - est mes - sage ev - er heard.
4. Heed His call, Come and heed His lov - ing call.

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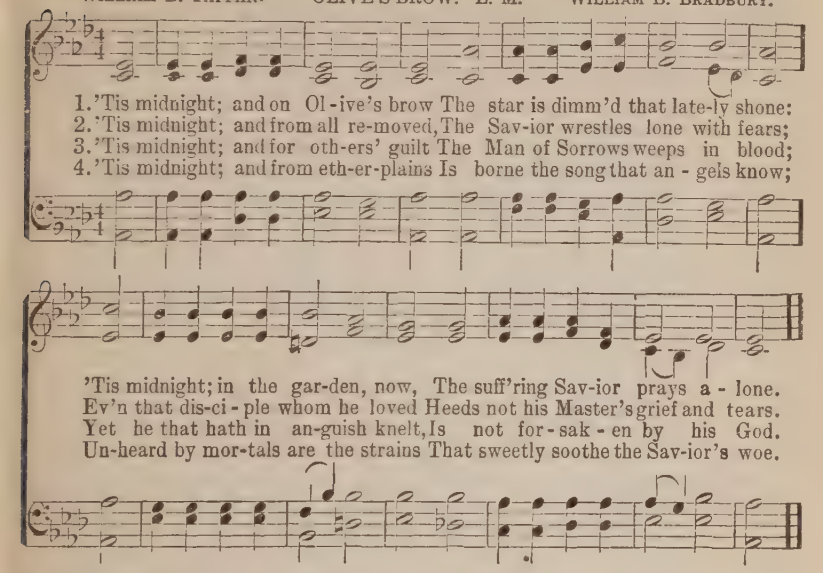
46 'Tis Midnight; and on Olive's Brow.

And being in an agony he prayed more earnestly; and his sweat became as it were great drops of blood falling down upon the ground.—Lk, 22. 44.

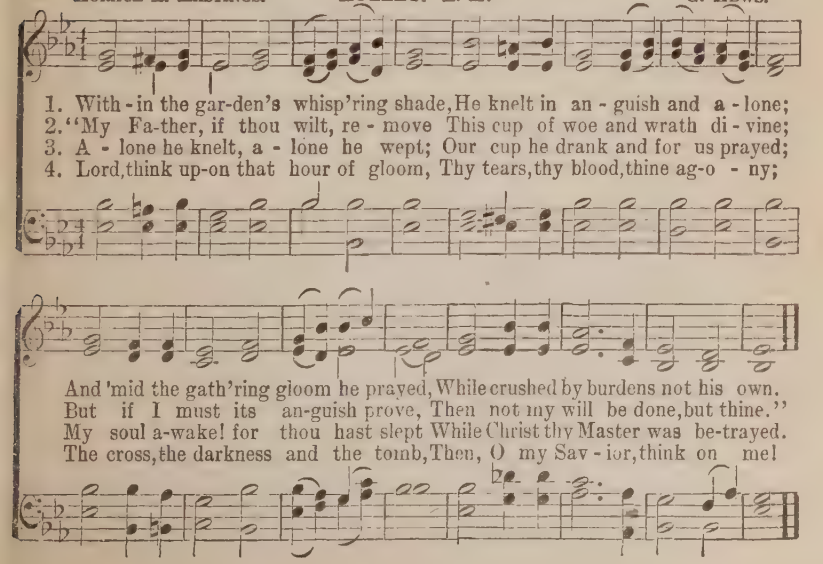
WILLIAM B. TAPPAN. OLIVE'S BROW. L. M. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



47 Within the Garden's Whispering Shade.

My Father, if it be possible let this cup pass away from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.—Matt. 26: 39.

HORACE L. HASTINGS. HOLLEY. L. M. G. HEWS.



Because He Loved Me So.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

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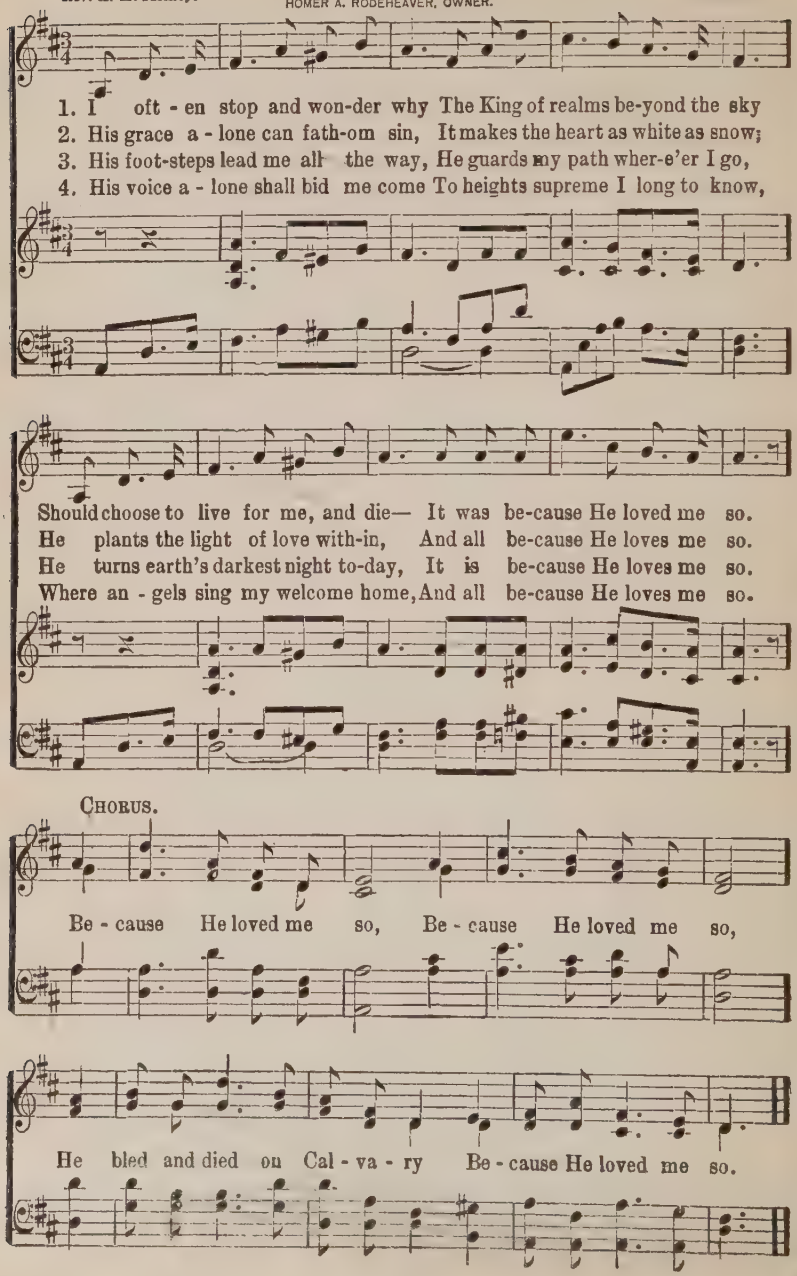

49 Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me.

E. D. Mund. COPYRIGHT, BY E. S. LORENZ, USED BY PER. E. S. Lorenz.

1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet,
2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up - on my soul their shad-ows cast;
3. Let shadows come, let shad-ows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,

FINE

One tho't re-mains su - preme-ly sweet: Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
Their gloom re-minds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
I am con - tent, for this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

D.S.–*What need I fear when Thou art near, And think-est, Lord, of me?*

CHORUS. D. S.

Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me,
of me, of me.

50 In the Cross.

John Bowring. Ithamar Conkey.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an - noy, Nev - er shall the

ca - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sub-lime.
cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

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Memories of Long Ago.

T. H. Duet

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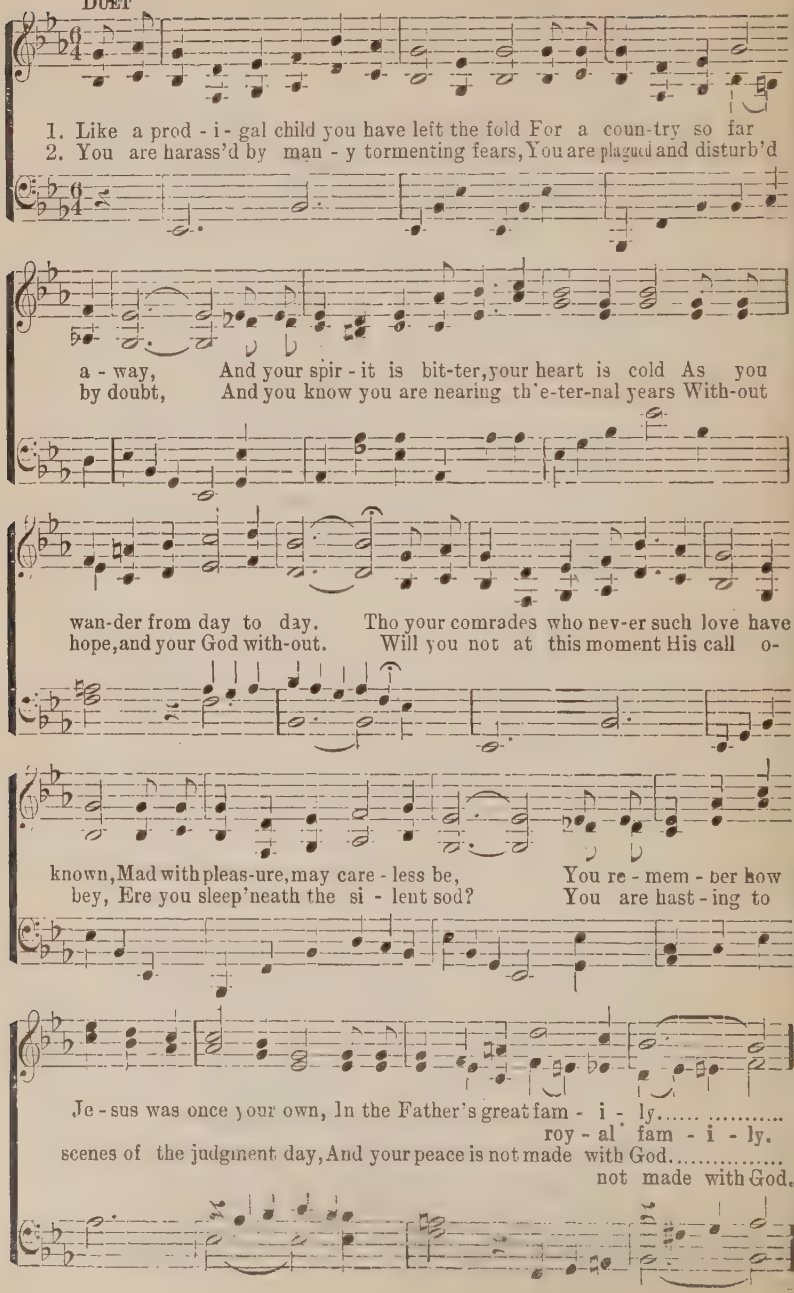


REFRAIN

You have gone a - stray like a wand'ring sheep, Far from heav-en and

t accel.

peace and home. O how rap - id the fa - tal de-scent..... to the

A tempo.

val - ley of grim dis - con - tent! You are haunt - ed now by a

SOLO

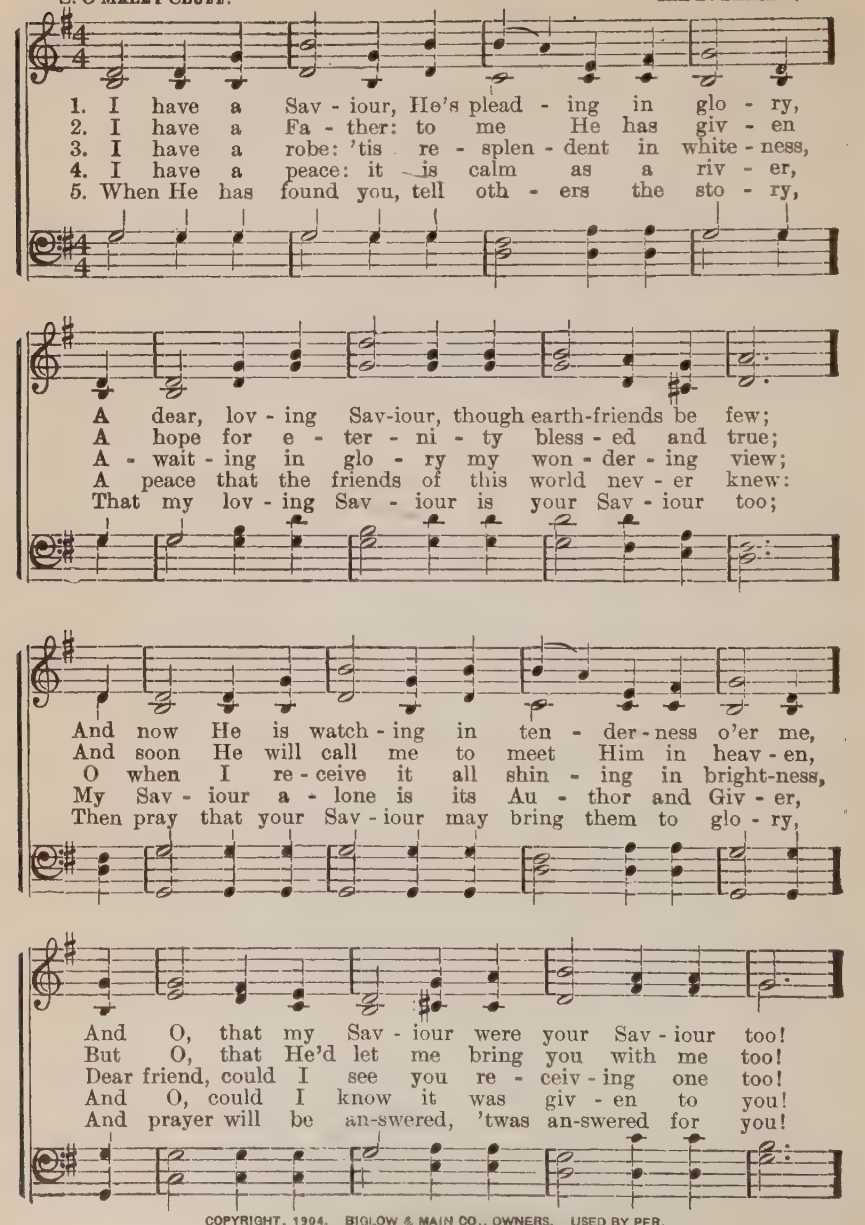
thousand fears, And the tears, how they ceaselessly flow As you muse on the

DUET

mer-cies of by - gone years, Precious mem'ries of long a - go (long a - go.)

52 I Have a Saviour, He's Pleading in Glory.

S. O'Maley Cluff. Ira D. Sankey.



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CHORUS.

For you I am pray - ing, For you I am pray - ing,

For you I am pray - ing, I'm pray - ing for you.

53 I Know that My Redeemer Lives.

CHARLES WESLEY. Arr. from HANDEL.

1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives And
2. I find Him lift - ing up my head; He
3. He wills that I should ho - ly be; What

ev - - er prays for me; A to - ken
brings sal - va - - tion near; His pres - ence
can with - stand His will? The coun - sel

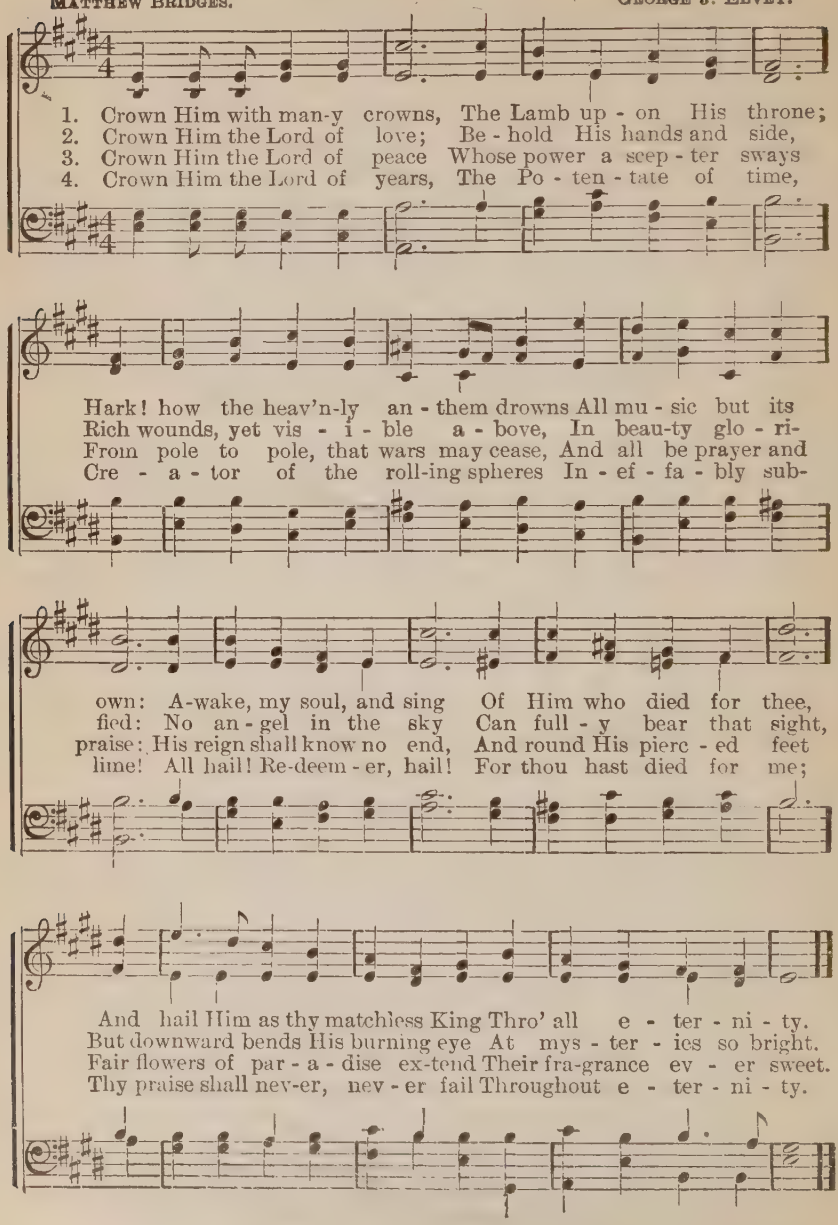
of His love He gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty.
makes me free in - deed, And He will soon ap - pear.
of His grace in me He sure - ly shall ful - fill,

4. Jesus, I hang upon Thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to Thyself receive.

5. When God is mine, and I am His,
Of Paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss
And everlasting rest.

Crown Him with Many Crowns.

MATTHEW BRIDGES. GEORGE J. ELVEY.



Coronation.

EDWARD PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the power of Je-sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
2. Crown Him, ye mar-tyrs of our God, Who from His al-tars call;
3. Ye seed of Is - rael's cho-sen race, Ye ran-somed of the fall,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all.
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.

4. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5. Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6. O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Nearer the Cross.

F. J. Crosby. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

1. "Near - er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com-ing near - er,
2. Near - er the Christian's mer - cy seat, I am com-ing near - er,
3. Near - er in pray'r my hope as-pires, I am com-ing near - er,

Near - er the cross from day to day, I am com - ing near-er;
Feast-ing my soul on man - na sweet, I am com - ing near-er;
Deep - er the love my soul de-sires, I am com - ing near-er;

Near - er the cross where Je - sus died, Near - er the foun - tain's
Strong - er in faith, more clear I see Je - sus, who gave him-
Near - er the end of toil and care, Near - er the joy I

crim - son tide, Near - er my Sav - ior's wound - ed side,
self for me; Near - er to Him I still would be;
long to share, Near - er the crown I soon shall wear,

p *p* *f* *dim.*

I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.
Still I'm com - ing near - er, Still I'm com - ing near - er.
I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.

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Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. M. M. WELLS.

1. Ho - ly Spir-it, faith-ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christ-ian side;
2. Ev - er pres-ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend;
3. When our days of toil shall cease, May our hearts be filled with peace;

Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des - ert land.
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop-ing on in dark-ness drear,
Draw - ing near in praise and prayer, Knowing that our names are there;

Wea-ry souls for - e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
When the storms are ra - ging sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes giveo'er,
Plead-ing naught but Je - sus' blood, He'll be with us in the flood,

Whisp'ring soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

58 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove.

ISAAC WATTS. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Come, Ho-ly Spir - it, heaven-ly Dove, With all Thy quickening powers
2. Look how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these tri-fling toys;
3. Dear Lord, and shall we ev - er live At this poor dy - ing rate?
4. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heaven-ly Dove, With all Thy quickening powers;

Kin-dle a flame of sa-cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
Our souls can nei-ther fly nor go To reach e - ter - nal joys.
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great!
Come, shed a-broad a Sav-iour's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.

59 Holy Ghost, With Light Divine.

ANDREW REED. L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di-vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with power di-vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di-vine, Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di-vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.
Long hath sin, with-out con - trol, Held do - min-ion o'er my soul.
Bid my man - y woes de - part, Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
Cast down ev - ery i - dol throne, Reign su-preme, and reign a - lone.

Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN. J. B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'encircling gloom, Lead thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on. I loved the gar - ish day; and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; re-mem-ber not past years.
3. So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on; O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

61 He Surely Redeems.

JAMES ROWE. HARRY BECKMAN

Solo or Unison — Harmony

1. The song of my soul is of Je-sus to-day, He sure-ly and ful-ly re-
2. No long-er I care for the pleasure of sin,
3. I know I shall see Him because I am sure,
4. Oh, soul lost in darkness, give Je-sus your heart,

Solo or Unison — Harmony

deems; I sing it to sinners while going my way, He sure-ly and fully re-deems.
I know He has left not one blemish within
What ev-er befall me my soul shall endure
The peace that the world fails to give He'll impart

CHORUS

He sure-ly re-deems, He ful-ly re-deems, And free-ly for-

all of the fountain still streams, Yes, praise His dear name, from

sin and from shame, He sure-ly and ful-ly re-deems.

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62 The Master is Here and Calleth Thee.

C. O. D. CARL O. DAHLEN

1. The Mas-ter is here and calleth thee, This message is ev-er new;
2. The Mas-ter is here and calleth thee, A message with comfort fraught
3. The Mas-ter is here and calleth thee, So lov-ing, so kind and true;
4. The Mas-ter is here and calleth thee, Oh, why do you hes-i-tate?

1. At first it was voiced in Beth-a-ny, To day it is brought to you.
2. From bondage he comes to set thee free, Thy sorrows to bring to naught.
3. New life with his joy e-ter-nal-ly He of-fers this day to you.
4. Thy Saviour and Lord and friend is He, Oh, come, ere it is too late!

CHORUS

The Mas-ter is here and call-eth thee, The
The Mas-ter is here

Mas-ter is call-ing, "Come to me!" A-rise and come and
The Master is call-ing

meet him to-day, The Lord is wait-ing do not de-lay!
is waiting do not de-lay!

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63 Now Before Thee, Lord, We Gather.

LINA SANDELL. (Swedish.)
Tr. A. L. S.

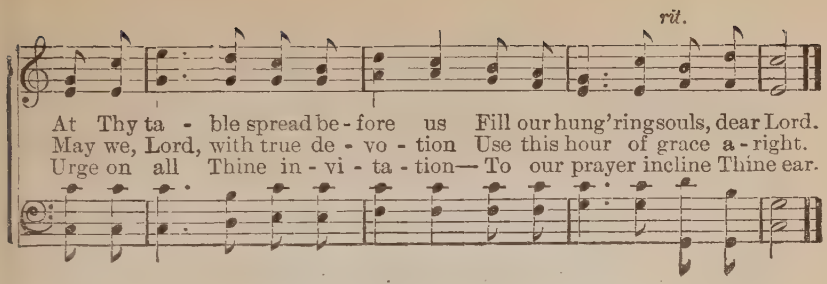
WM. B. BRADBURY. Alt.

1. Now be-fore Thee, Lord, we gath - er To re-ceive Thy precious word;
2. May Thy word, to us now giv - en, Be re - tained in hearts contrite;
3. Of the time may we a - vail us, When to seek us Thou art near;

Let Thy grace in showers, O Fa - ther, On our parch-ed hearts be poured.
On the nar - row way to heav - en Lead us in Thy per-fect light.
Soon the day of grace may fail us, And no mes - sage more we hear.

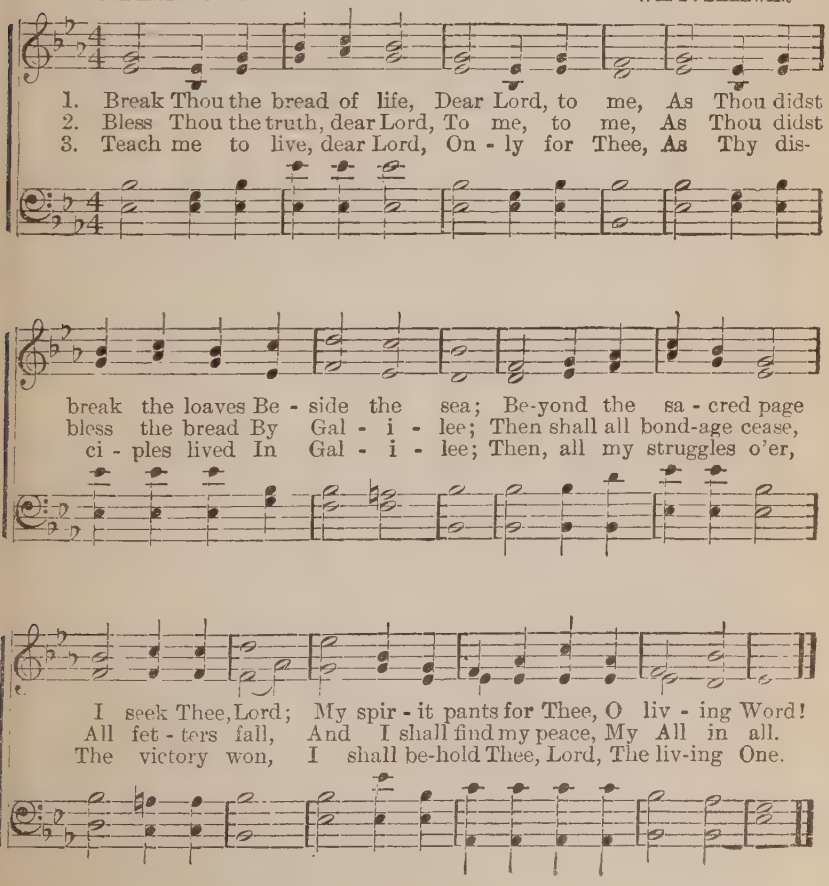
Send Thy Ho - ly Spir - it o'er us, With Thy quick'ning fire restore us,
Hush, with-in us, all com-mo - tion, Si-lence each dis-turbing no - tion;
Turn our minds to med - i - ta - tion On our need of Thy sal - va-tion;

At Thy ta - ble spread be - fore us Fill our hung'ring souls, dear Lord,
May we, Lord, with true de - vo - tion Use this hour of grace a - right,
Urge on all Thine in - vi - ta - tion— To our prayer incline Thine ear,



64 Break Thou the Bread of Life.

MARY A. LATHBURY. WM. F. SHERWIN.



Are You Glorifying God?

A. L.

ANDREW LILIEMARK

1. Is your life a liv - ing wit - ness of God's sav - ing grace and pow'r,
2. Are you speak - ing words of love and kind - ness for the bless - ed Lord,
3. Are you liv - ing worth - y of your heav'n - ly call - ing day by day,

Are you liv - ing for the Mas - ter Each day and hour?
Are you feed - ing on the man - na His ho - ly word?
Are you scatt - 'ring rays of sun - shine A - long your way?

Are you look - ing to the Sav - ior ev - 'ry mo - ment on your way,
When the Spir - it calls for work - ers, are you will - ing to o - bey,
Are you grow - ing strong - er dai - ly, do you al - ways watch and pray,

CHORUS

Are you glo - ri - fy - ing God to - day?
Are you glo - ri - fy - ing God to - day? Are you glo -
Are you glo - ri - fy - ing God to - day? Are you glo -

ri - fy - ing God, Are you glo - ri - fy - ing
ri - fy - ing God to - day? Are you glo - ri - fy - ing

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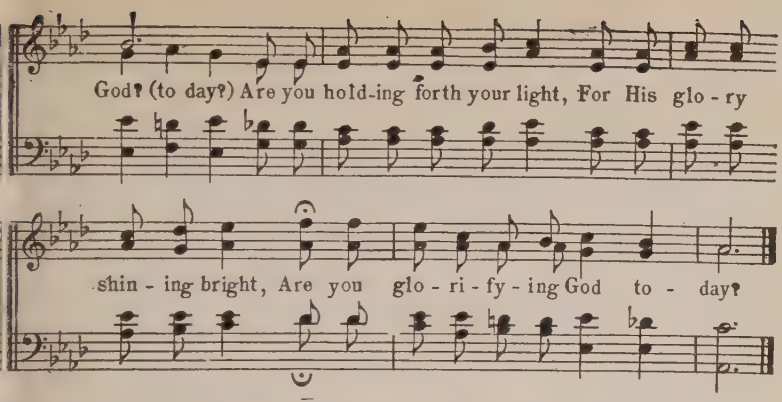
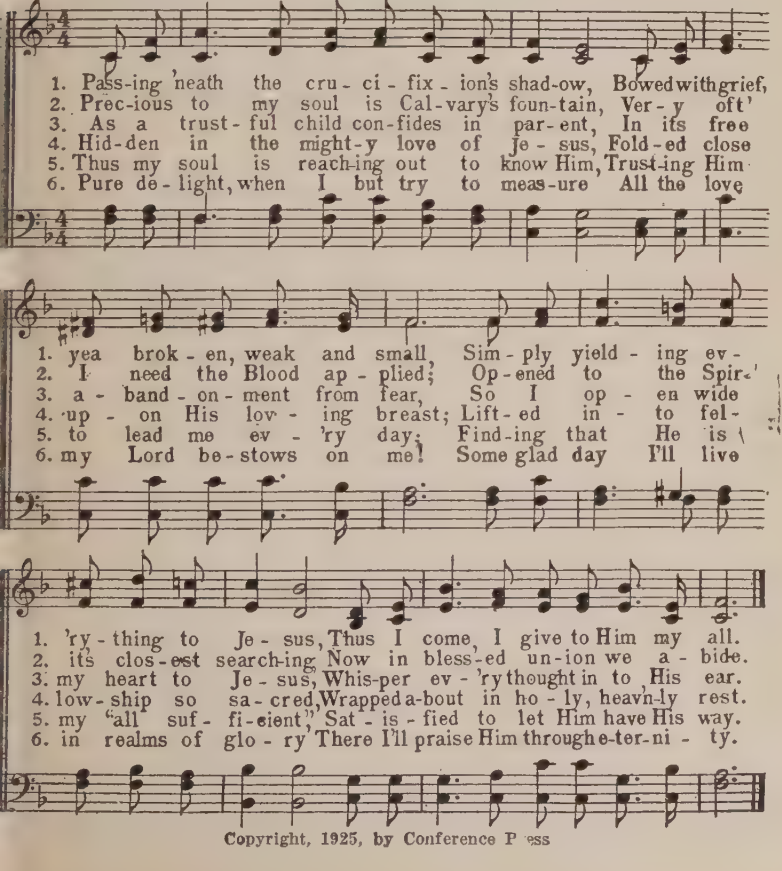


66 The Crucifixion's Shadow.

EDNA B. FERRY



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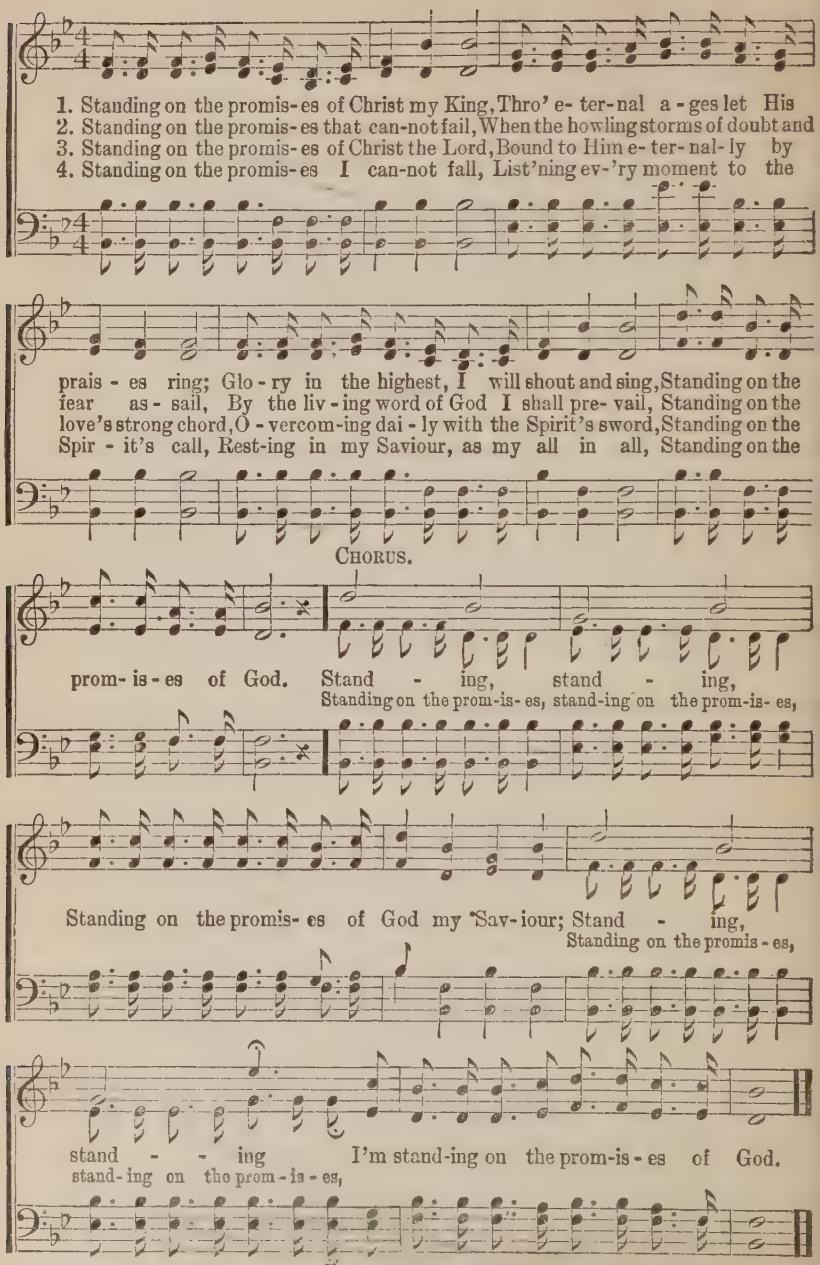
67 Standing On the Promises.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter



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I Am Resolved.

Palmer Hartsough. M. 100 = ♩

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J. H. Fillmore.

1. I am re-solved no lon - ger to lin - ger, Charmed by the world's de - light; Things that are high - er, things that are no - bler,
2. I am re-solved to go to the Sav - ior, Leav - ing my sin and strife; He is the true One, He is the just One,
3. I am re-solved to fol - low the Sav - ior, Faith - ful and true each day, Heed what He say - eth, do what He will - eth,
4. I am re-solved to en - ter the king - dom, Leav - ing the paths of sin; Friends may op- - pose me, foes may be - set me,
5. I am re-solved, and who will go with me? Come, friends, with- out de - lay, Taught by the Bi - ble, led by the Spir - it,

CHORUS.

These have al - lured my sight. I will hast - en to Him
He hath the words of life.
He is the liv - ing way.
Still will I en - ter in.
We'll walk the heav-'nly way. I will hast-en, hast - en to Him,

Hast - en so glad and free, (Hast - en glad and free),

Je - sus, great - est, high - est, I will come to Thee.
Je - sus, Je - sus,

He Lifted Me.

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Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. In lov - ing kind-ness Je - sus came, My soul in mer - cy to re-claim,
2. He called me long be-fore I heard, Be - fore my sin - ful heart was stirred,
3. His brow was pierced with many a thorn, His hands by cru - el nails were torn,
4. Now on a high - er plane I dwell, And with my soul I know 'tis well;

And from the depths of sin and shame Thro' grace He lift - ed me.....
But when I took Him at His word, For-giv'n He lift - ed me.....
When from my guilt and grief, for-lorn, In love He lift - ed me.....
Yet how or why, I can - not tell, He should have lift - ed me.....

He lift - ed me.

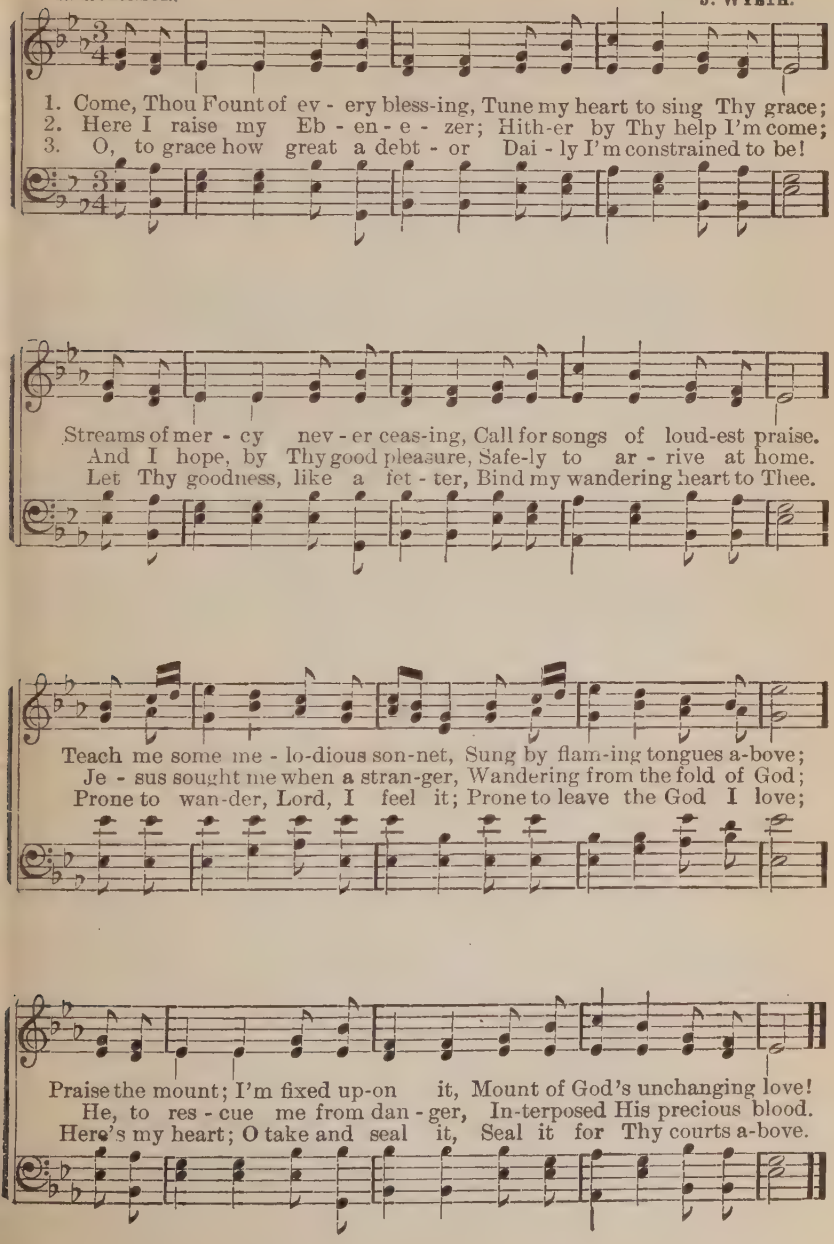
CHORUS.

From sink-ing sand He lift - ed me, With ten - der hand He lift - ed me,

From shades of night to plains of light, O praise His name, He lift-ed me!

70 Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing.

R. ROBINSON. J. WYETH.



71 Him That Cometh Unto Me.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Lis - ten to the bless - ed in - vi - ta - tion, Sweet- er than the
2. Wea - ry toil - er, sad and heav - y la - den, Joy - ful - ly the
3. Come, ye thirst - y, to the liv - ing wa - ters, Hun-gry, come and
4. "Him that cometh," blind or maimed or sin - ful, Com-ing for His
5. Com - ing hum- bly, dai - ly to this Sav - iour, Breathing all the

notes of an - gel - song, Chim-ing soft - ly with a heav'n-ly ca - dence,
great sal - va- tion see; Close be-side thee stands the Burden Bear - er,
on His boun- ty feed; Not thy fit- ness is the plea to bring Him,
heal- ing touch di - vine, For the cleansing of the blood so pre - cious,
heart to Him in pray'r; Com-ing some day to the heav'nly man - sions,

CHORUS.

Call - ing to the pass - ing throng.
Strong to bear thy load and thee.
But thy press- ing ut - most need. Him that com - eth un - to
Prove a - new this gra - cious line.
He will give thee wel - come there.

Me, Him that com- eth un - to Me, Him that
un - to Me, un - to Me,

com - eth un - to Me,..... I will in no wise cast out.
un - to Me,

We Shall Meet the King.

HENRY WATTS

Copyright 1924 by Thoro Harris

THORO HARRIS

1. If we on - ly are true In each thing that we do,
2. If we toil for the Lord He will give rich re-ward,
3. Keep-ing fill'd with His love Seek the glo - ry a - bove,
4. Sin-ner, list to His voice Make the Sa - vior your choie,

1. We shall meet the King some day; Then His glo - ry we'll share And a
2. When we meet the King some day; Thus o - bey - ing His voice, He will
3. We shall meet the King some day; We shall hear Je - sus say, "Come, ye
4. You must meet the King some day; If you turn from your sin, And a

1. crown we shall wear When we meet the King some day. (some day)
2. make us His choice When we meet the King some day. (some day)
3. bless - ed this way When we meet the King some day. (some day)
4. new life be - gin He will own you in that day. (hap-py day.)

CHORUS

We shall meet the King some day (some day) With our sins all wash'd a-way (a-way)

rit

We shall live on high Ne - ver more to die, We shall meet the King some day.

He Saved My Soul.

Copyright 1924 by Thoro Harris.

T. H. THORO HARRIS

1. When I was wear-y of sor- row and sin, Wand-ring in hope-less des-
2. When I was suf-fring no mor - tal knows how, No one could help me be-
3. When I was worn with my strug-gling in vain, Sin-chains were strong-er than

pair, Heart-sick, dis-cour-aged, un - ho - ly, un-clean,
low, Je - sus took hold of my case, so that now
I, Call - ing on Je - sus the vict - ry to gain,

CHORUS

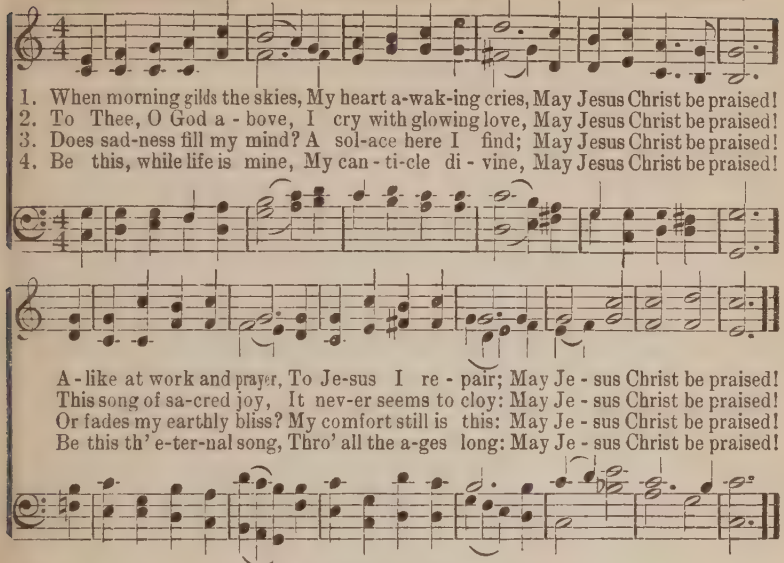
Fear-ing no help-er was there. He sav'd my soul,
His heal-ing vir-tue I knew. He heal'd me too,
He heard and an-swer'd my cry. He set me free,

won-der-ful Sav-ior! Out from my dark-ness led in - to His light, He sav'd my
might-y Phy-si-cion, Bear-ing our sick-ness and pains on the tree, Loud I can
pre-cious Re-deem-er, Sanc-ti - fied wholly, His im-age I bear; Par-don'd and

soul, He made me whole; Glo - ry to Je-sus for He sav'd my soul.
sing Praise to my King, Glo - ry to Je-sus for He heal'd me too.
heal'd Sanc-ti-fied, seal'd, Glo - ry to Je-sus for He set me free.

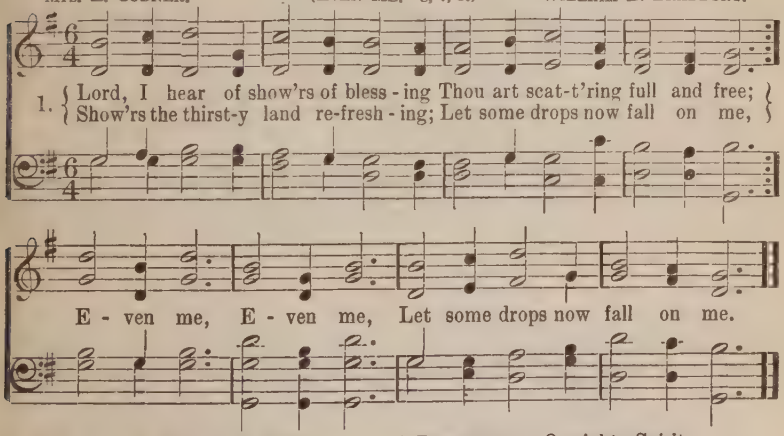
74 May Jesus Christ be Praised.

EDWARD CASWALL, Tr. (LAUDES DOMINI. 6s.) JOSEPH BARNBY.



75 Lord, I Hear of Showers.

MRS. E. CODNER. (EVEN ME. 8, 7, 3.) WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



2 Pass me not, O God my Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me,
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Savior,
Let me live and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favor;
Whilst thou'rt calling, O call me,
Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich, so free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me,
Even me.

Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call-ing, Call - ing for you and for me; See, on the por - tals He's wait - ing and watch-ing, Watch-ing for you and for me.
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead-ing, Plead - ing for you and for me? Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mer - cies, Mer - cies for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleet-ing, the mo-ments are pass-ing, Pass - ing for you and for me; Shad - ows are gath - er - ing, death warn-ings com - ing, Com - ing for you and for me.
4. O! for the won-der - ful love He has promised, Prom-ised for you and for me; Though we have sinned, He has mer - cy and par - don, Par - don for you and for me.

CHORUS.

Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home!
Come home, come home,

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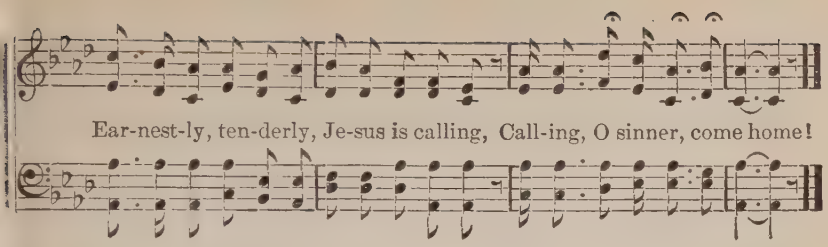
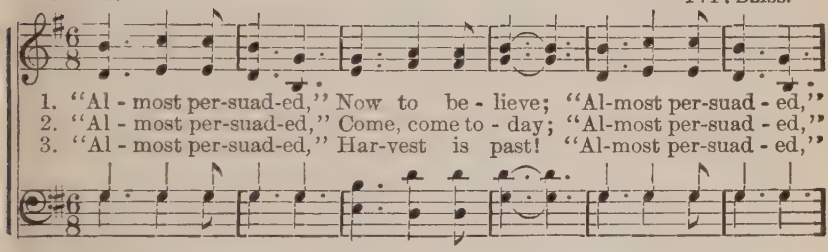
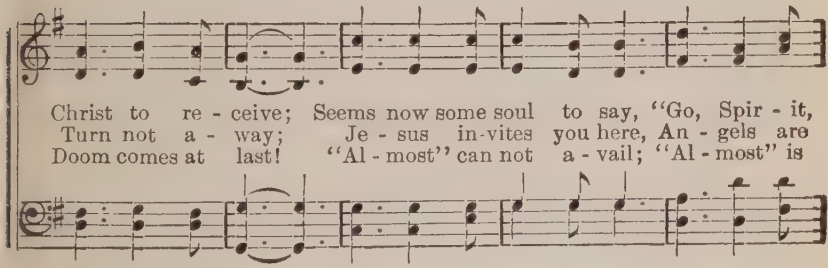
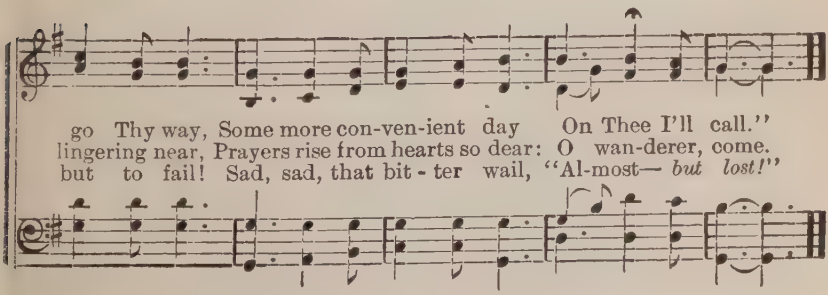


77 Almost Persuaded.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.







My Father Holds My Hand.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. ELMER BAILEY. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

SOLO.

1. My Fa - ther holds my hand, My Lord who loves me so;
2. Se - cure in Him I trust My all from day to day;
3. His love can nev - er fail; His mer - cy knows no end;
4. He knows the way I take; My life by Him was planned;

His grace en - a - bles me to stand; He will not let me go. . .
'Mid good or seem-ing ill I rest, Be - cause He knows the way. . .
Tho' tempt-ed oft, I shall pre-vail; He will my soul de - fend. . .
Tho' friends may fail and earth-ties break, He still will hold my hand. . .

CHORUS.

My Fa-ther holds my hand; . . No fear my heart shall know; . .
My Heav'n-ly Fa - ther holds my hand; shall know;

He'll bring me safe to Glo - ry - land, He will not let me go. . .

79 In the Silent Midnight Watches.

A. C. Coxe. A. L. Skoog.

1. In the si - lent mid-night watches, List—thy bos-om's door!
2. Death comes down with reckless foot-steps To the hall and hut;
3. Then, how vain to stand en-treat-ing Christ to let thee in,

How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh, Knocketh ev - er - more!
Think you death will tar - ry knocking, When the door is shut?
At the door of heav-en beat-ing, Wail - ing for thy sin!

Say not 'tis thy pul - ses beating; Heart oppressed by sin!
Je - sus wait-eth, wait-eth, waiteth; But the door is fast!
Nay, a - las, too late thy pleading! Hast thou then for - got?—

Repeat pp.

'Tis thy Sav - iour knocketh, cri-eth, Rise and let Me in!
Grieved a - way the Sav-iour go-eth, Death comes in at last!
Je - sus wait - ed long to know thee, Now He knows thee not!

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Arise, Ye Surging Millions!

1. A - rise, ye surg-ing mil-lions, heed the Lord's com-mand,
2. Make read-y for the con-flict for the foe is strong,
3. And then when ends the bat-tle and the vict-ry's won

Hear the call for sol-diers, Come and take your stand. See the
Truth and right must tri-umph O - ver sin and wrong. Sin must
To the wea-ry sol-dier Christ will say, "Well done!" Oh, the

cross-marked banner lead-ing to the fray, Come be-neath the
be de-feat -ed, Christ must rule and reign, Till the ma - ny
great re - u-nion, And the grand re-view, Crowns of glo-ry

CHORUS

col-ors, Come with - out de - lay
mil-lions Shall His name ac - claim.
giv - en To the brave and true.

The Cross of Christ will

lead us to bat-tle stern, Vic-to-ry it gives us

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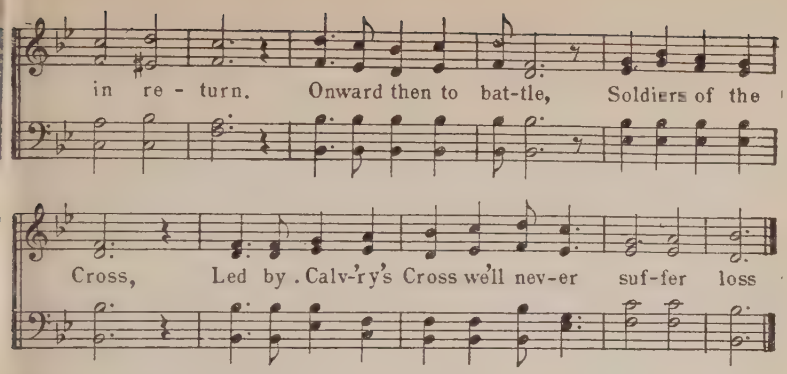
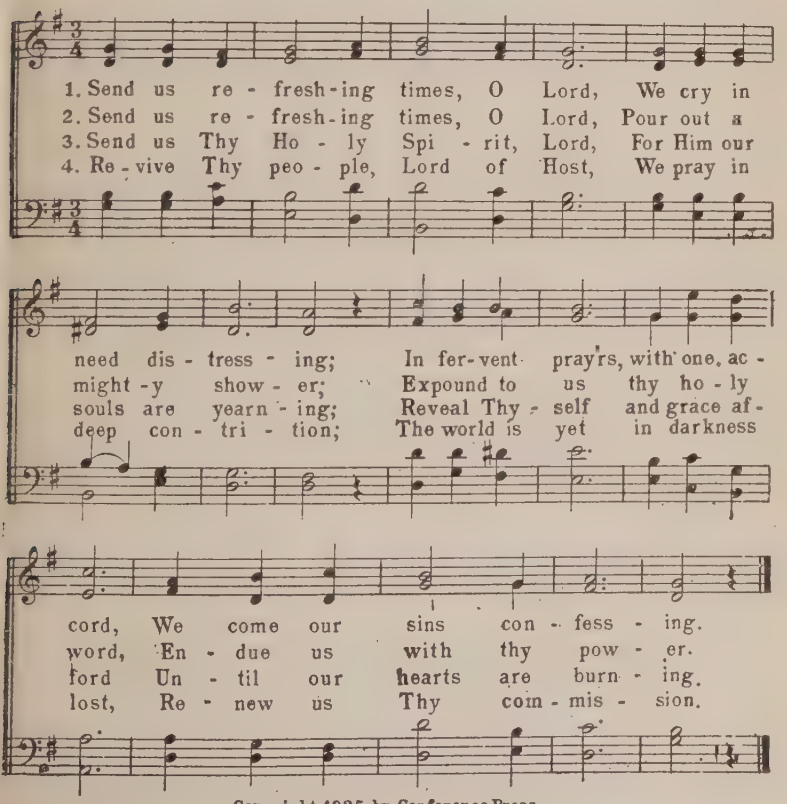


81 Send Us Refreshing Times, O Lord.

C. O. D-n

CARL O. DAHLEN



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My Name Is Written There.

A. L. ANDREW LILIEMARK

1. I am journey-ing on-ward to my home on high to-day
2. On the bat-tle-field of life I'm fight-ing strong and brave
3. I shall meet my Lord and Mas-ter face to face some day,
4. Wear-y soul why still a-bide in mis-er-y and shame,

1. And my heart is sing-ing hal-le-lu-jah all the way.
2. Since to me the prec-ious Sav-ior peace and par-don gave.
3. But I'm not a-fraid; for then to me His voice shall say:
4. Je-sus Christ, the Might-y One, can save you, praise His name!

1. For I know my name is writ-ten in the book up there,
2. Thro' the strength of my Re-deem-er I shall sure-ly win,
3. "Fear not" thro' the a-ges I will be your God and Lord,
4. Let Him write your name up-on that heav'n-ly roll to-day,

1. And e-ter-nal glo-ry with the saints I soon shall share.
2. Glor-ious vic-t'ry o'er the Temp-ter, E-vil world and Sin.
3. Come and take pos-ses-sion of your heav-en-ly re-ward!"
4. From the los-ing host of sin and dark-ness turn a-way!

CHORUS

Yes, praise the Lord, my name is writ-ten there, in heav-en

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Yes, praise the Lord, my name is writ-ten there;

In the book of life a-bove, Thank God for won-drous grace and love

Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah, my name is writ-ten there.

83 The Comforting Name.

CARL O. DAHLEN, Tr. (6th verse original).

1. How com-fort-ing is Je-sus' name, A re-fuge ev-er-more the same
2. Be-loved, gra-ci-ous son of God, Our wear-y path thy foot has trod,
3. In thee we have our right-eous-ness, Our wis-dom, peace and hol-i-ness,
4. We praise thee for thy cleansing blood, And for the grand bap-tis-mal flood,
5. We praise thee for thy liv-ing word, And for com-mun-ion round thy board,
6. Sing loud and praise the Sav-ior's name, Of Je-sus with e-ter-nal fame,

1. In all our trouble, want and grief We find in him a sure re-lief.
2. For-give our sins and mark our need, For thou art God and man in-deed.
3. Who-e'er trust in thee and be-lieve, Though in des-pair, will grace re-ceive.
4. Where-in we bur-ied are with thee And rise to live e-ter-nal-ly.
5. For par-don, peace, for joy and love, And for the home pre-pared a-bove.
6. To Him we go what-e'er be-fall And find in Him our all in all.

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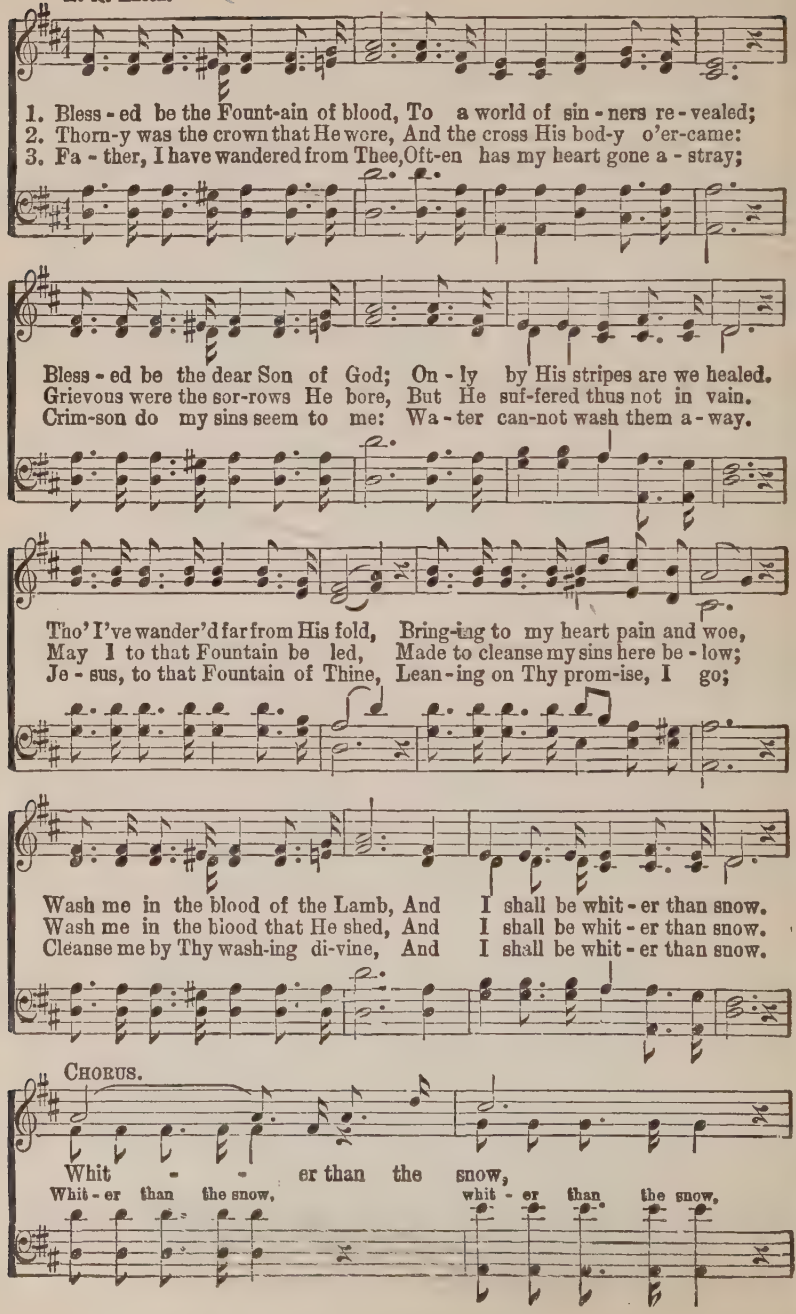
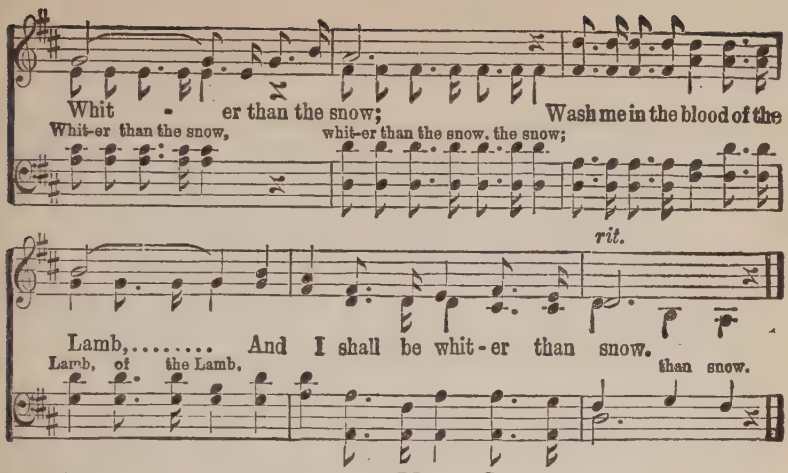
Blessed Be the Fountain.

E. R. Latta. BY PERMISSION. H. S. Perkins.





85 Coming Very Soon.

(LADIES' QUARTET.)

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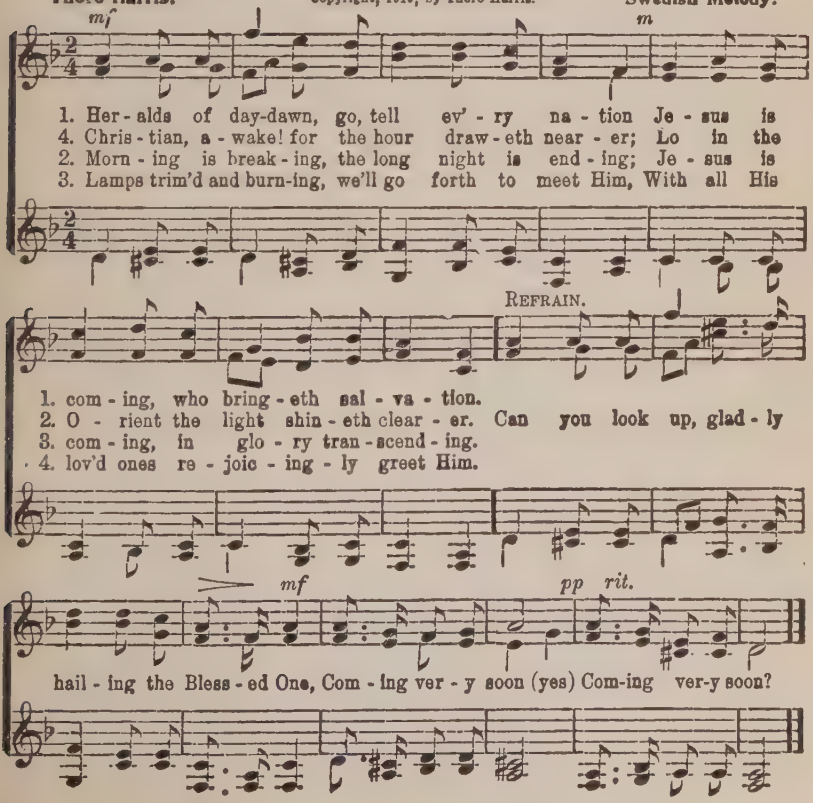
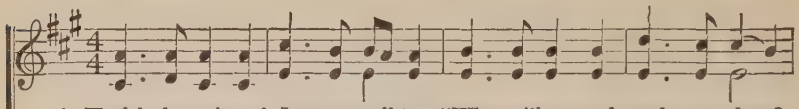
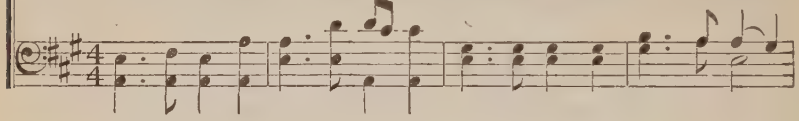


Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

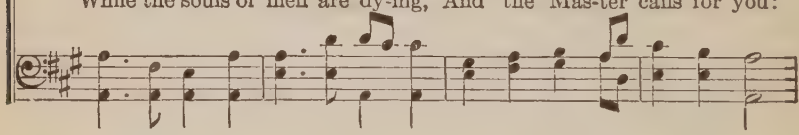
DANIEL MARCH. (Disciple.) MOZART, arr. by H. P. MAIN.



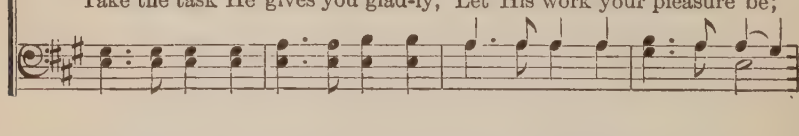
1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call-ing, "Who will go and work to - day?
2. If you can-not cross the o-cean, And the heathen lands ex-plore,
3. If you can-not speak like angels, If you can-not preach like Paul,
4. Let none hear you i - dly say - ing, "There is noth-ing I can do,"



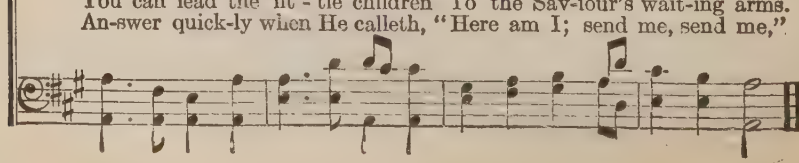
Fields are white and harvests waiting; Who will bear the sheaves away?"
You can find the heathen near-er, You can help them at your door.
You can tell the love of Je - sus, You can say He died for all.
While the souls of men are dy-ing, And the Mas-ter calls for you:



Loud and long the Mas-ter call-eth, Rich re-ward He of - fers free;
If you cannot give your thousands, You can give the wid-ow's mite;
If you can - not rouse the wick-ed With the judgment's dread alarms,
Take the task He gives you glad-ly, Let His work your pleasure be;



Who will an-swer, glad-ly say-ing, "Here am I, send me, send me."
And the least you do for Je - sus, Will be pre-cious in His sight.
You can lead the lit - tle children To the Sav-iour's wait-ing arms.
An-swer quick-ly when He calleth, "Here am I; send me, send me,"



O Jesus, Thou art Standing.

WILLIAM W. HOW. JUSTIN H. KNECHT.

1. O Je - sus, Thou art stand-ing Out-side the fast-closed door,
2. O Je - sus, Thou art knock-ing, And lo! that hand is scarred,
3. O Je - sus, Thou art plead-ing In ac-cents meek and low,—

In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thresh-old o'er:
And thorns Thy brow en - cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marred:
"I died for you, my chil-dren, And will ye treat me so?"

We bear the name of Chris-tians, His name and sign we bear;
O, love that pass-eth knowl-edge, So pa - tient - ly to wait!
O Lord, with shame and sor - row We o - pen now the door:

O shame, thrice shame up - on us! To keep Him standing there.
O, sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
Dear Sav - iour, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more!

O Love, Such Love!

Soprano and Alto duet

1. In heav'n a - bove was light and love, On earth be - low
2. Geth-sem - a - ne and Cal - va - ry, The rug-ged road,
3. The cru - el spear, the burn-ing tear, Sin's fi'-ry dart,
4. Come now, ac - cept, do not re - ject, Nor close thy heart,

1. was sin and woe, God saw our plight, sent forth His Light,
2. the heav - y load, The Sav-ior's sigh, His ques-tion "why,"
3. the brok - en heart, The riv - en side, where we may hide,
4. He may de - part; Fall at His feet, His name re - peat,

CHORUS

1. And changed our night to noon-day bright.
2. With no re - ply 'neath dark-'ning sky. O love,
3. And there a - bide what-'ere be tide.
4. His love so sweet brings joy com-plete. such won-drous love

Such love! Christ came and took the sin-ner's place,
Such won-drous love the sin-ner's place

He saved my soul, And made me whole
He saved my soul, And made me whole

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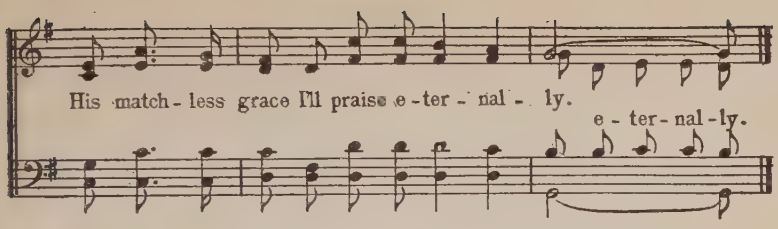

89 Thou Tender, Gracious Father.

CARL O. DAHLEN, Tr.

1. Thou ten-der grac-ious Fath-er, Who watch-est o-ver me,
2. With rai-ment food and shel-ter, What-e'er my needs im-ply
3. In child-like, true o-bed-ience Help me to do the right,
4. Thy heart is all com-pas-sion, With love it o-ver-flows,

1. How shall I ev-er praise Thee, How love and hon-or Thee?
2. For soul and bo-dy ev-er, Do Thou in grace sup-ply.
3. May prec-ious be Thy stat-utes, Thy yoke be pleas-ant, light!
4. What-e'er of ill be-tide me, Thou know-est and my woes.

1. Thou guid-est me with cau-tion, From ev-'ry se-cret snare
2. O Lord I soon would per-ish, If aught Thou should ex-clude;
3. And when some hard-ship threat-ens, A dan-ger fright-ens me,
4. Thou sleep-est not, nor slum-ber At nights, nor dur-ing days;

1. And 'neath Thy wings a re-fuge I find in my de-spair.
2. Oh, could I love Thee bet-ter And prove my gra-ti-tude.
3. May'st Thou in all my tri-als My pres-ent help-er be.
4. Thy arm, al-might-y Fath-er, En-fold-eth time and space.

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Sail On!

C. H. G.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

Solo and Chorus.

1. Up - on a wide and storm-y sea, Thou'rt sailing to e - ter - ni - ty,
2. Art far from shore, and weary-worn—The sky o'er-cast, thy can-vas torn?
3. Do comrades trem-ble and re-fuse To fur-ther dare the taunt-ing hues?
4. Do snarl-ing waves thy craft as-sail? Art pow'rless, drifting with the gale?

ad lib.

And thy great Ad-m'ral or - ders thee:—"Sail on! sail on! sail on!
Hark ye! a voice to thee is borne:—"Sail on! sail on! sail on!
No oth - er course is thine to choose, Sail on! sail on! sail on!
Take heart! God's word shall nev-er fail! Sail on! sail on! sail on!

CHORUS.

Sail on! sail on! the storms will soon be past, The dark - ness

will not al- ways last; Sail on! sail on!..... God

sail on! sail on!

rit. e dim. *pp*

lives and He commands: "Sail on! sail on!".....

sail on! sail on! sail on!

* May close here.

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91 The Solid Rock.

EDWARD MOTE. W. B. BRADBURY.

1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name;

2. When darkness veils his love-ly face, I rest on his un-changing grace;
In ev-'ry high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds with-in the vail;

3. His oath, his cov-e-nant and blood, Support me in the whelming flood;
When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay;

CHORUS.

On Christ, the So-lid Rock, I stand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

92 Must Jesus Bear the Cross.

THOS. SHEPHERD GEO. N. ALLEN

1. Must Je-sus bear the cross a-lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con-se-crat-ed cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free;
3. O pre-cious cross! O glo-rious crown! O res-ur-rec-tion day!

1. No, there's a-cross for ev-'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
2. And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
3. Ye an-gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a-way.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. JOS. P. HOLBROOK.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;

While the near - er wa-ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me.

Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;

Safe in - to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my defenseless head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make me, keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

SECOND TUNE.

Fine.

1. Je-sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos-om fly,
While the near-er wa-ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high;

D.C. Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last.

D.C.

Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

94 Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY. THOS. HASTINGS.

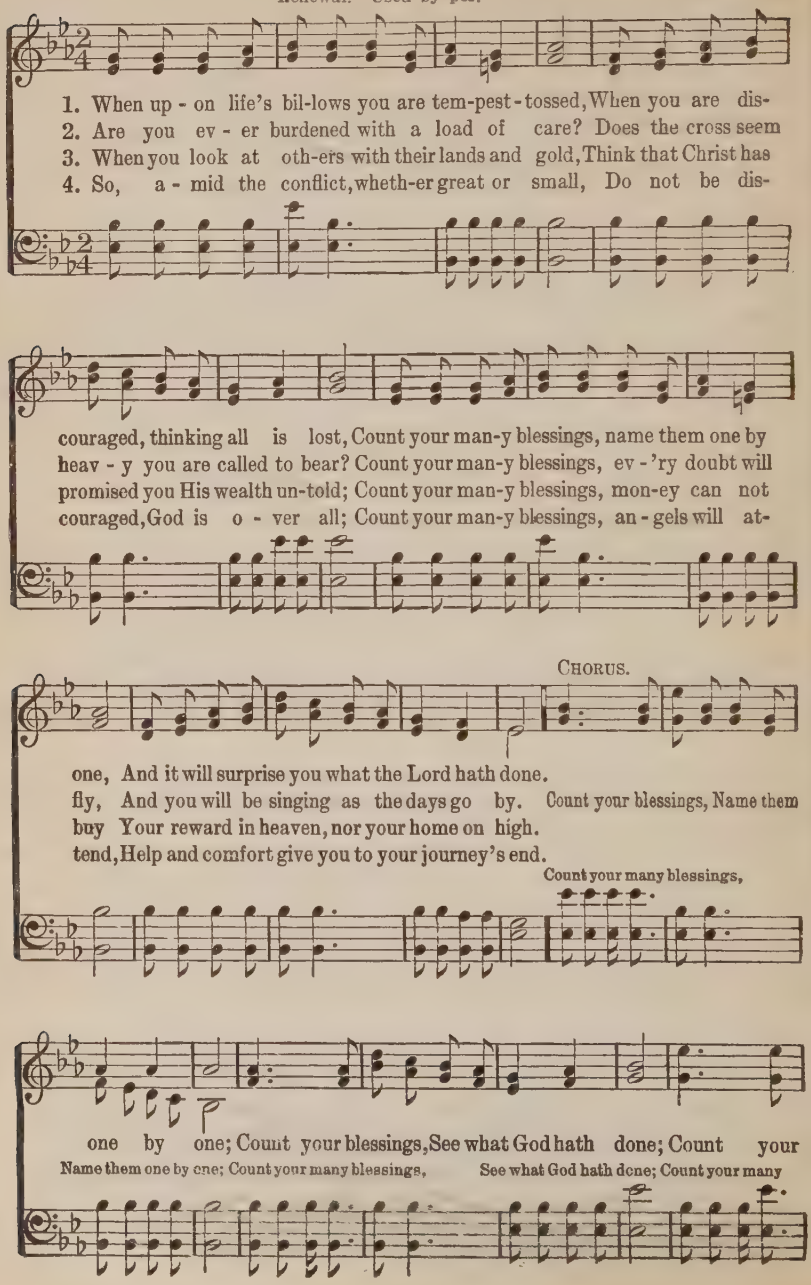
1. Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
2. Not the la-bor of my hands Can ful-fill Thy law's de-mands;
3. Noth-ing in my hand I bring, Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleeting breath, When mine eyes shall close in death,

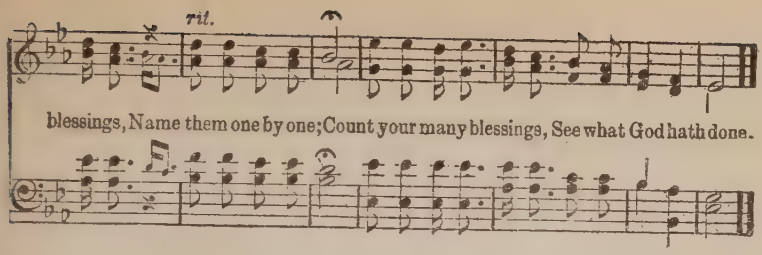
Let the wa-ter and the blood, From Thy riv-en side which flowed,
Could my zeal no res-pite know, Could my tears for-ev-er flow,
Nak-ed, come to Thee for dress, Help-less look to Thee for grace;
When I soar to worlds unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—

Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Save me from its guilt and power.
All for sin could not a-tone; Thou must save, and Thou a-lone.
Foul, I to the foun-tain fly; Wash me, Sav-iour, or I die.
Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.

95 Count Your Blessings.

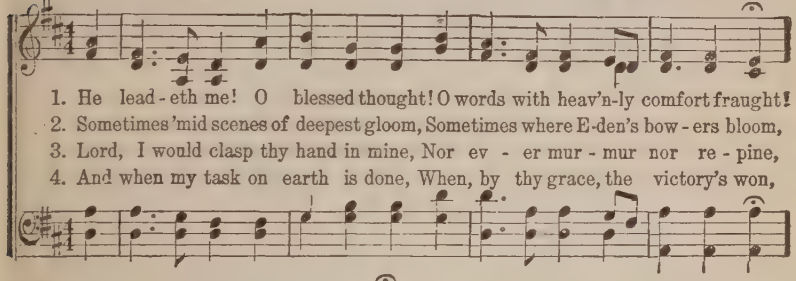
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. Copyright, 1924, by Eliza J. Excell. Renewal. Used by per. E. O. Excell.

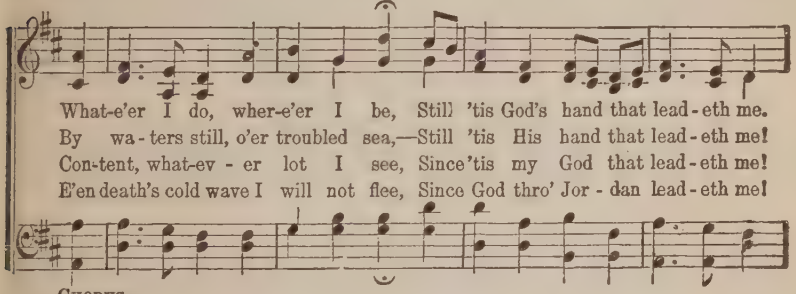




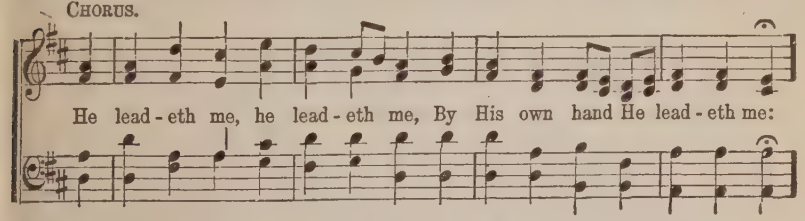
96 He Leadeth Me.

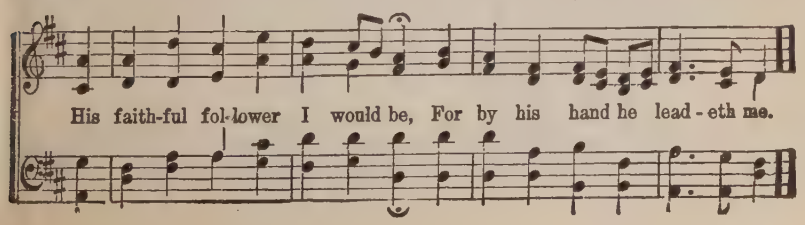
J. H. GILMORE. WM. B. BRADBURY.





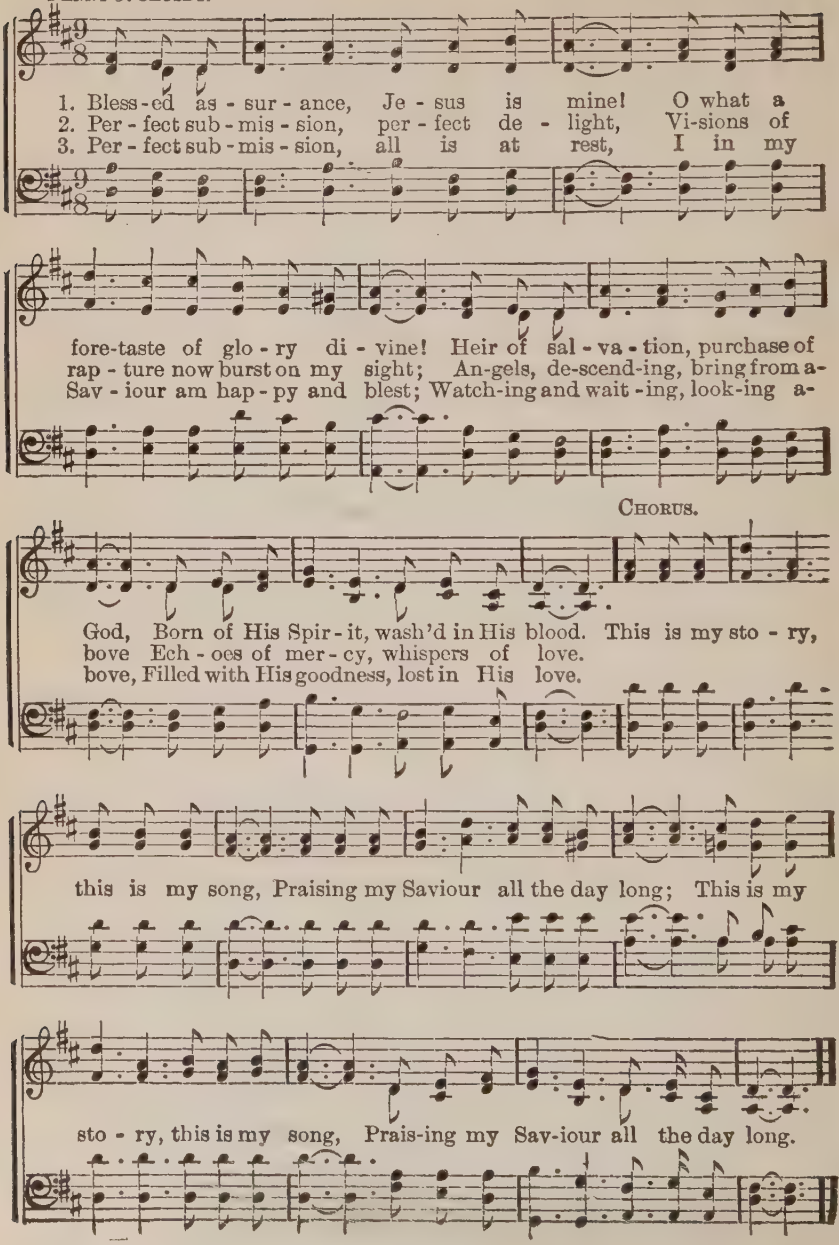
CHORUS.





Blessed Assurance.

FANNY J. CROSBY. MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



Battle Prayer.

Tr. by CARL O. DAHLEN — O. LINDBLAD

2nd verse original

Andante

1. Thou, who ru - lest worlds e-ter-nal, Hear the le-gion bent in prayer!
2. Still we plead, O Lord, thy patience, Hasten, thou, that peace-ful day,

Pour in love thy grace su-per-nal, O-ver
When no war shall vex the na-tions, But good

Pour in love thy grace su-per-nal, Pour thy grace
When no war shall vex the na-tions, When no war

us in ten-der care! Thine the pow'r
will shall strife al-lay. Send thy Spi-

Thine the pow'r and glo-ry ev - er, Thine
Send thy Spi- rit in great measure In

and glo-ry ev-er; May our li - ber-ty a - bound! Lord al - -
rit in great measure, Fill our hearts with love di-vine; May thy

might-y, leave us ne-ver, Hov - er o'er our camp-ing ground.
pur-pose be our treasure And all kingdoms tru - ly thine.

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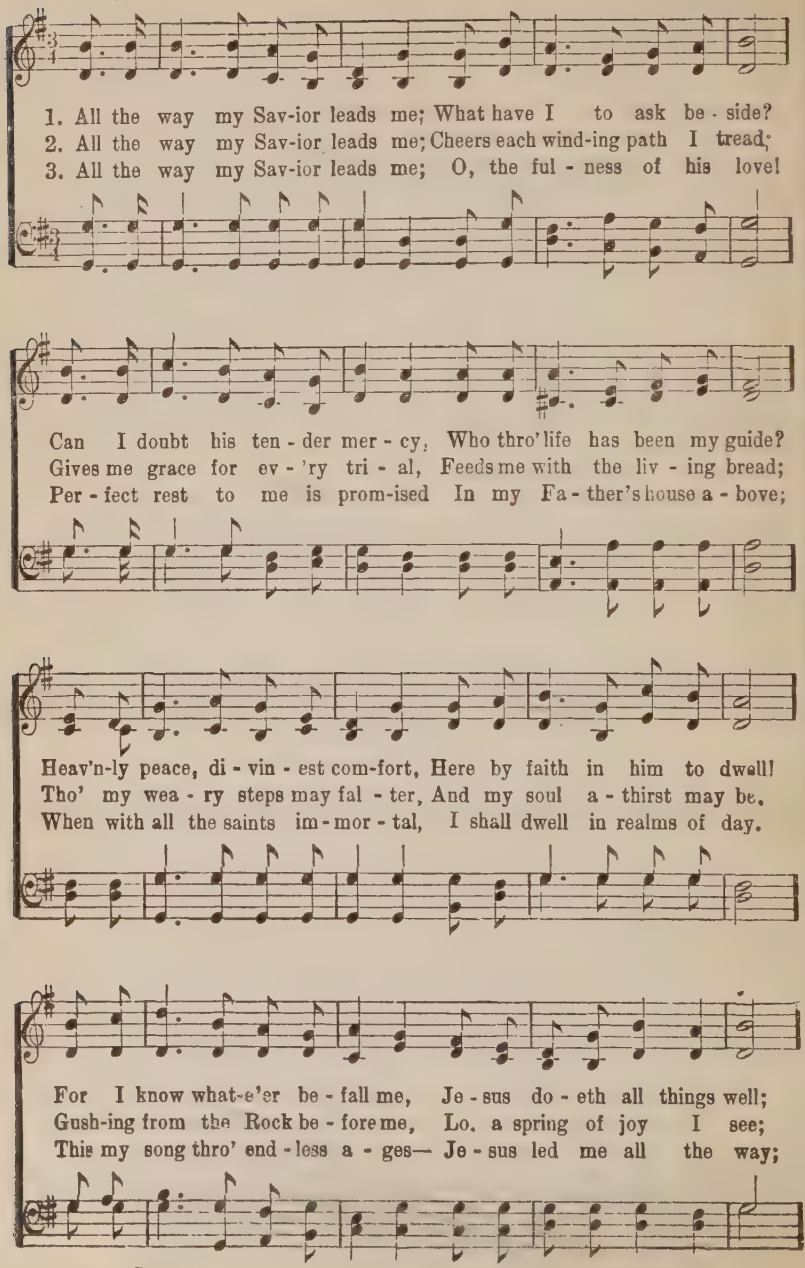
99 All the Way My Saviour Leads Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY. B. LOWRY.



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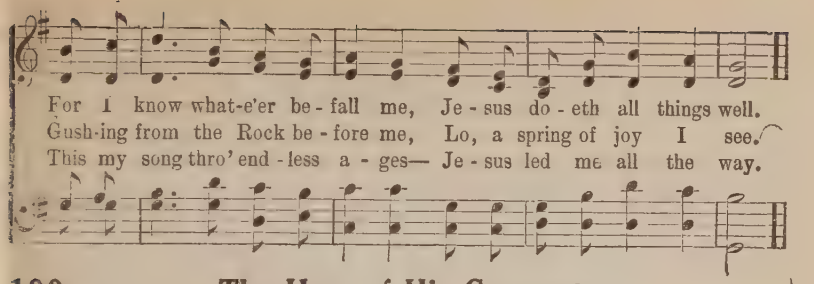
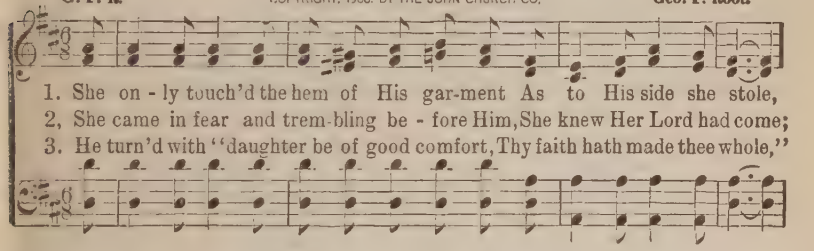
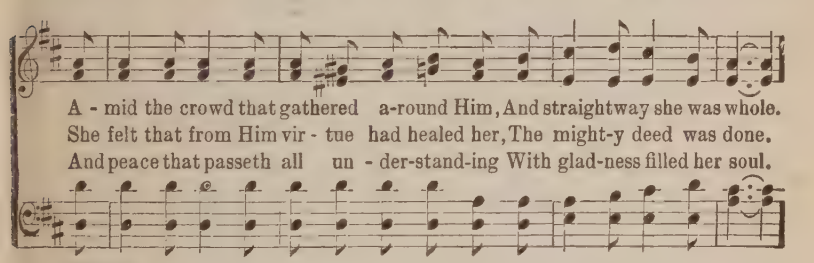


100 The Hem of His Garment.

G. F. R. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. Geo. F. Root.





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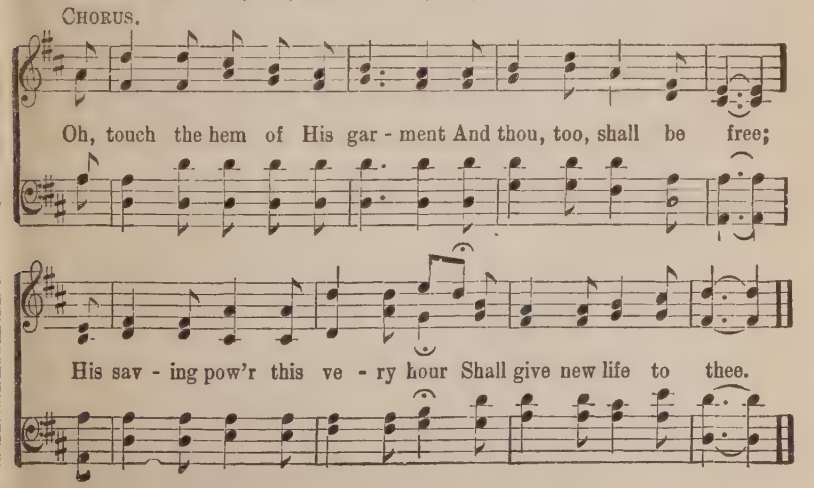

101 The Spacious Firmament on High.

"The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork."—Ps. 19: 1.

JOSEPH ADDISON. CREATION. L. M. Arr. fr. F. J. HAYDN.

1. The spa-cious firm - a - ment on high, With all the blue e-
2. Soon as the even-ing shades pre - vail, The moon takes up the
3. What tho' in sol-emn si - lence all Move round the dark ter-

the - real sky, And spangled heav'ns, a shin-ing frame, Their great o-
won - drous tale, And night-ly to the listen-ing earth Re - peats the
res - trial ball? What tho' no re - al voice nor sound, A - midst their

rig - i - nal pro-claim. Th'un-wea-ried sun from day to day,
sto - ry of her birth; While all the stars that round her burn,
ra-diant orbs be found? In rea-son's ear they all re-joice,

Does his... Cre - a - tor's power dis-play, And pub - lish - es... to
And all... the plan-ets in... their turn, Con-firm the tid - ings
And ut - ter forth a glo - rious voice; For-ev - er sing-ing,

ev - 'ry land The work.. of an..... al-might-y hand.
as they roll, And spread the truth... from pole to pole.
as they shine, 'The Hand.. that made... us is di - vine.'

I Sing of Jesus.

T. H.

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Thoro Harris.

DUET.

1. I sing of Je - sus, the King im - mor - tal Who came from glo - ry my soul to win, Who brake the fet - ters of death's dark por - tal, Who o - pened Par - a - dise and en - tered in.
2. I sing of Je - sus, who chides me nev - er, Tho' far I wan-der on plains of night, A ten-der Shep - herd who leads me ev - er Back to the nar - row way, the path of light.
3. I sing of Je - sus: O won-drous sto - ry! He brings sal - va - tion to sin - ners lost; Soon all the na - tions will praise, in glo - ry, The Man who ran-somed them at aw - ful cost.

CHORUS.

{ I sing of Je - sus: O praise His wor - thy name, My faith - ful Sav - ior, my Friend for-ev - er; Till all shall crown Him their Lord and King.
{ With all the ran - somed I would His love proclaim, [*Omit*.....

103 Is My Name Written There?

MRS. MARY A. KIDDER. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Nei-ther sil - ver nor gold;
2. Lord, my sins they are man - y, Like the sands of the sea,
3. O that beau - ti - ful cit - y, With its man-sions of light,

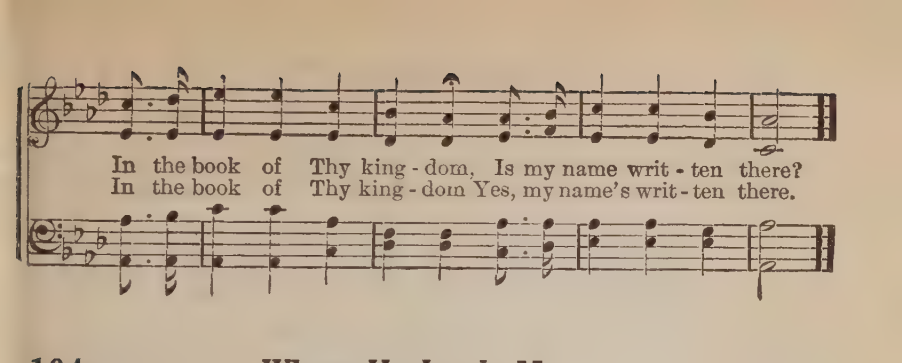
I would make sure of heav - en, I would en - ter the fold.
But Thy blood, O my Sav - iour! Is suf - fi - cient for me;
With its glo - ri - fied be - ings, In pure gar-ments of white;

In the book of Thy king-dom, With its pa - ges so fair,
For Thy prom-ise is writ - ten, In bright let-ters that glow,
Where no e - vil thing com-eth, To de-spoil what is fair;

Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Is my name writ - ten there?
"Tho' your sins be as scar - let, I will make them like snow."
Where the an - gels are watch-ing, Yes, my name's writ - ten there.

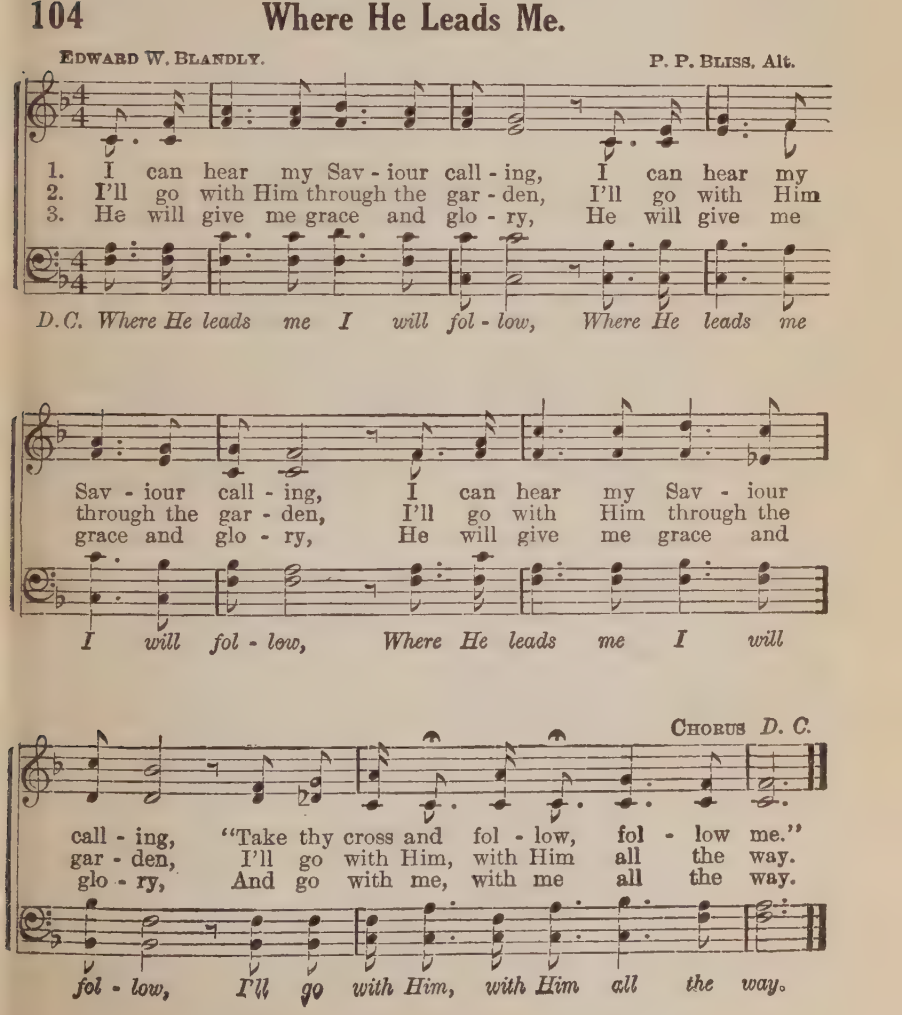
CHORUS.

Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?
For 2nd and 3rd Verses.
Yes, my name's writ-ten there, On the page white and fair;



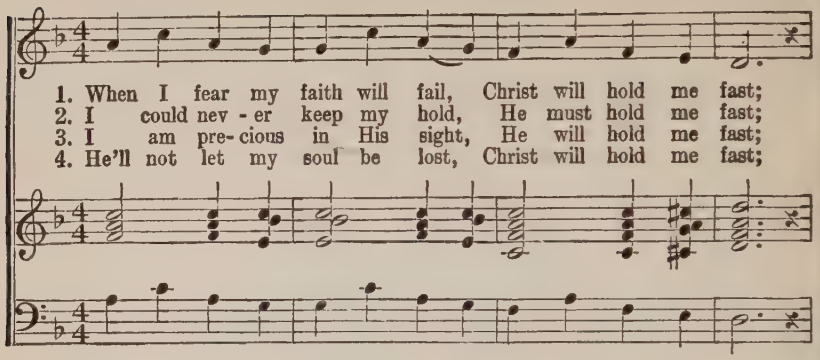
104 Where He Leads Me.

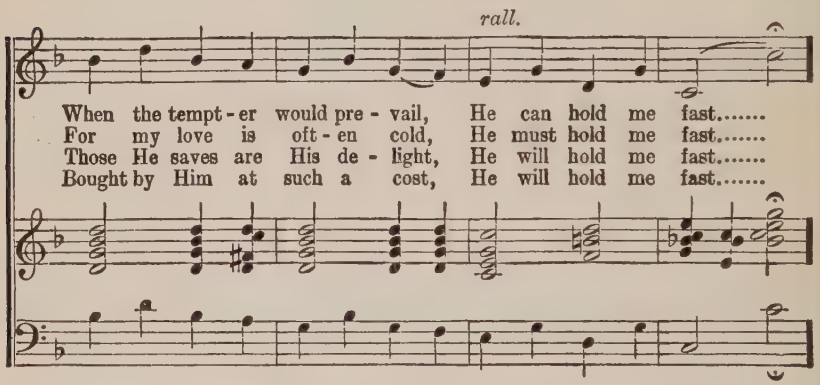
EDWARD W. BLANDLY. P. P. BLISS, Alt.

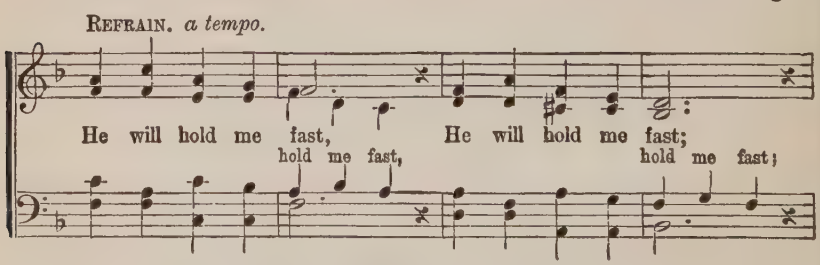


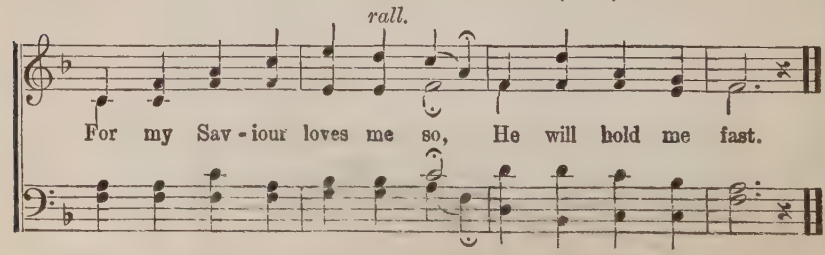
105 He Will Hold Me Fast.

Ada R. Habershon. Robert Harkness.









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106 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

ISAAC WATTS. FROM A GREGORIAN CHANT.

1. When I sur - vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri - fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown.
Love so a - maz - ing, so di-vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

107 I'll Live for Him.

R. E. Hudson. COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY R. E. HUDSON. USED BY PER. C. R. Dunbar.

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live,
3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry To save my soul and make me free;

CHO.—*I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!*

Chorus D. C.

Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
And now hence-forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I'll con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

Jesus Hath Loved Me.

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J. WAKEFIELD McGILL — BATISTE. THORO HARRIS

1. Je - sus hath lov'd me, won-der-ful Sav - ior! Je-sus hath lov'd me, I
2. Je - sus hath sav'd me, won-der-ful Sav - ior! Je-sus hath sav'd me, I
3. Je - sus will lead me, won-der-ful Sav - ior! Je-sus will lead me, I
4. Je - sus will crown me, won-der-ful Sav - ior! Je-sus will crown me, I

1. can-not tell why! Came He to res-cue sin-ners all worthless
2. can-not tell how; All that I know is He was my ran-som,
3. can-not tell where, But I will fol-low, thru joy or sor-row;
4. can-not tell when, White thrones of splendor hail I with glad-ness,

CHORUS

1. My heart He con-quer'd for Him I would die.
2. Dy-ing on Cal-v'ry with thorns on His brow.
3. Sun-shine or temp-est, His pres-ence is there.
4. Crown'd mid the plau-dits of an-gels and men.

Glo-ry to Je-sus, won-der-ful Sav-ior! Glo-ry to Je-sus, the One I a - dore: Glo-ry to Je-sus, won-der-ful Sav-ior! Glo-ry to Je-sus, and praise ev-er-more.

The Secret of His Heart.

JAMES ROWE

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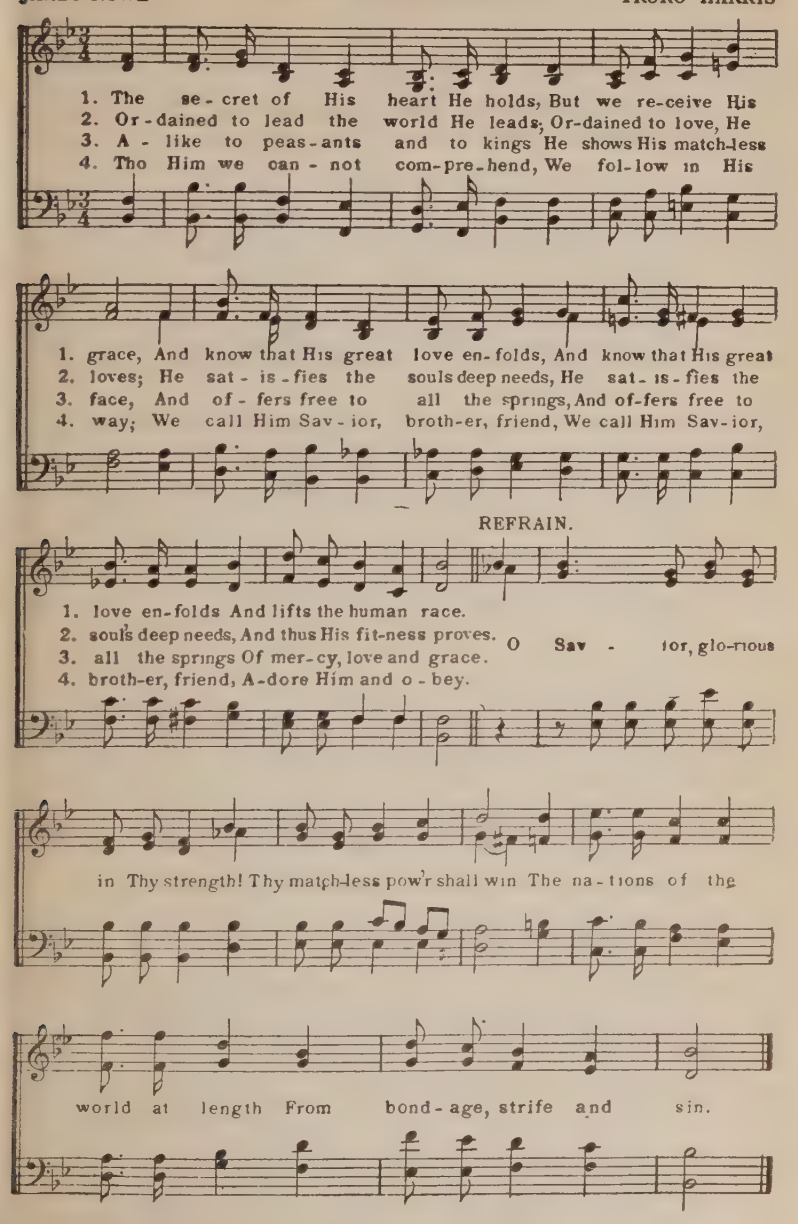
TRORO HARRIS



110 Walking With Jesus.

Thoro Harris

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Evelyn Snyder

1. Are you walk-ing with Je-sus the Sav-ior And trusting His grace all the
2. Are you walk-ing with Je-sus the Sav-ior So close-ly you al-ways may
3. If you're walking with Je-sus the Sav-ior The hours will glide sweetly a-

1. way The light of His face beaming o'er you, His Spir - it at - tend - ing each
2. hear The sweetness of love's faintest whisper Be-cause to His heart you are
3. way. En - joy-ing the wealth of His presence And catching each word He may

1. day? Press for-ward at Je - sus' com-mand,
Thru sunshine and storm ta-geth - - er Still hold - ing His
2. near? He'll tell you love's se - crets a - lone
He'll tell you the dear-est se - - crets And call you His
3. say. How gen - tle this heav - en - ly Dove,
For He is of friends most ten - - der, His heart o - ver-

1. Still hold-ing His hand While jour-ney-ing on With a joy - ful faith - ful hand,
2. And call you His owa; None oth - er could be Such a friend as ver - y own,
3. How fer.vent His love! Then loy - al - ly cling To your gra - cious flows with love.

REFRAIN

1. song To you home in Im-man-uel's land-
2. He, Such com-pas-sion was nev-er known, I am walk-ing with Je - sus my
3. King Till you en - ter the rest a - bove.

Sav - - ior, The light of His glo - ry I see;..... And I
Sav-ior and friend, each mo-ment I see;

rit.

know He'll for-sake me, no, nev - er, Bless-ed Sav-ior who died for me.

111 Fulness of Blessing.

H. J. ZELLY — Copyright, 1898, by M. L. McPhail — M. L. McPHAIL

1. What is this that, like the sun-shine, Warms my trusting heart to-day,
2. What is this that fills with gladness, Drives a-way all anxious care,
3. What is this that gives me freedom For my Lord to work and speak,
4. What is this that burns within me Like a flame of ho-ly fire,

1. Fills my soul with light and beauty, Drives the shadows far a - way?
2. Scatters dark-ness, gives me comfort, And a new de - light in pray'r?
3. Sends me out on lov-ing er-rands, As the wand'ring ones I seek?
4. Pur - i - fies my will-ing spir-it, Gives me now my one de-sire?

CHORUS

This is that, O, hal-le-lu - jah! Promised by the Lord divine;

'Tis the pen-te-cos-tal bless-ing, Fill-ing this glad heart of mine.

Draw Me Nearer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
2. Con - se-crate me now to Thy ser - vice, Lord, By the power of
3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be-fore Thy
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the

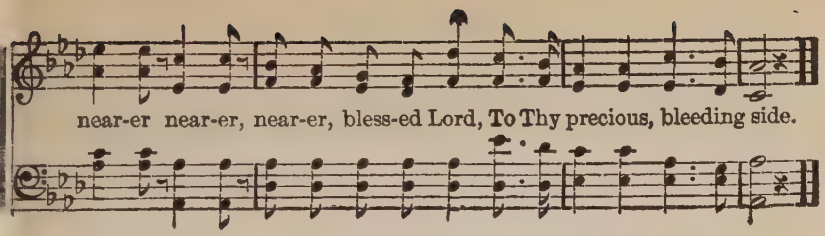
love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope,
throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God,
nar - row sea, There are heights of joy that I may not reach

CHORUS.

And be clos - er drawn to Thee. Draw me near - er,
And my will be lost in Thine.
I com-mune as friend with friend!
Till I rest in peace with Thee. Draw me near-er, near-er,

near - er, bless - ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me

W. H. DOANE, OWNER, USED BY PER.



113 More Love to Thee.

ELIZABETH P. PRENTISS. W. H. DOANE.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
3. Let sor - row do its work, Send grief and pain; Sweet are Thy
4. Then shall my lat - est breath Whisper Thy praise; This be the

prayer I make On bend-ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea,
lone I seek, Give what is best: This all my prayer shall be,
mes - sen - gers, Sweet their re-frain, When they can sing with me,
part - ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be,

More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee!

W. H. DOANE, OWNER, USED BY PER.

114 Walk in the Light.

Bernard Barton. Haydn.

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fellowship of love His Spir - it on - ly
2. Walk in the light! and thou shall find Thy heart made truly His, Who dwells in cloudless

can be-stow, Who reigns in light a-bove.
light enshrined, In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

115 Breathe Upon Us.

R. K. C. COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY R. KELSO CARTER. R. Kelso Carter.

1. Breathe up - on us, Lord from heav-en, Fill us with the Ho - ly Ghost;
2. While the Spir - it hov - ers o'er us, O - pen all our hearts, we pray;
3. Lift us, Lord, oh, lift us high - er, From the car - nal mind set free;

:S. FINE.

Prom - ise of the Fa - ther giv - en, Send us now a Pen - te - cost.
To Thine im - age, Lord, re-store us, Wit - ness in our souls to - day.
Fill us with re - fin - ing fire, Give us per - fect lib - er - ty.

D.S.-Breathe up-on us, breathe up-on us, Lord, bap-tize us now with fire.

CHORUS. rit. D. S.

Breathe up - on us, breathe up - on us, With Thy love our hearts in - spire.

116 Jesus Loves the Children.

Copyright, 1921, by Thoro Harris

THORO HARRIS GEO. F. ROOT

1. In the lands be - yond the sea Countless million children be
2. Ev - ry - where we hear their cry, "Come and save us or we die":
3. From the east and from the west See them thronging to be blest,

1. Who have never heard the gospel sto - ry told: Lit - tle
2. Who will haste to these the bless - ed news to tell? They are
3. Precious je - wels to a - dorn His di - a - dem. If we

S.

1. ones for whom the Christ Died, and be't them with a price, Waiting
2. pre - cious to the King; Let us go these lambs to bring To the
3. thus o - bey the Lord We shall reap a sure reward When He

D. S.—yel - low, black and white, they are pre - cious in His sight; Je - sus

FINE. CHORUS.

to be gather'd in the Sav - ior's fold.
gra - cious arms of Him we love so well. Je - sus loves the lit - tle
comes again to gather us and them.

loves the lit - tle chil-dren ev - 'ry - where.

D. S.

chil - dren, All the chil - dren are His care (are His care;) Red and

117

I Shall Not Be Moved.

A. H. A.

ALFRED H. ACKLEY

1. As a tree be- side the wa - ter Has the Sav-iour plant-ed me;
2. Tho' the tem-pest rage a-round me, Thro' the storm my Lord I see,
3. When by grief my heart is bro- ken, And the sunshine steals a - way,
4. When at last I stand be-fore him, Oh, what joy it will af - ford,

All my fruit shall be in sea - son, I shall live e - ter - nal - ly.
Point-ing up-ward to that ha - ven Where my lov'd ones wait for me.
Then his grace, in mer - cy giv - en, Chang - es dark-ness in - to day.
Just to see the sin - ner ransom'd, And be-hold my sov'reign Lord.

CHORUS.

I shall not be moved, ... I shall not be moved; .....
shall not be moved, shall not be moved;

An - chored to the Rock of A - ges, I shall not be moved.

Copyright, 1908, by A. H. and B. D. Ackley.
Homer Rodeheaver, Owner.

I Need Thee Every Hour.

ANNIE S. HAWKS. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I need Thee ev - ery hour, Most gra - cious Lord;
2. I need Thee ev - ery hour; Stay Thou near by;
3. I need Thee ev - ery hour, In joy or pain;
4. I need Thee ev - ery hour; Teach me Thy will;
5. I need Thee ev - ery hour, Most Ho - ly One;

No ten - der voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.
Temp - ta - tions lose their power When Thou art nigh.
Come quick - ly and a - bide, Or life is vain.
And Thy rich prom - is - es In me ful - fill.
O make me Thine in - deed, Thou bless - ed Son.

CHORUS.

I need Thee, O, I need Thee, Ev - ery hour I need Thee;

O bless me now, my Sav - iour, I come to Thee.

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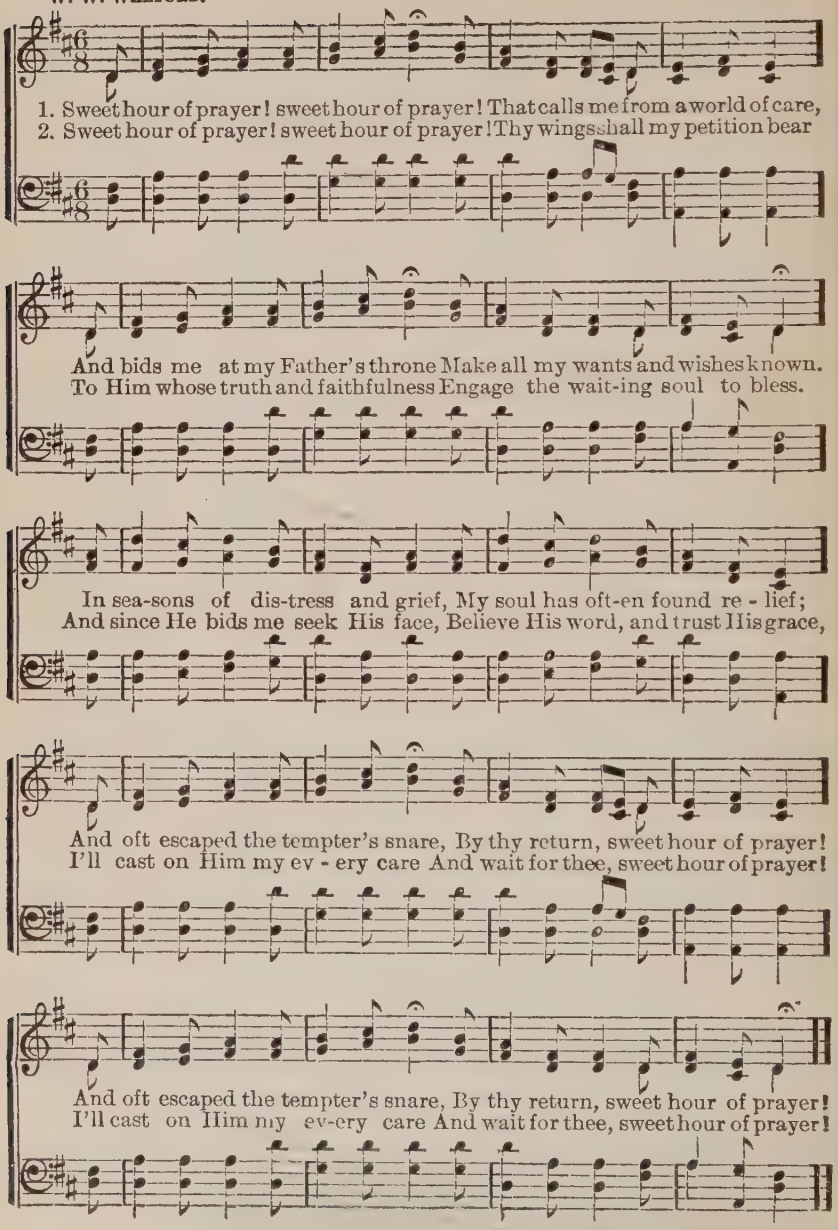
Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. WALFORD. WM. B. BRADBURY.



3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight.
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize,
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

120 Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav-iour, Hear my hum - ble cry;
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief;
3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face;
4. Thou the Spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me,

While on oth - ers Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.
Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri-tion, Help my un - be - lief.
Heal my wounded, bro-ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
Whom have I on earth be-side Thee? Whom in heaven but Thee?

CHORUS.

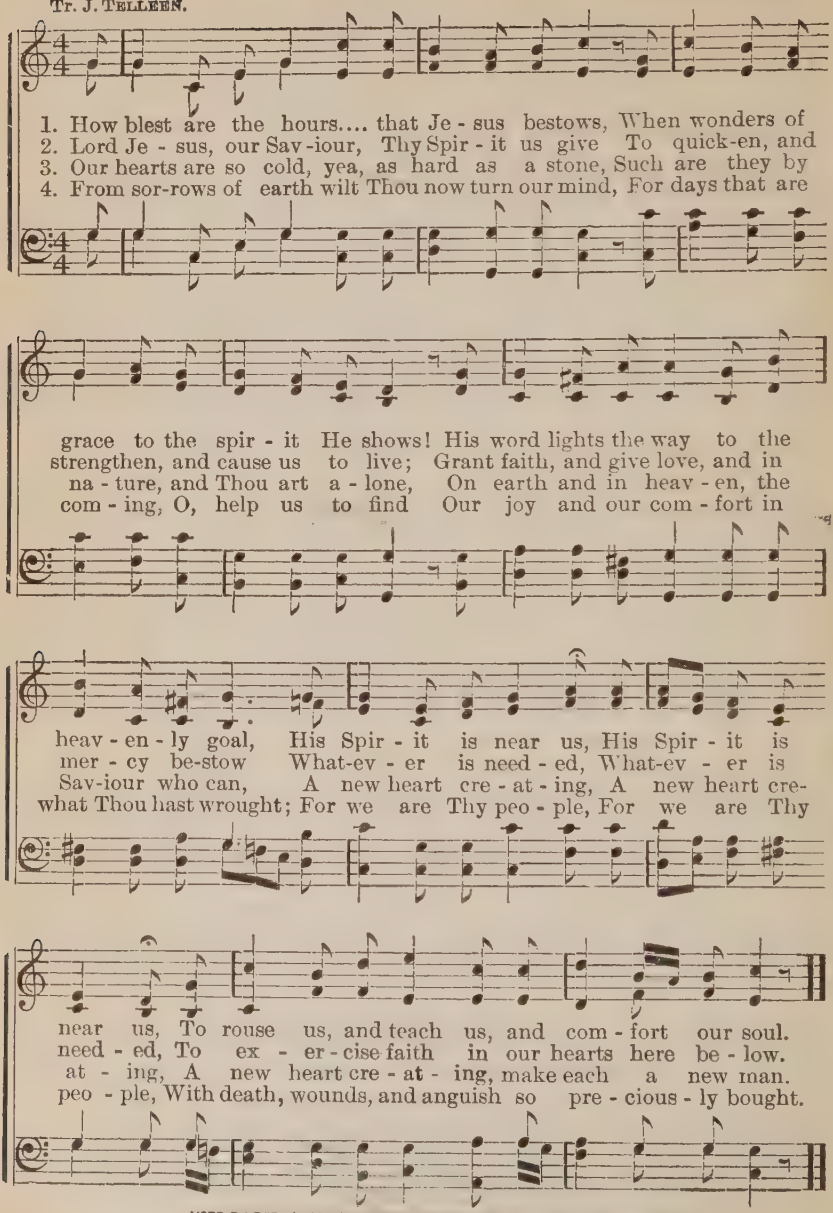
Sav - iour, Sav - iour, Hear my hum-ble cry;

While on oth - ers Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

121 How Blest are the Hours.

SWEDISH.
Tr. J. TELLEEN.

OSCAR AHNFELT.



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5. Lord, therefore remember in mercy and love
Thy people, and grant us Thy help from above;
Thy law cause to wake us, Thy grace give us cheer,
And lead us Thy Spirit,
And lead us Thy Spirit,
So that we may know that Thy presence is near.

122 What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. C. C. CONVERSE.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta-tions? Is there trouble an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y lad - en, Cumbered with a load of care?—

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - ery-thing to God in prayer!
We should nev - er be dis-couraged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre-cious Saviour, still our ref-uge,— Take it to the Lord in prayer.

O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what needless pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - ery-thing to God in prayer.
Je - sus knows our ev-ery weakness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

123 Go Where His Blood Can Heal.

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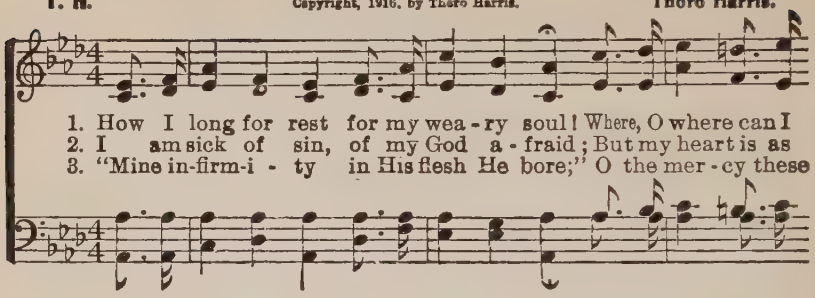
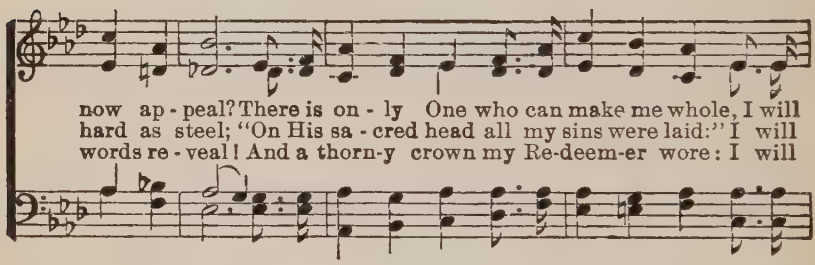
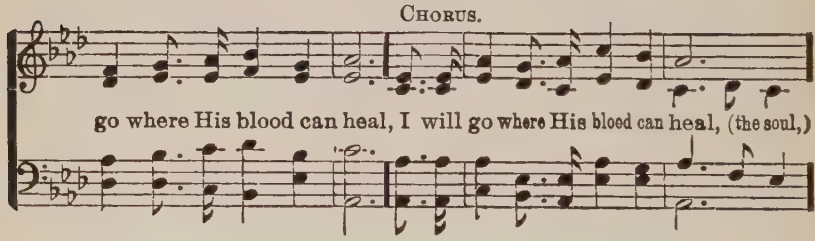
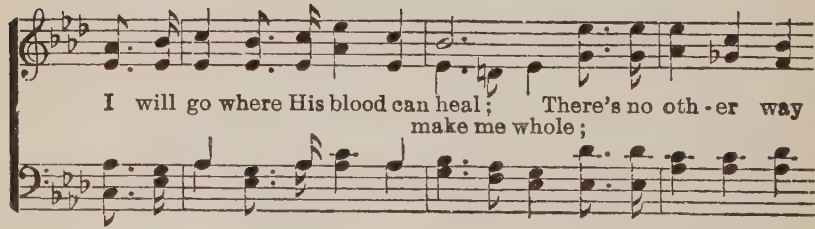
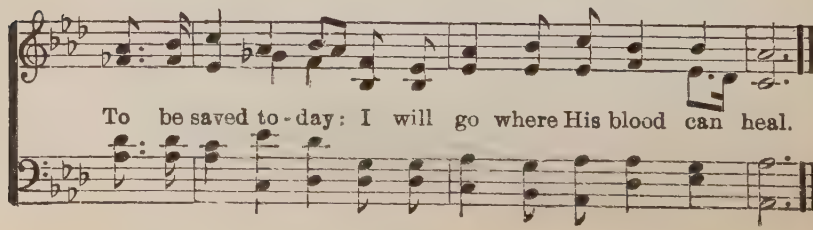




CHORUS.



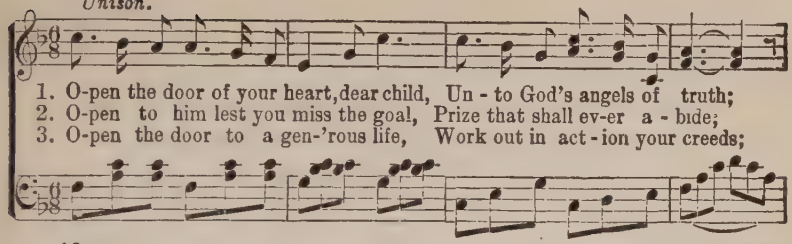




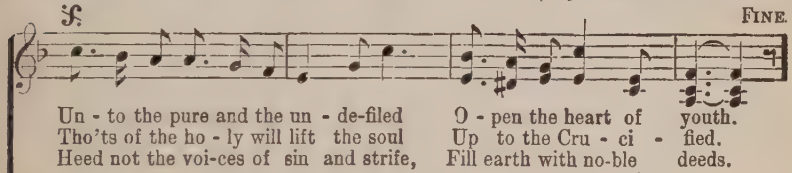
Open to God Your Heart.

T. H.
Unison.

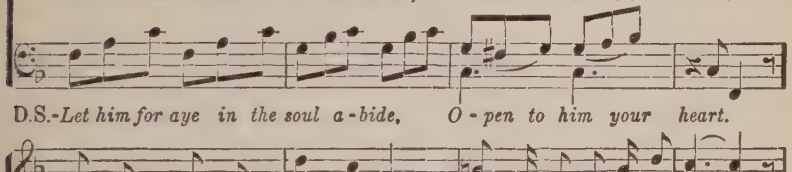
THORO HARRIS.



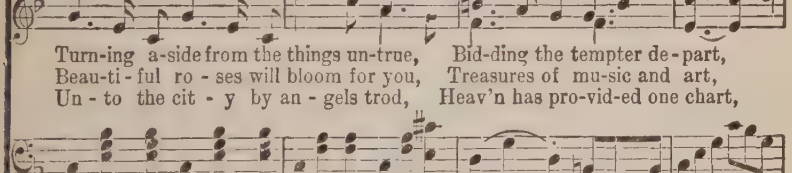
1. O-pen the door of your heart, dear child, Un - to God's angels of truth;
2. O-pen to him lest you miss the goal, Prize that shall ev-er a - bide;
3. O-pen the door to a gen-'rous life, Work out in act - ion your creeds;



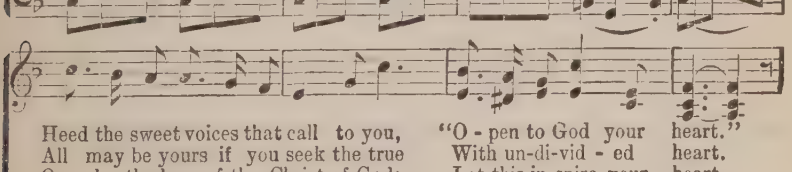
f. FINE.



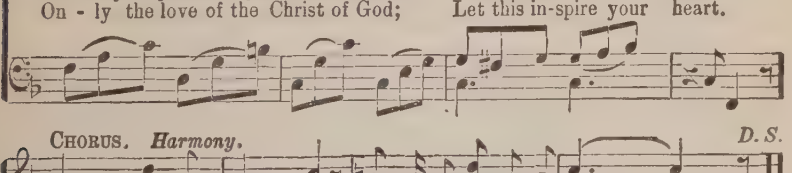
Un - to the pure and the un - de-filed O - pen the heart of youth.
Tho'ts of the ho - ly will lift the soul Up to the Cru - ci - fied.
Heed not the voi-ces of sin and strife, Fill earth with no-ble deeds.



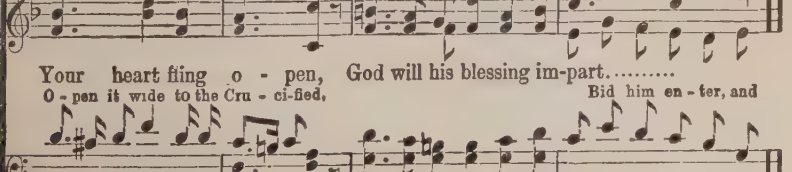
D.S.-*Let him for aye in the soul a-bide, O - pen to him your heart.*



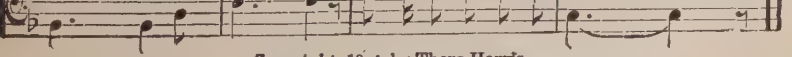
Turn-ing a-side from the things un-true, Bid-ding the tempter de-part,
Beau-ti-ful ro - ses will bloom for you, Treasures of mu-sic and art,
Un - to the cit - y by an - gels trod, Heav'n has pro-vid-ed one chart,



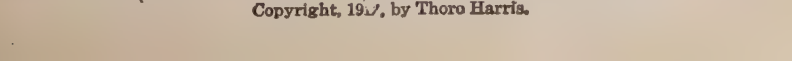
Heed the sweet voices that call to you, "O - pen to God your heart."
All may be yours if you seek the true With un-di-vid - ed heart.
On - ly the love of the Christ of God; Let this in-spire your heart.



CHORUS. *Harmony.* *D. S.*



Your heart fling o - pen, God will his blessing im-part.....
O - pen it wide to the Cru - ci-fied, Bid him en - ter, and



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Lead Me, Saviour.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Sav-iour, lead me, lest I stray (lest I stray), Gent - ly lead me all the
2. Thou the refuge of my soul (of my soul), When life's stormy bil-lows
3. Sav-iour lead me, till at last (till at last), When the storm of life is

1. Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly

way (all the way); I am safe when by Thy side (by Thy side),
roll (billows roll); I am safe when Thou art nigh (Thou art nigh),
past (life is past); I shall reach the end-less day (endless day),

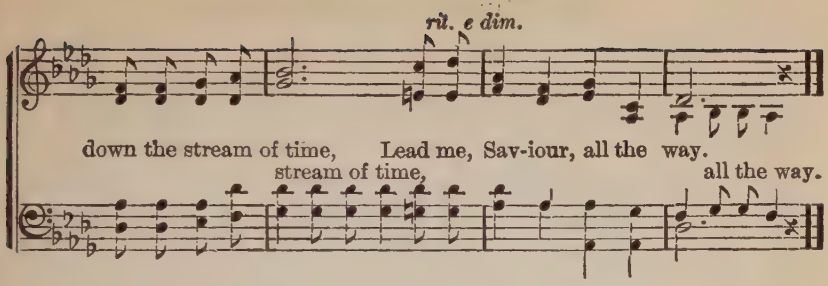
lead me all the way; I am safe when by Thy side,

CHORUS.

I would in Thy love a - bide (love abide). Lead me,
On Thy mer - cy I re - ly (I re - ly).
Where all tears are wiped a - way (wiped a-way).

I would in Thy love a-bide.

lead me, Saviour, lead me, lest I stray; Gen - tly
lest I stray;



126 Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.

1. Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tempestuous sea.
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o-cean wild;
3. When at last I reach the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar

Unknown waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boisterous waves o-bey Thy will, When Thou say'st to them: "Be still!"
Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while leaning on Thy breast,

Chart and com-pass come from Thee: Je-sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je-sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me: "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

127 Just When I Need Him Most.

Rev. Wm. Pool.

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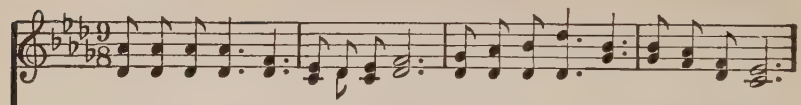
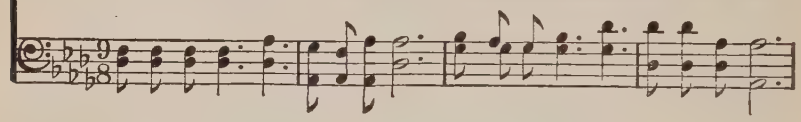
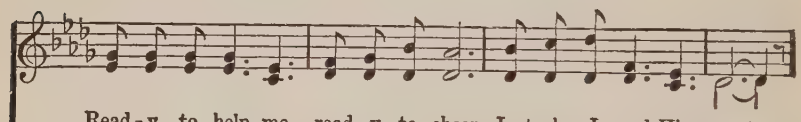
Chas. H. Gabriel.

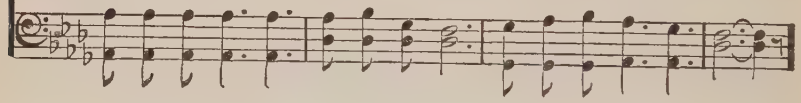


1. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is near, Just when I fal-ter, just when I fear;
2. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is true, Nev-er for-sak-ing all the way thro';
3. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is strong, Bearing my bur-dens all the day long;
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An-swer-ing when up-on Him I call;

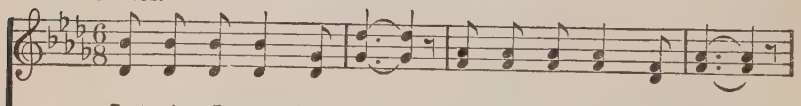




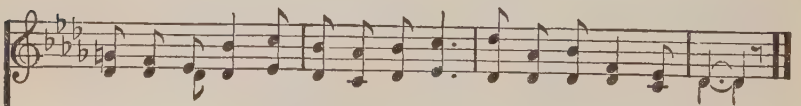
Read-y to help me, read-y to cheer, Just when I need Him most.
Giv-ing for bur-dens pleasures a-new, Just when I need Him most.
For all my sor-row giv-ing a song, Just when I need Him most.
Ten-der-ly watch-ing lest I should fall, Just when I need Him most.



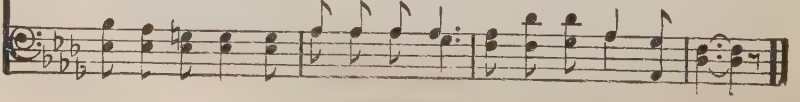
CHORUS.



Just when I need Him most, Just when I need Him most;



Je-sus is near to com-fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most.



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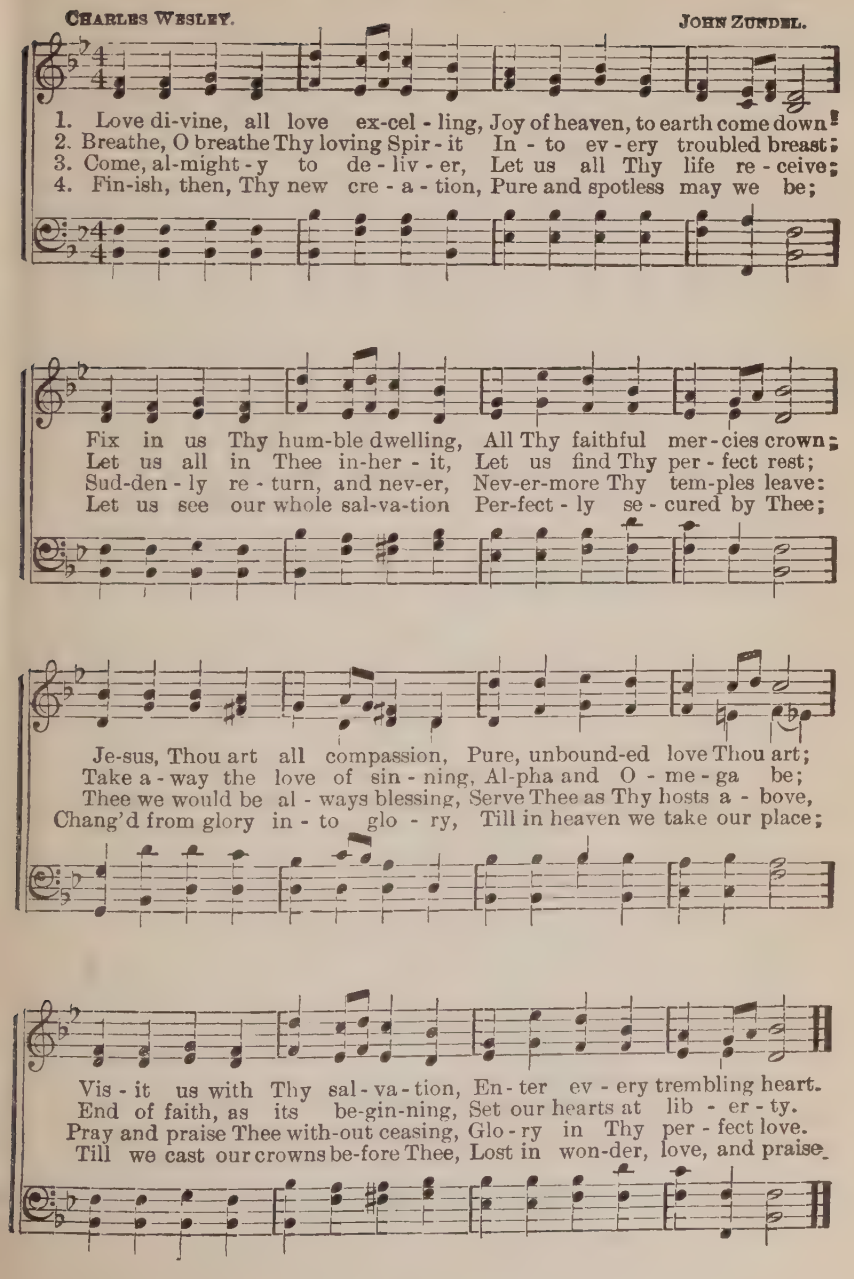
Love Divine.

CHARLES WESLEY. JOHN ZUNDEL.



129 Dear Lord and Father.

JOHN G. WHITTIER. F. C. MAKER.

1. Dear Lord and Fa - ther of man-kind, For - give our fe - verish
2. In sim - ple trust like theirs who heard, Be - side the Syr - ian
3. O Sab - bath rest by Ga - li - lee! O calm of hills a-
4. Drop Thy still dews of qui - et - ness, Till all our striv - ings
5. Breathe thro' the heats of our de - sire Thy cool - ness and Thy

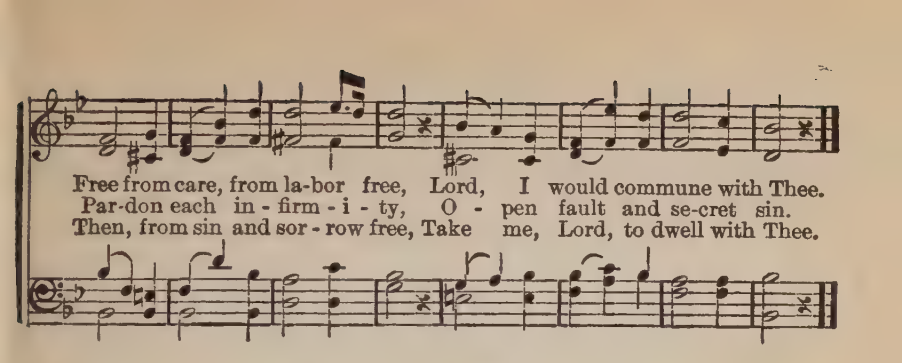
ways; Re - clothe us in our right - ful mind; In pur - er
sea, The gra - cious call - ing of the Lord, Let us, like
bove! Where Je - sus knelt to share with thee The si - lence
cease; Take from our souls the strain and stress, And let our
balm; Let sense be dumb, let flesh re - tire: Speak through the

lives Thy serv - ice find, In deep - er rev - erence, praise.
them, with - out a word, Rise up and fol - low Thee.
of e - ter - ni - ty, In - ter - pret - ed by love.
or - dered lives con - fess The beau - ty of Thy peace.
earthquake, wind, and fire, O still small voice of calm.

130 Softly Now the Light of Day.

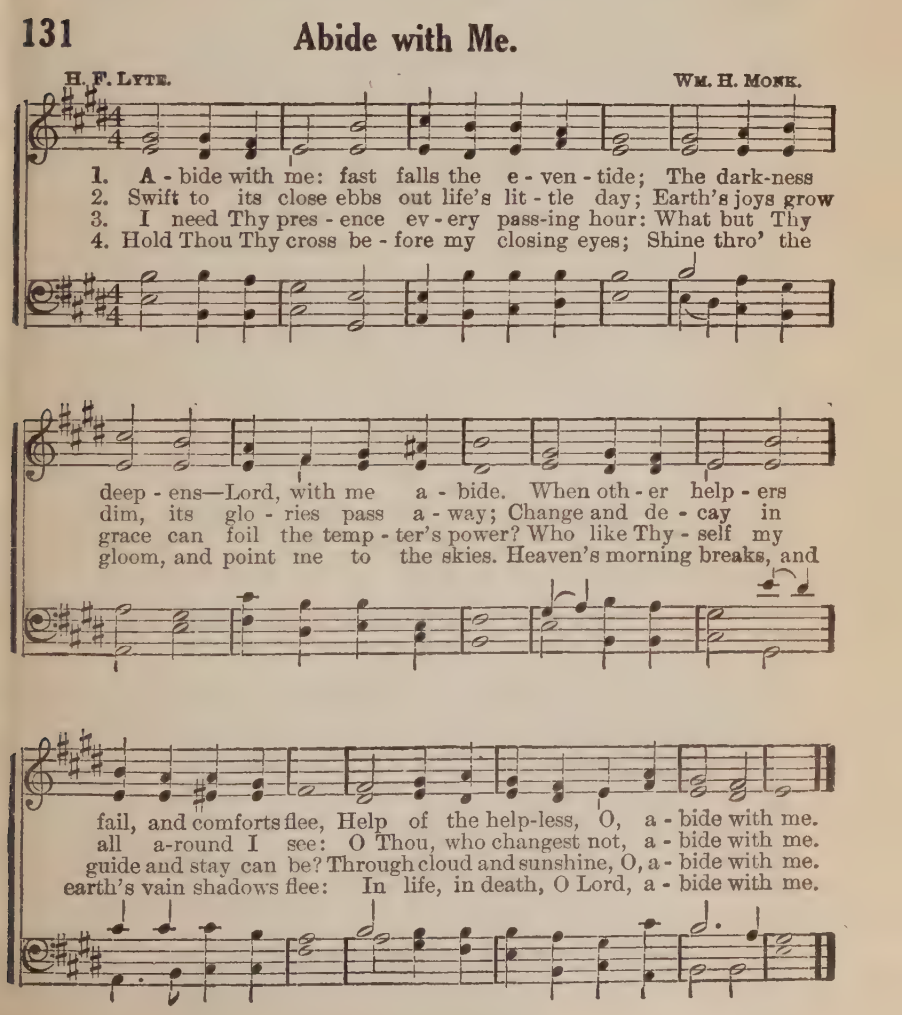
GEO. W. DOANE. L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
2. Thou, whose all-per - vad-ing eye Naught es - capes without, with - in,
3. Soon for me the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;



131 Abide with Me.

H. F. Lyte. Wm. H. Monk.



Higher Ground.

Rev. Johnston Oatman, Jr. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I'm press - ing on the up - ward way, New heights I'm gain - ing ev - 'ry day; Still pray - ing as I on - ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high - er ground."
2. My heart has no de - sire to stay Where doubts a- rise and fears dis - may; Tho' some may dwell where these a- bound, My pray'r, my aim is high - er ground.
3. I want to live a - bove the world, Tho' Sa - tan's darts at me are hurl'd; For faith has caught the joy - ful sound, The song of saints on high - er ground.
4. I want to scale the ut - most height, And catch a gleam of glo - ry bright; But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high - er ground."

Chorus.

Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heaven's ta-ble-land;
A higher plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.

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133

Saying No to Jesus.

T.H.

Copyright, 1923, by Thoro Harris

THORO HARRIS

1. Still say-ing No to Je-sus, Slight-ing the call of love,
2. Still say-ing No to Je-sus, Dy-ing on Cal-vry's tree;
3. Still say-ing No to Je-sus, All heav-en to de-fy;
4. Still say-ing No to Je-sus, Close to the gates of death;
5. Still say-ing No to Je-sus, When thou His face shalt see,

1. Scorn-ing the gos-pel mes-sage Sent from the courts a-bove.
2. O-ceans of deep com-pas-sion Lavished in vain on thee.
3. Spurn-ing His peace and par-don, Judg-ment is draw-ing nigh.
4. Still thou re-ject-est mer-cy, E'en with thy lat-est breath.
5. Knock-ing at heav-en's por-tal, He'll an-swer No to thee.

REFRAIN

Still say-ing No to Je-sus, Pa-tient and O, so gracious;

List to His earn-est plead-ing, Low at His foot-stool bow;

Hear ye the call of mer-cy. Why not ac-cept Him now?

We're Marching to Zion.

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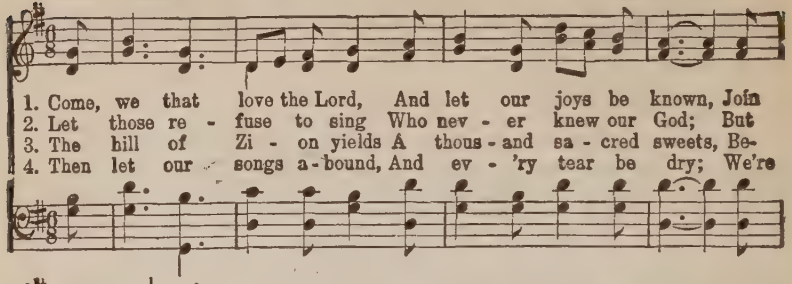
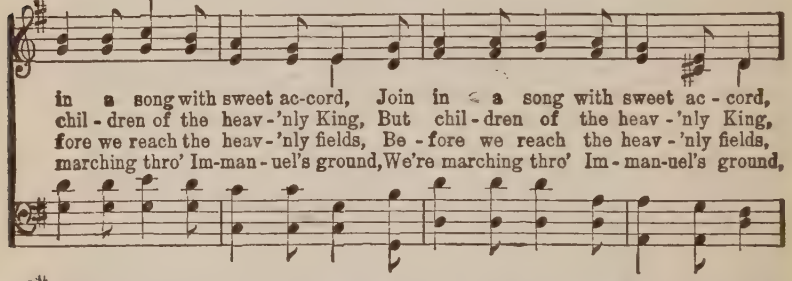
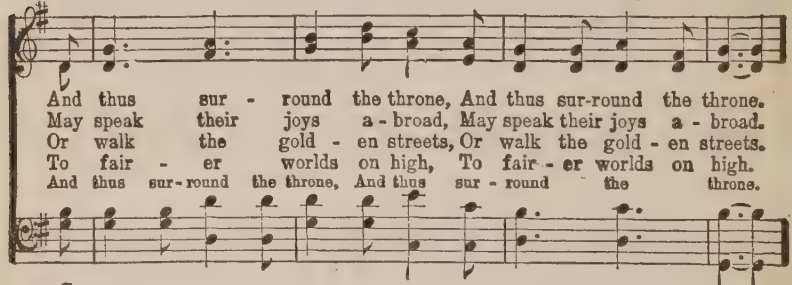
Isaac Watts. Robert Lowry.



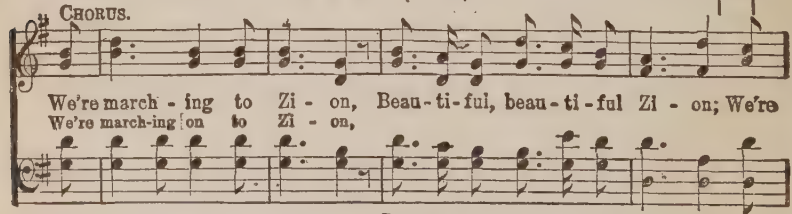
1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thous - and sa - cred sweets, Be-
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're



in a song with sweet ac-cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord,
chil - dren of the heav - 'nly King, But chil - dren of the heav - 'nly King,
fore we reach the heav - 'nly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav - 'nly fields,
marching thro' Im-man - uel's ground, We're marching thro' Im - man-uel's ground,

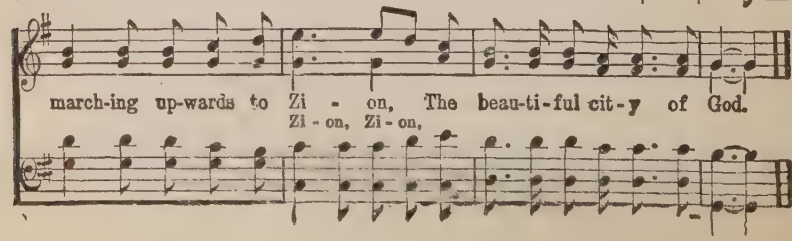


And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.



CHORUS.

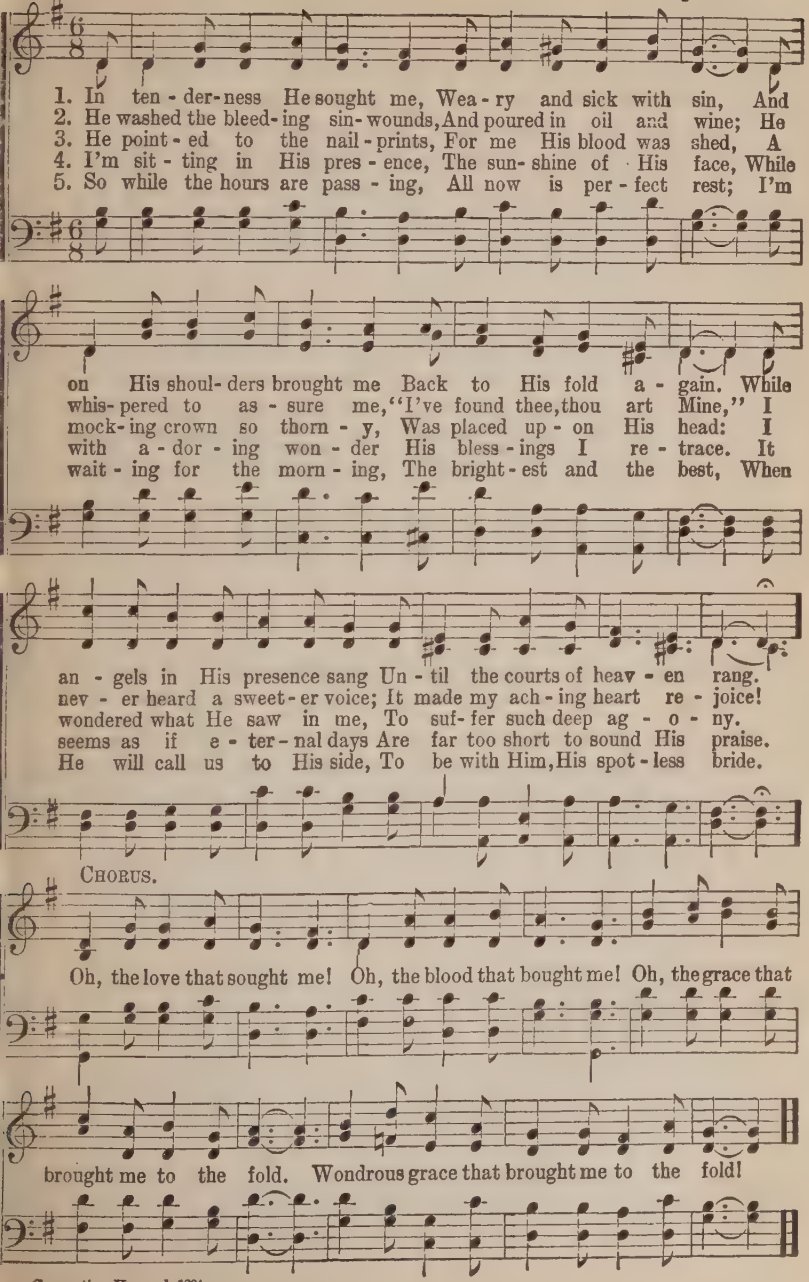
We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
We're march-ing on to Zi - on,



march-ing up-wards to Zi - on, The beau-ti-ful cit-y of God.
Zi - on, Zi - on,

135 In Tenderness He Sought Me.

W. Spencer Walton. A. J. Gordon.



Stand Up for Jesus.

GEORGE DUFFIELD. GEORGE J. WEBB.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol-diers of the cross;
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The trum-pet call o - bey;
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone;
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss.
Forth to the might-y con - flict, In this His glo - rious day.
The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own.
This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song.

From vic - tory un - to vic - tory His ar - my He shall lead,
Ye that are men, now serve Him A - gainst un-num - bered foes;
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each piece put on with prayer;
To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;

Till ev - ery foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.
Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

Alone.

B. H. P.
Duet.

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Ben H. Price.

1. It was a - lone the Sav-ior prayed In dark Geth-sem-a - ne;
2. It was a - lone the Sav-ior stood In Pi - late's judgment hall;
3. A - lone up - on the cross He hung That oth - ers He might save;
4. Can you re - ject such matchless love? Can you His claim dis-own?

A - lone He drained the bit - ter cup And suf-fered there for me.
A - lone the crown of thorns He wore, For - sak - en thus by all.
For-sak - en then by God and man, A - lone, His life He gave.
Come, give your all in grat - i - tude, Nor leave Him thus a - lone.

REFRAIN. *Quartet.*

A - lone, a - lone, He bore it all a - lone; He
it was alone, yes, all alone, yes, all alone;

ff *dim.* *pp*

gave Him-self to save His own, He suf-fered, bled and died a-lone, a - lone.

For God So Loved the World.

E. E. Hewitt. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. A sto - ry sweet and won- drous, Like heav'n-ly mu - sic swells;
2. When, griev-ing, bro - ken-heart - ed, Be- cause of sin and shame,
3. This love, be-yond all meas - ure Of earth or sea or sky,
4. Come, broth-er, come to Je - sus; His word was meant for you;

In chim-ings clear to all who will hear, Ring out the gos - pel bells.
We find a joy earth can-not de-stroy, Be - liev-ing on His name.
Could on - ly show its full o - ver-flow, When Je - sus came to die.
His grace re-ceive, His promise be-lieve, And sing His praise a - new.

CHORUS.

For God so loved the world..... that He gave His on - ly be -
For God.... ..... so loved the world

got - ten Son, that who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth in Him, who - so -

ev - er be - liev - eth in Him Should not per - ish, should not

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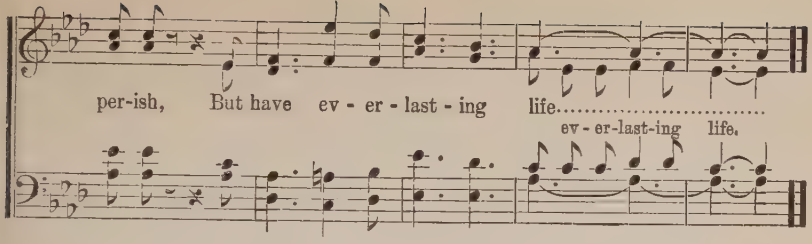

139 Precious Blood.

Wm. McDonald. J. H. Stockton.

1. The cross! the blood-stain'd cross! The hal - lowed cross I see!
2. A thou - sand fount-ains spring Up from the throne of God;
3. That blood my ran - som paid, While I in bond - age stood;
4. This theme will best em - ploy My harp be - fore my God,

Re - mind - ing me of pre-cious blood That once was shed for me.
But none to me such blessings bring, As Je - sus' pre - cious blood.
On Je - sus all my sins were laid, He saved me with His blood.
And make all heav'n resound with joy, For Je - sus' cleans-ing blood.

CHORUS.

O the blood! the pre-cious blood That Je - sus shed for me, (for me,)

Up - on the cross, in crim-son flood, Just now by faith I see.

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. Baring-Gould. Arthur S. Sullivan.

1. On-ward, Christ-ian sol - diers, March-ing as to war,
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the church of God;
3. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, King-doms rise and wane,
4. On-ward then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng,

With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore!
Broth-ers, we are tread - ing Where the saints have trod;
But the church of Je - sus Con-stant will re - main;
Blend with ours your voic - es In the tri-umph-song!

Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod-y we,
Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that church pre-vail;
Glo-ry, praise, and hon - or, Un-to Christ our King:

For-ward in-to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go.
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char-i-ty.
We have Christ's own prom - ise, And that can-not fail.
This, through countless a - ges, Men and an-gels sing.

CHORUS.

On - ward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war,

With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore!

141 Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

ISAAC WATTS. THOMAS A. ARNE.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow-ery beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight if I would reign, In-crease my cour-age, Lord;

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While others fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.

5. Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6. When that illustrous day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

142 The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

REGINALD HEBER. H. S. CUTLER.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
2. That mar-tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce beyond the grave;
3. A glo-rious band, the cho - sen few, On whom the Spir - it came;
4. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma-tron and the maid,

His blood-red ban-ner streams a - far: Who fol-lows in His train?
Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save.
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame.
A-round the Sav-iour's throne re-joice, In robes of light ar - rayed;

Who best can drink His cup of woe, Tri - um-phant o - ver pain,
Like Him, with pardon on His tongue, In midst of mor-tal pain,
They met the ty-rant's brandished steel, The li - on's go - ry mane;
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven, Thro' per - il, toil, and pain;

Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.
He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in His train?
They bowed their heads the stroke to feel: Who fol - lows in their train?
O God, to us may grace be given, To fol - low in their train!

143

Jesus Now Invites You.

Rev. C. L. DORRIS

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THORO HARRIS

Solo Andante. Tenderly

p

1. Je - sus now in - vites you, With your guilt and sin;
2. Je - sus now in - vites you, Wea - ry one, to rest;

Mer - cy's door is o - pen, Won't you en - ter in?
Hast - en to your Sa - vior, Lean up - on His breast.

Je - sus now in - vites you, Wondrous is His pow'r; He will not de - ny you
Je - sus now in - vites you, With a heart of love; Come, the gates He'll open

Mer - cy at this hour. His free grace re - ceiv - ing, In con - tri - tion
To that home a - bove.

bow; Come to Him be - liev - ing, He will save you now.

The Door of Your Heart.

Copyright 1924 by Thoro Harris

THORO HARRIS Arr.

1. O - pen the door of your heart to-day, Let the dear Sav - ior in,
2. O - pen the door of your way-ward heart, Lad-en with shame and sin;
3. Je - sus has wait - ed for your re-turn, Wait - ed the long years thru;

He will take all of your guilt a - way, Cleaseyou from ev - 'ry sin.
Quick - ly o - bey lest He soon de part, O - pen and let Him in.
Still He is stand-ing with out-stretch'd arms, Long-ing to wel - come you.

CHORUS

O - pen the door And let Je - sus come in.
O - pen the door, O - pen the door, let Him come in,
let Him come in; Quick-ly o-bey, quick-ly o-bey, peace will be-gin,

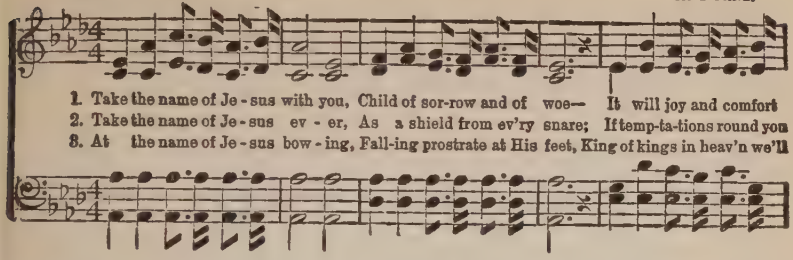
Quick - ly o - bey and your peace will be-gin;
peace will be-gin; He will re-deem you

He will re-deem you and cleanse you from sin.
He will re-deem you

Then

145 Take the Name of Jesus With You.

MRS. LYDA BAXTER. W. H. DOANE.



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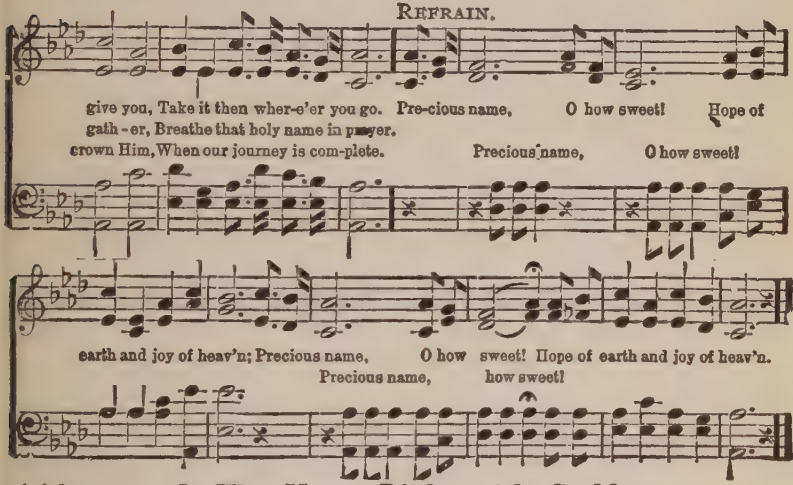

146 Is Thy Heart Right with God?

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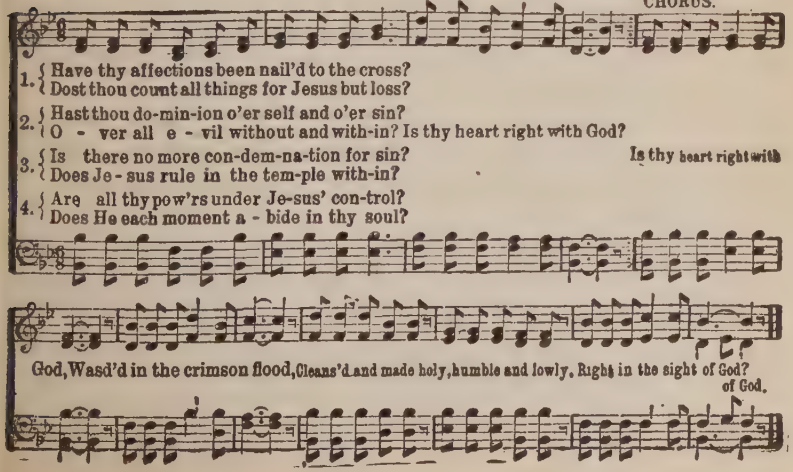
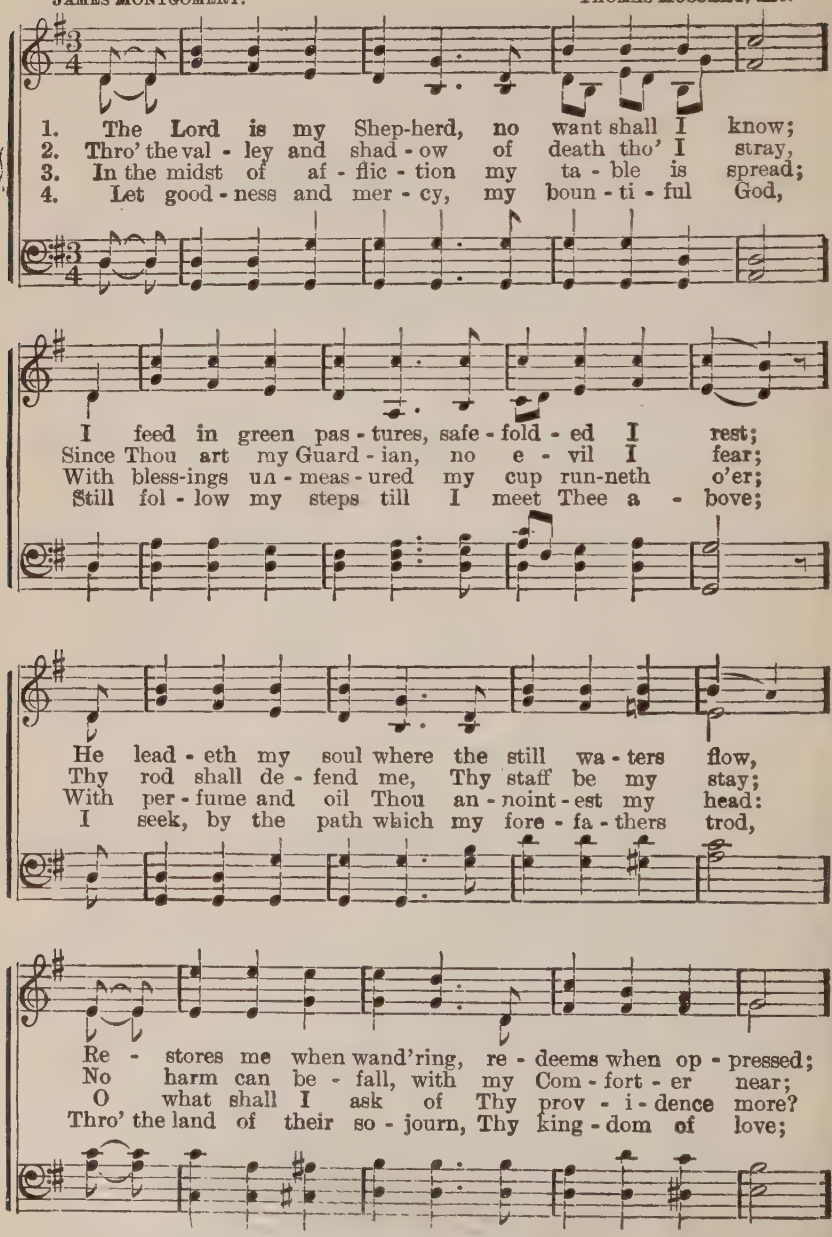
E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

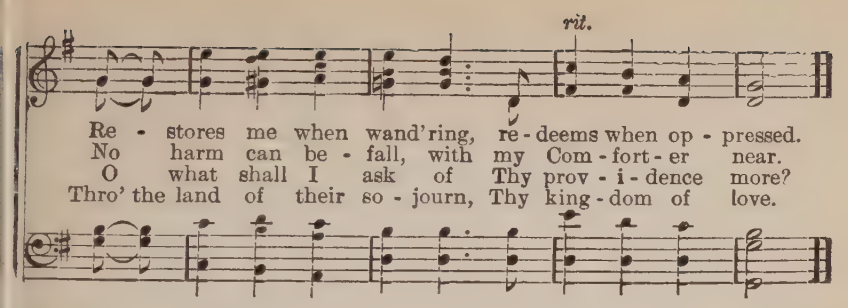
CHORUS.



147 The Lord Is My Shepherd.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. THOMAS KOSCHAT, ARR.



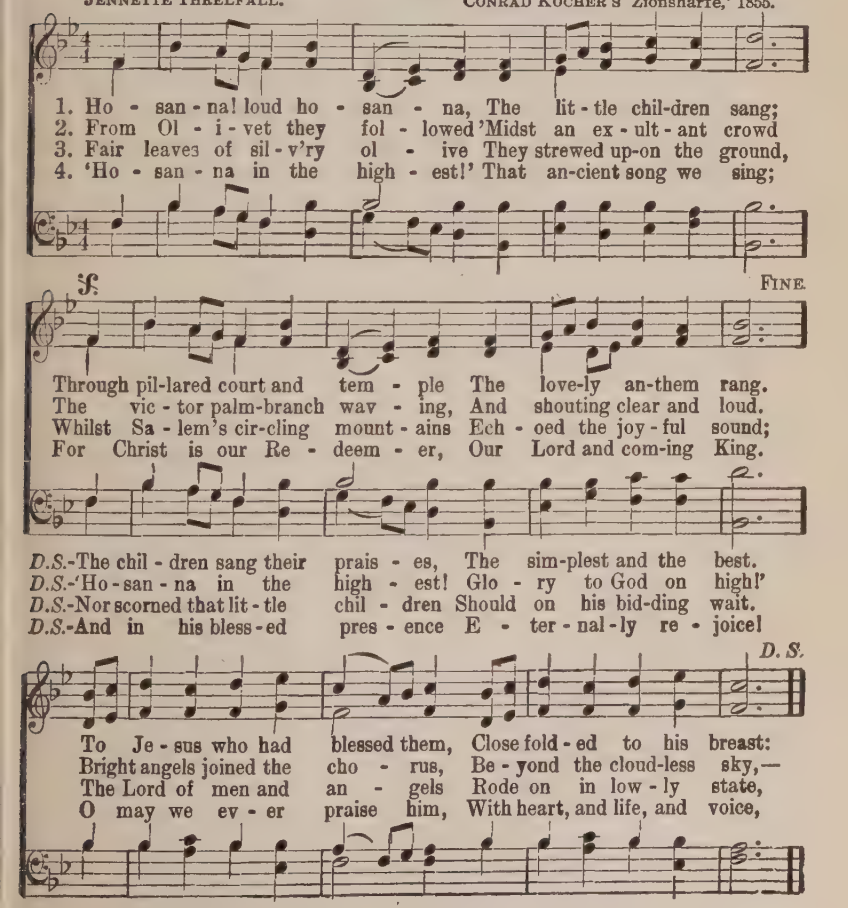


148 Hosanna! Loud Hosanna!

The children . . were crying in the temple, and saying, Hosanna to the Son of David.—Matt. 21: 15.

ELLACOMBE. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

JENNETTE THRELFALL. CONRAD KOCHER'S 'Zionsharfe,' 1855.



149 His Love Can Ne'er Be Told.

GIBBEY.

1. The cross, the blood-stained cross be-hold, The Lord of Cal- v'ry see;
2. The nails, the spear, the thorn-y crown He pa-tient-ly en-dured;
3. Death could not keep its vic-tim long, Nor yet the grace con-tain;
4. Oh, Sav-iour dear, no tongue can tell The greatness of that love;
5. Sal - va-tion all by faith may gain, And walk the heav'nly way;

Oh, now be-lieve the sto - ry told—He died to ran-som thee.
'Mid hell-ish wrath and world-ly frown, E-ter-nal life se-cure.
Our Lord the might-y conq'ring One, Vic-to-rious lives a-gain!
Love reach-ing from the mouth of hell To God's own throne a-bove.
Praise Him! the Lamb of Cal-v'ry slain, Thro' one e-ter-nal day.

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

An-gels as-sist our might-y joys, Strike all your harps of gold,

Strike all your harps of gold; But when you raise your high-est notes

His love can ne'er be told, His love can ne'er be told, His

His love can ne'er be told,

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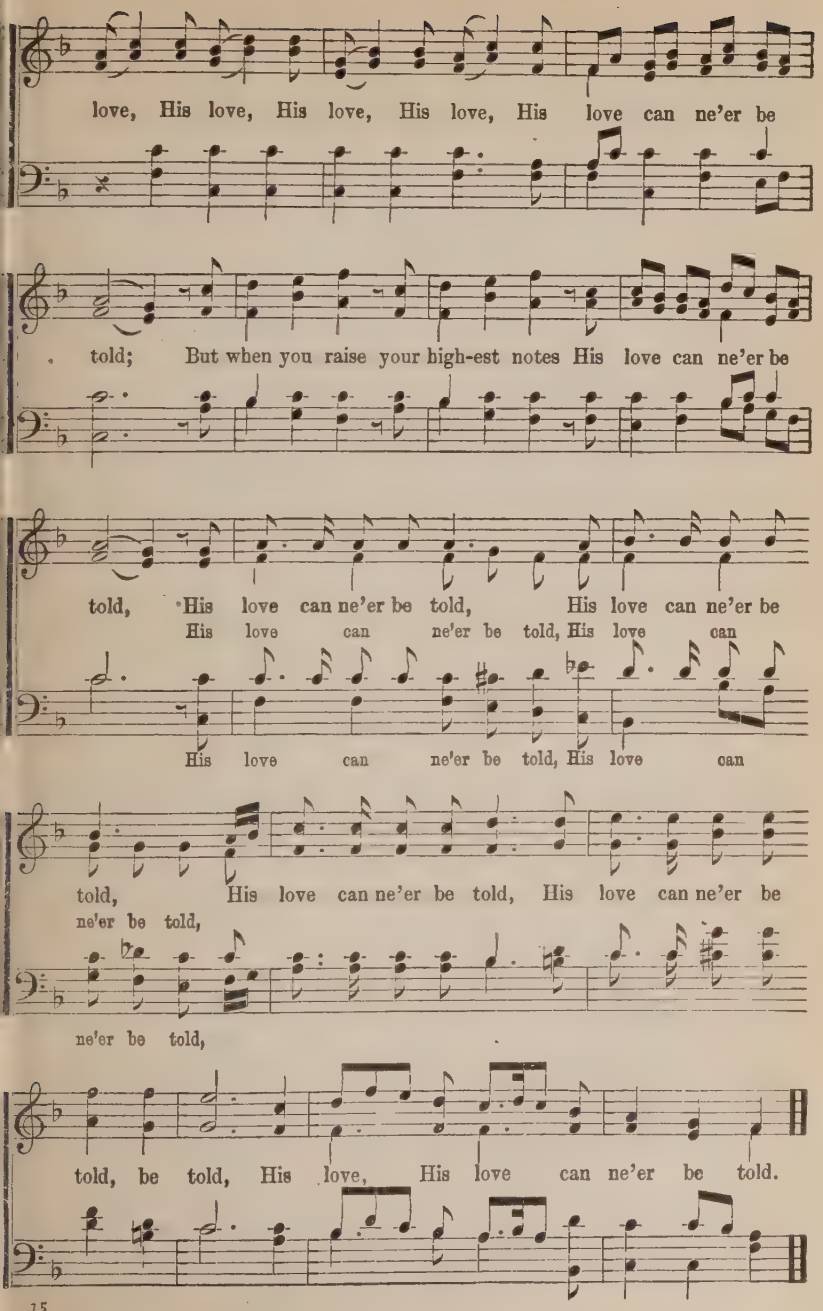
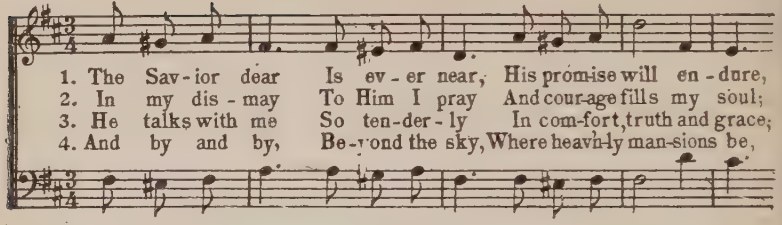
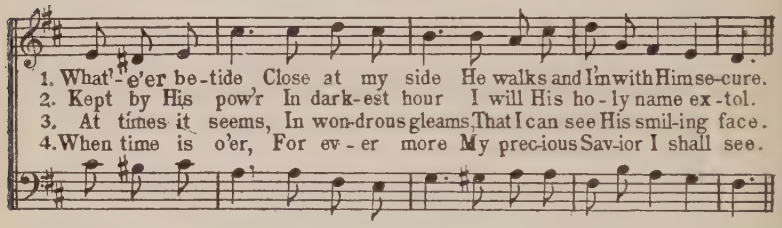

love, His love, His love, His love, His love can ne'er be
told; But when you raise your high-est notes His love can ne'er be
told, His love can ne'er be told, His love can ne'er be
His love can ne'er be told, His love can
His love can ne'er be told, His love can
told, His love can ne'er be told, His love can ne'er be
ne'er be told,
ne'er be told,
told, be told, His love, His love can ne'er be told.

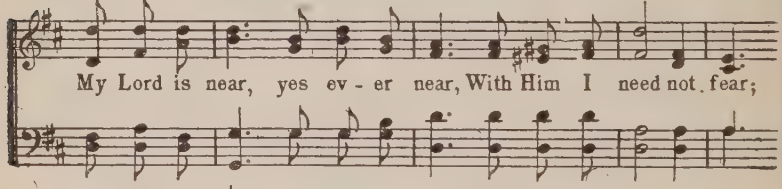
150 The Saviour Is Near.

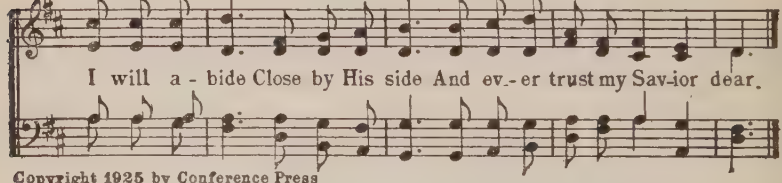
C. O. D. CARL O. DAHLEN





CHORUS





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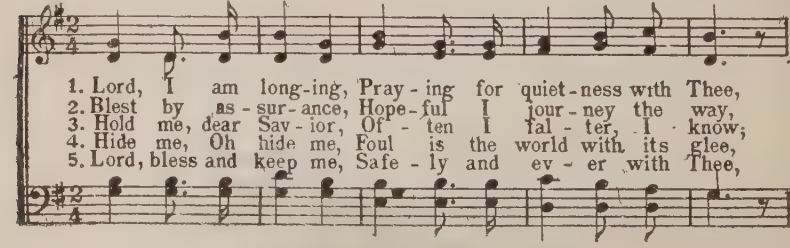
151 Lord, I Am Longing For Thee.

CARL O. DAHLEN, Tr. SJÖGREN



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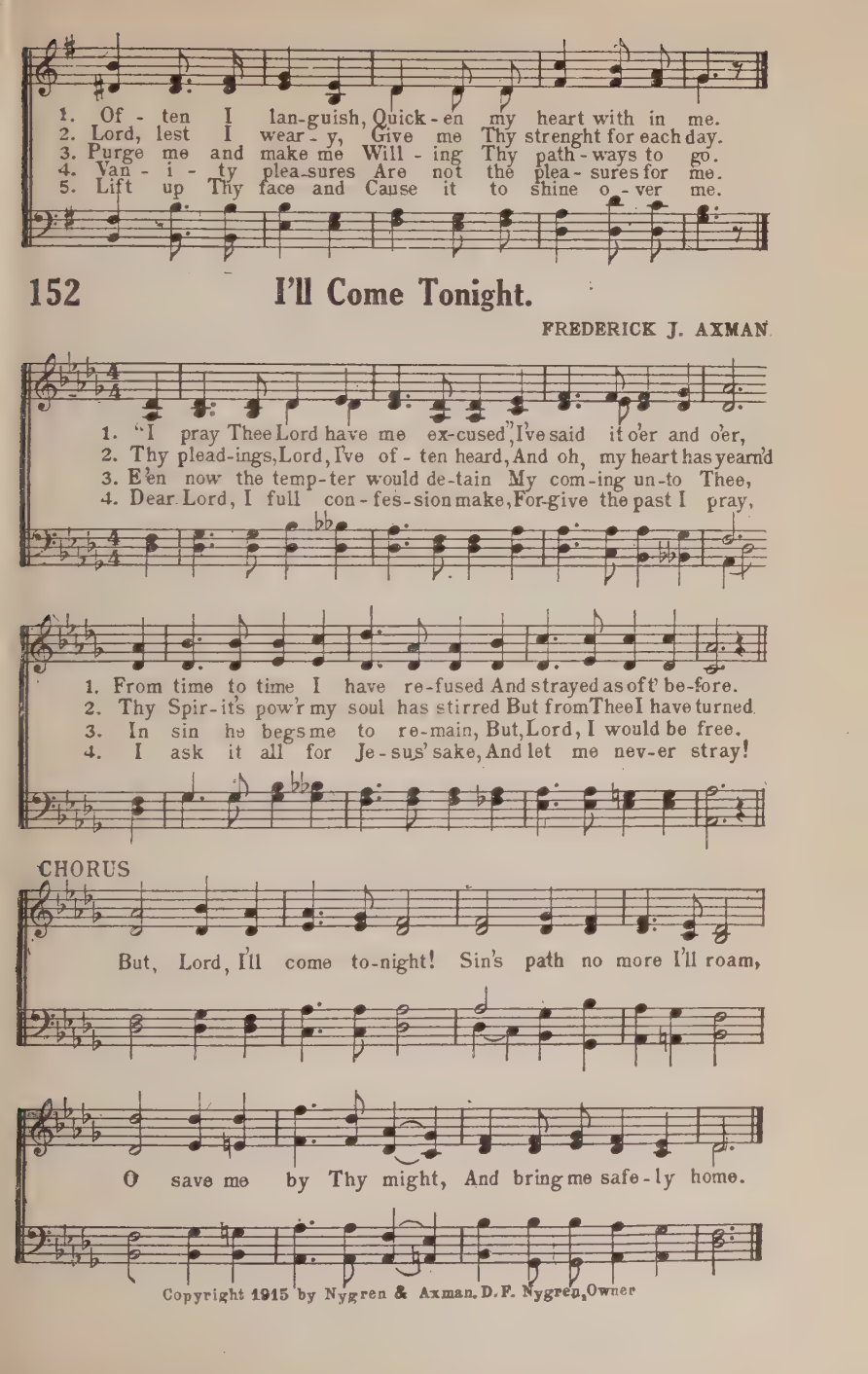
1. Of - ten I lan-guish, Quick - en my heart with in me.
2. Lord, lest I wear - y, Give me Thy strenght for each day.
3. Purge me and make me Will - ing Thy path - ways to go.
4. Van - i - ty plea-sures Are not the plea - sures for me.
5. Lift up Thy face and Cause it to shine o - ver me.
152
I'll Come Tonight.
FREDERICK J. AXMAN
1. "I pray Thee Lord have me ex-cused", I've said it o'er and o'er,
2. Thy plead-ings, Lord, I've of - ten heard, And oh, my heart has yearn'd
3. E'en now the temp-ter would de-tain My com-ing un-to Thee,
4. Dear Lord, I full con - fes - sion make, For-give the past I pray,
1. From time to time I have re-fused And strayed as oft' be-fore.
2. Thy Spir-it's pow'r my soul has stirred But from Thee I have turned.
3. In sin he begs me to re-main, But, Lord, I would be free.
4. I ask it all for Je-sus' sake, And let me nev-er stray!
CHORUS
But, Lord, I'll come to-night! Sin's path no more I'll roam,
O save me by Thy might, And bring me safe-ly home.
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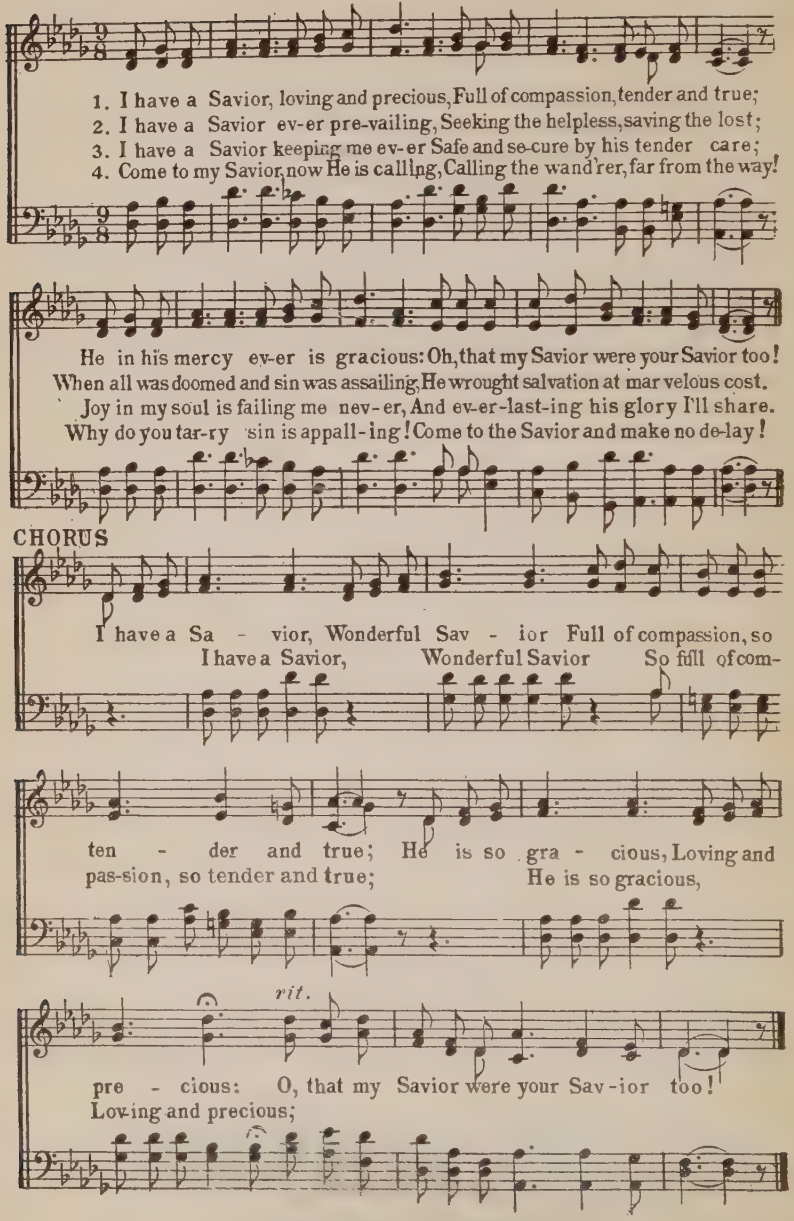
153 I Have a Saviour.

C.O.D-n. CARL O. DAHLEN



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Can You Question?

CARL O. DAHLEN

1. Can you ques-tion that Je - sus is a - ble to save, Who by God is de-clared His Son? And He promised, that all, who on earth was the sin-ner's friend? To the lep - er He an-swered, "I stands at thy ve - ry door? He is wait-ing for you, will you ut - ter-most, all who come. He is ten - der - ly call-ing in

2. Can you ques-tion that Je - sus is will - ing to save, Who on

3. Can you ques-tion that Je - sus is read - y to save, When He

4. He is read-y and will-ing and a - ble to save, To the

CHORUS

Him would believe, Should not perish in sin, not one.
will," and to all So He yearneth his aid to lend. He was tempted and tried, At
o - pen to-day? He will en-ter and peace re-store
mer-cy and love To the wan-der-ing ones, "Come home"!

rit. *p* *a tempo* *mf*

last cruci-fied, A ransom for sin in - deed; He can save and de-

f *m*

fend, You on Him can de-pend In trouble and time of need.

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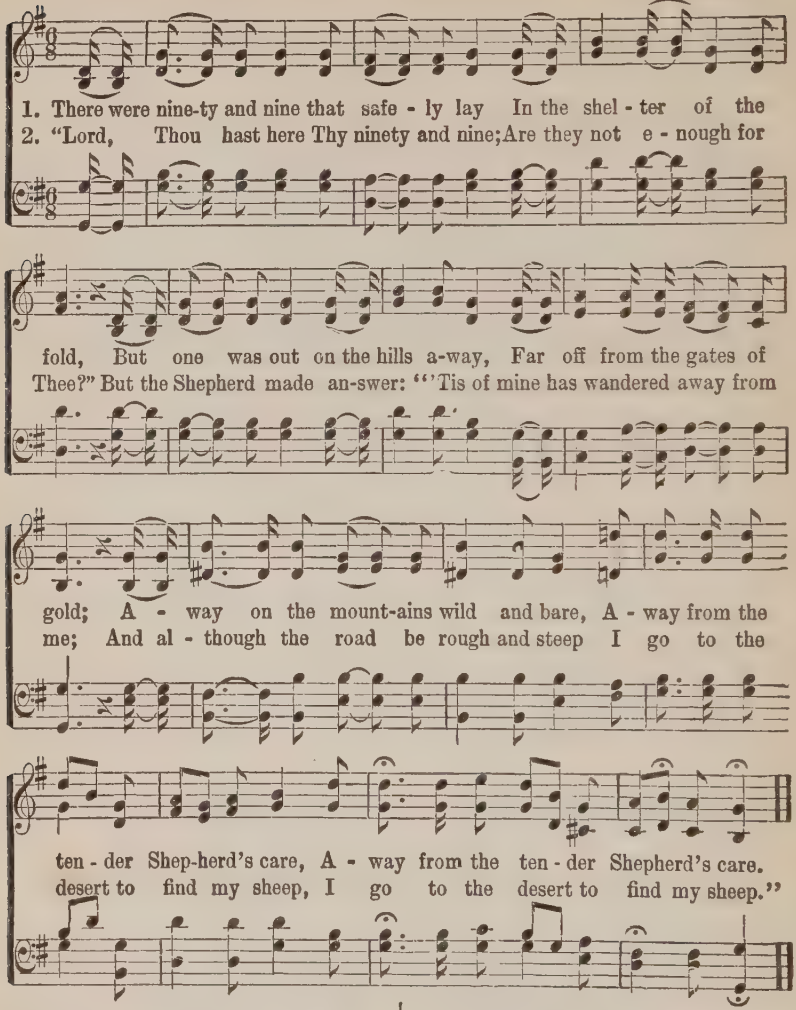
155 The Ninety and Nine.

Elizabeth C. Clephane. USED BY PER. OF THE DIGLOW & MAIN CO. Ira D. Sankey.



3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Or how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back
"Lord whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

5 But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord bring back His own!"

156 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams. Lowell Mason.

M. 126 = ♩

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,
4. Then, with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my sto - ny griefs

D.S.—*Near-er, my God, to Thee.*

FINE. D. S.

That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee,
In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to Thee,

Near - er to Thee.

157 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Savior divine; Now hear me while I pray, Take all my sin away, O let me from this day Be wholly Thine!
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be A living fire!
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness turn to-day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ever stray From Thee aside.

158 Draw Nigh, Immanuel.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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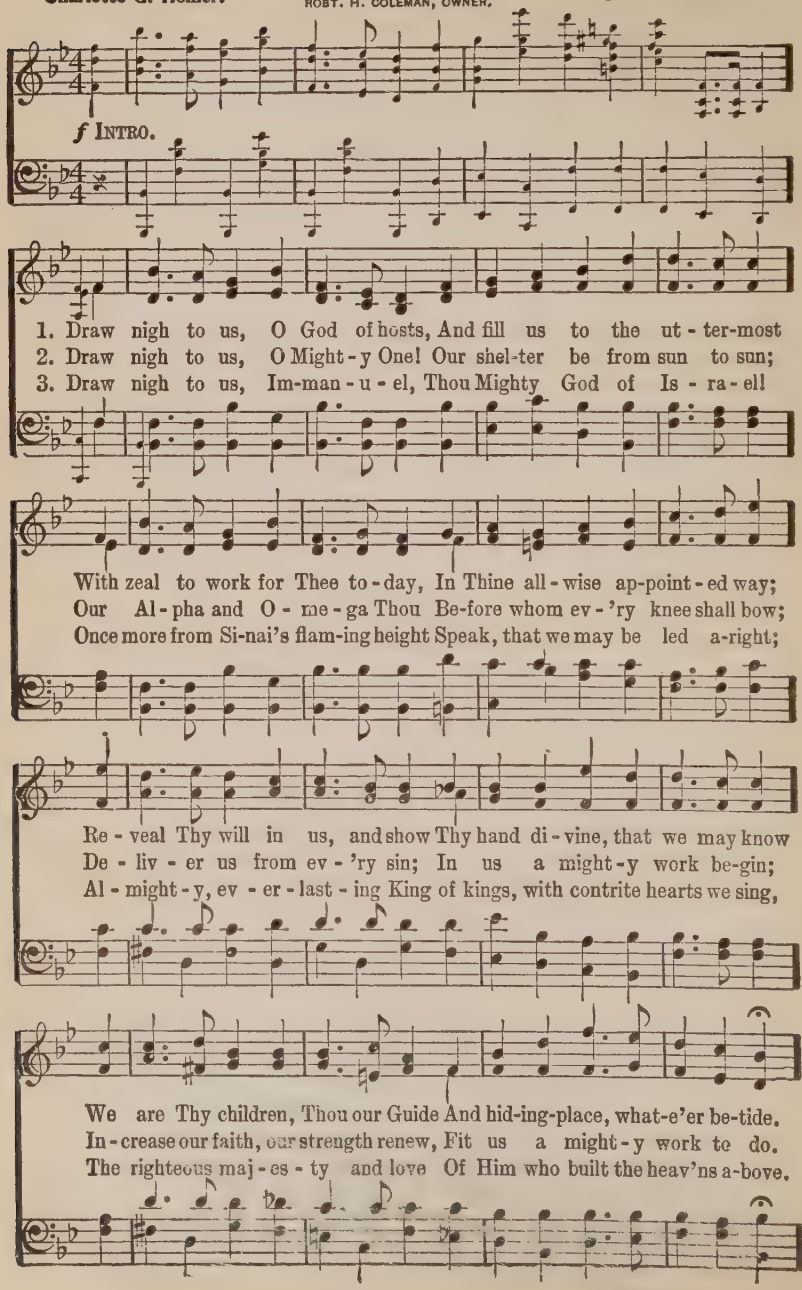
Chas. H. Gabriel.



CHORUS.

Draw nigh, draw nigh, Im - man - u - el, In

Draw nigh, draw nigh, Draw nigh Im - man - u - el,

Unison.

grandeur and in maj - es - ty re - veal Thyself to-day; Re - joice, re-

joice, O Is - ra - el, Thy God Omnipotent shall reign with

u - ni-ver-sal sway: In grandeur and in maj - es - ty re - veal Thyself to-

day; Thy God Om-nip - o - tent shall reign with u - ni - ver - sal sway.

159 If I Gained the World.

ANNA ÖLANDER.
Tr. Composite.

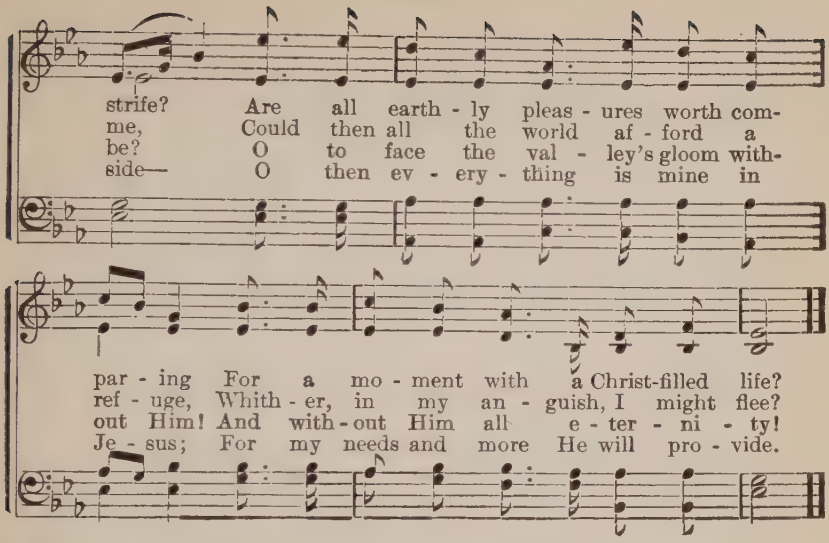
SWEDISH.

1. If I gained the world, but lost the Sav - iour, Were my
2. Had I wealth and love in full - est meas - ure, And a
3. O what emp - ti - ness!—with-out the Sav - iour 'Mid the
4. O the joy of hav - ing all in Je - sus! What a

life worth liv - ing for a day? Could my yearning heart find rest and
name revered both far and near, Yet no hope be-yond, no har - bor
sins and sor - rows here be - low! And e - ter - ni - ty, how dark with-
balm the brok-en heart to heal! Ne'er a sin so great, but He'll for-

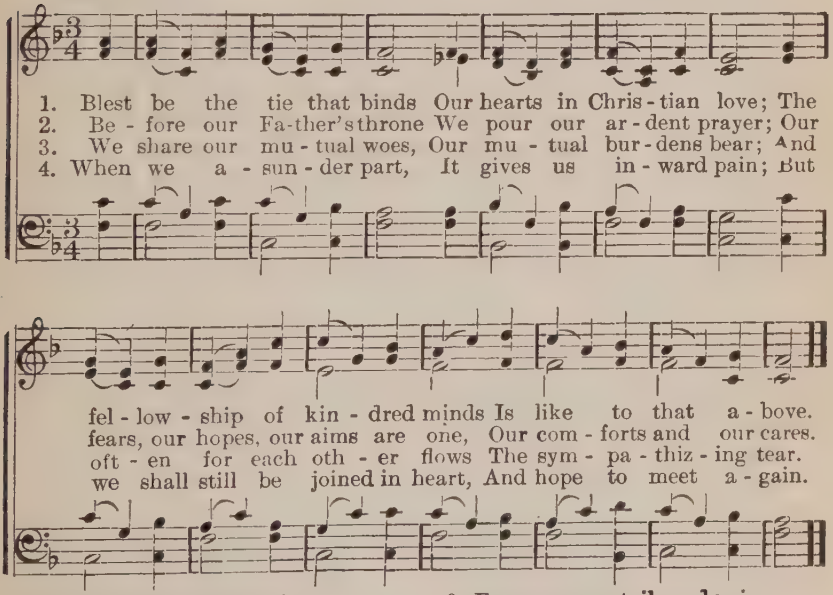
com - fort In the things that soon must pass a - way? If I
wait - ing, Where my storm-tossed ves - sel I could steer; If I
out Him!—On - ly night and tears and end-less woe! What, tho'
give it, Nor a sor-row that He does not feel! If I

gained the world, but lost the Sav-iour, Would my gain be worth the life-long
gained the world, but lost the Sav-iour, Who endured the cross and died for
I might live with-out the Sav-iour, When I come to die, how would it
have but Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus,—Nothing else in all the world be-



160 Blest be the Tie that Binds.

JOHN FAWCETT. HANS G. NAEGELI.

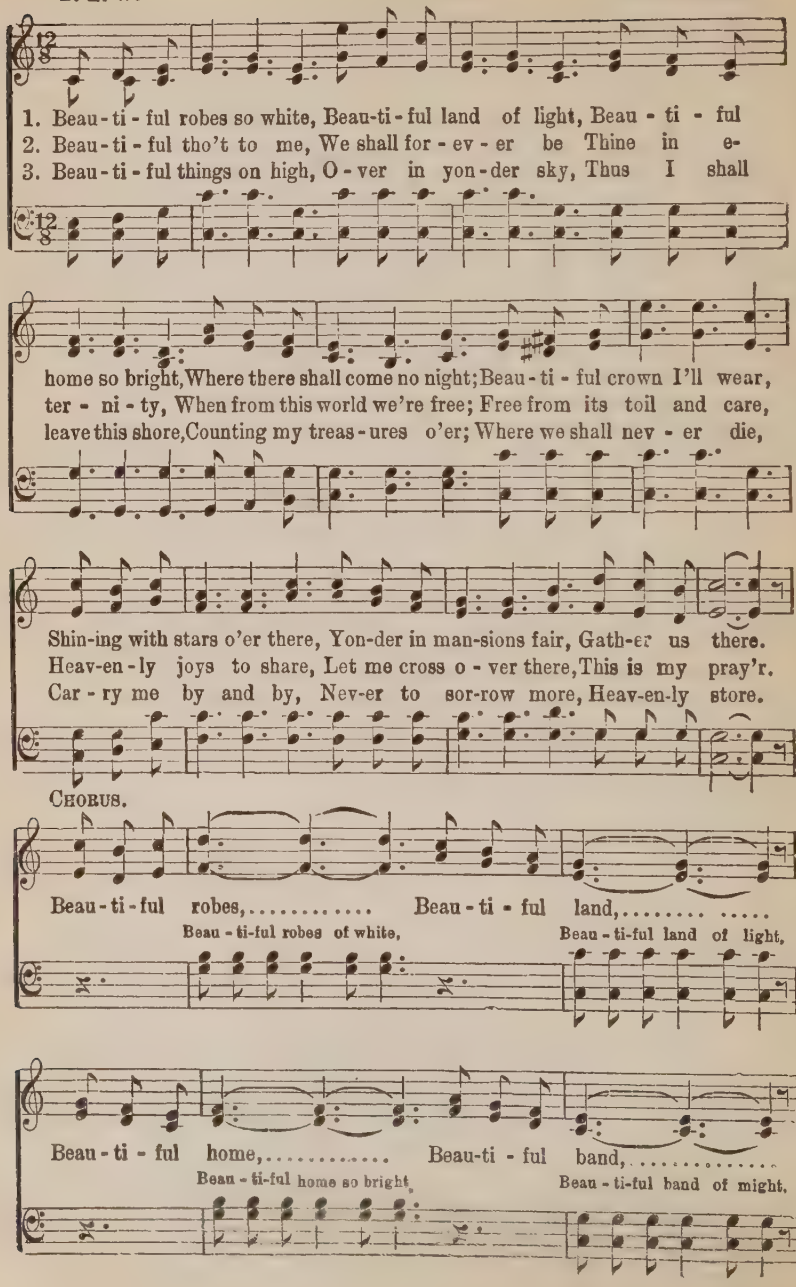


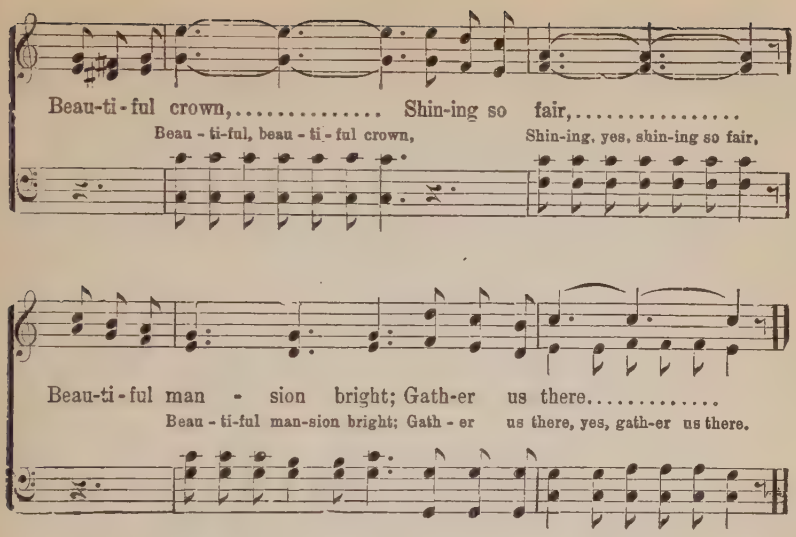
5. This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6. From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

Beautiful.

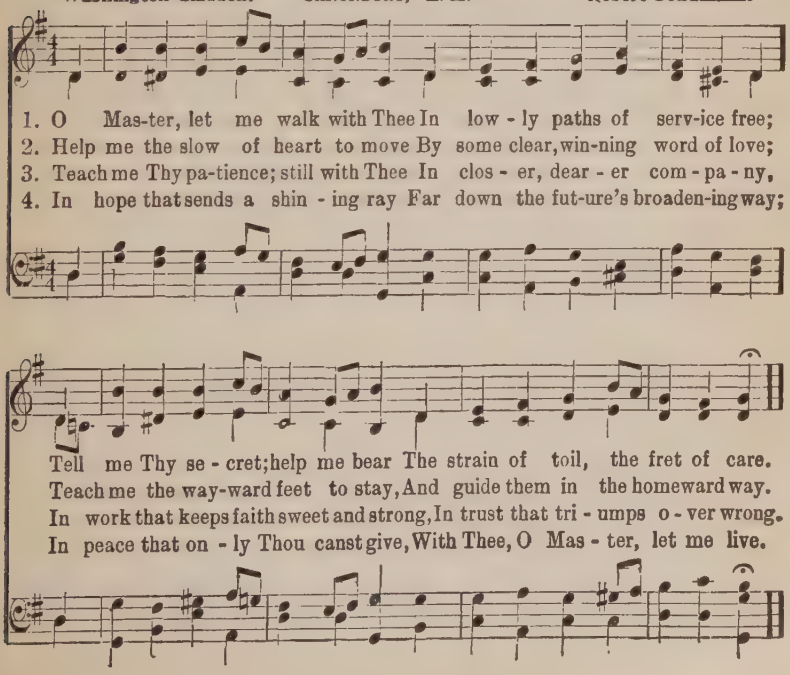
B. E. W. BY PER. OF J. A. LEE, GLENCOE, KS. B. E. Warren.





162 O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.

Washington Gladden. CANONBURY, L. M. **Robert Schumann.**



163 Day by Day.

LINA SANDELL. (Swedish.) Tr. A. L. S.

OSCAR AHNFELT.

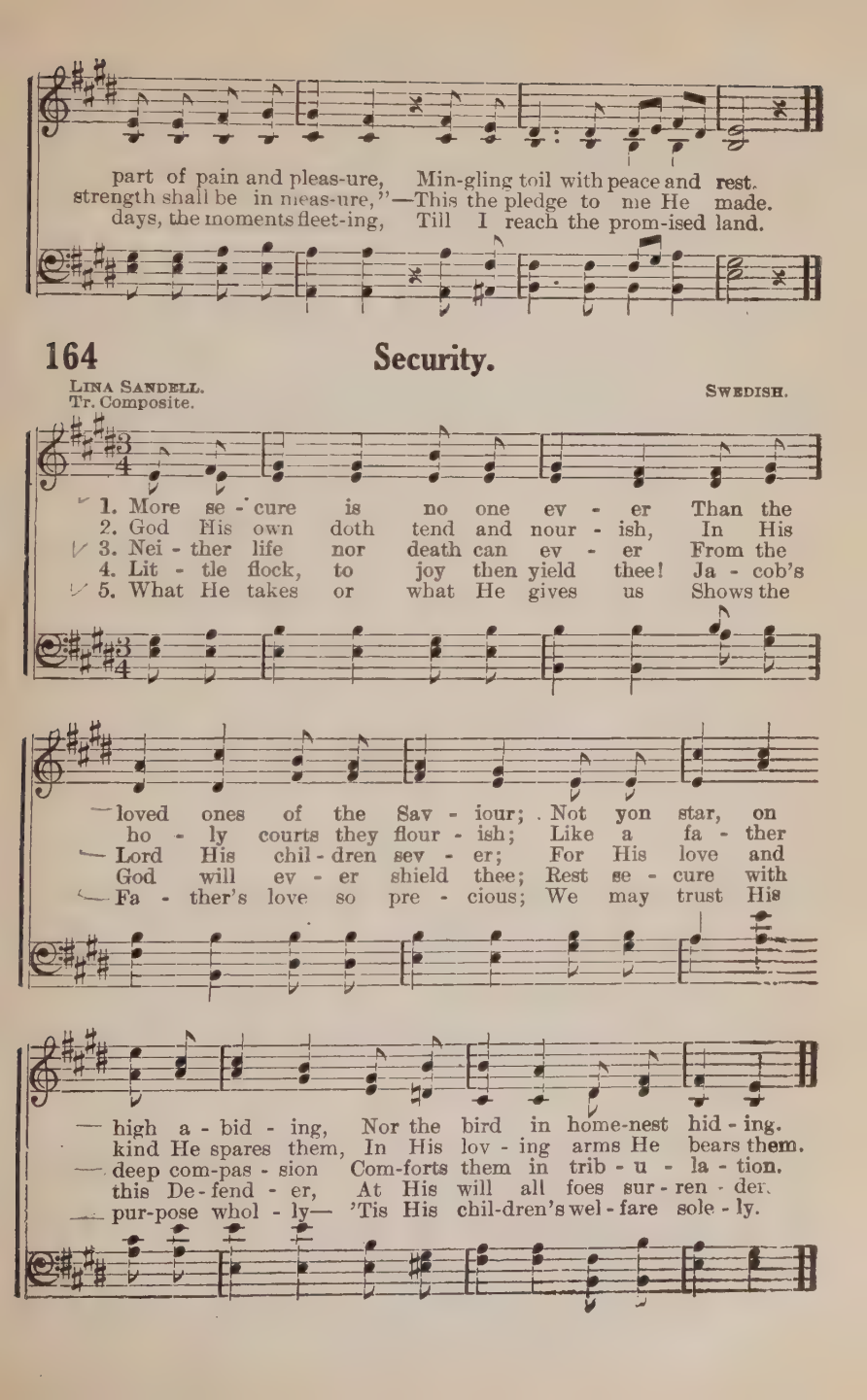
1. Day by day, and with each pass - ing mo-ment Strength I
2. Ev - ery day the Lord Him-self is near me, With a
3. Help me then, in ev - ery trib - u - la - tion, So to

find to meet my tri - als here; Trust-ing in my
spe - cial mer - cy for each hour; All my cares He
trust Thy prom - is - es, O Lord, That I lose not

Fa-ther's wise be-stow-ment, I've no cause for wor - ry or for
fain would bear and cheer me, He whose name is Coun-sel - lor and
faith's sweet con-so - la - tion, Of-fered me with - in Thy ho - ly

fear. He, whose heart is kind be-yond all meas-ure, Gives un-
Power. The pro - tec - tion of His child and treas-ure Is a
word. Help me, Lord, when toil and trou-ble meet-ing, E'er to

to each day what He deems best, Lov - ing - ly its
charge that on Him - self He laid; "As thy days, thy
take, as from a fa - ther's hand, One by one, the



164 Security.

LINA SANDELL.
Tr. Composite.

SWEDISH.

1. More se - cure is no one ev - er Than the loved ones of the Sav - iour; Not yon star, on
2. God His own doth tend and nour - ish, In His ho - ly courts they flour - ish; Like a fa - ther
3. Nei - ther life nor death can ev - er From the Lord His chil - dren sev - er; For His love and
4. Lit - tle flock, to joy then yield thee! Ja - cob's God will ev - er shield thee; Rest se - cure with
5. What He takes or what He gives us Shows the Fa - ther's love so pre - cious; We may trust His

high a - bid - ing, Nor the bird in home-nest hid - ing.
kind He spares them, In His lov - ing arms He bears them.
deep com-pas - sion Com-forts them in trib - u - la - tion.
this De - fend - er, At His will all foes sur - ren - der.
pur-pose whol - ly— 'Tis His chil-dren's wel - fare sole - ly.

165 Saved, Saved.

J. P. S. J. P. Scholfield.

1. I've found a Friend who is all to me..... His
2. He saves me from..... ev - 'ry sin and harm,... Se -
3. When poor and need - y and all a - lone,..... In

love is ev - er true;..... I
cures my soul each day;..... I'm
love He said to me,..... "Come

love to tell..... how He lift - ed me,..... And
lean - ing strong... on His might - y arm;..... I
un - to Me,..... I will lead you home,..... To

what His grace can do for you.....
know He'll guide me all the way. .....
live with Me e - ter - nal - ly."..... .....

CHORUS.

Saved..... by His pow'r di - vine, Saved..... to new life sub-lime!
Saved by His pow'r, Saved to new life,

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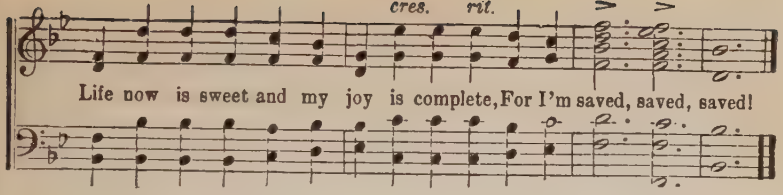
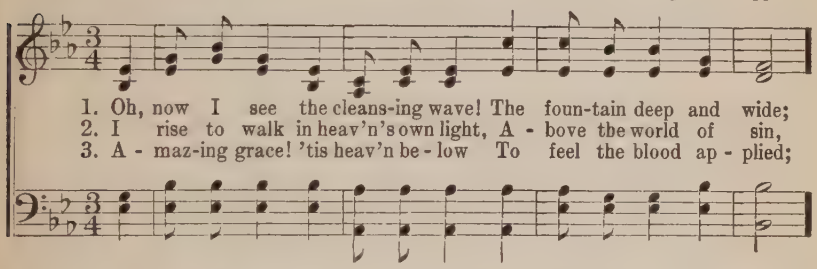
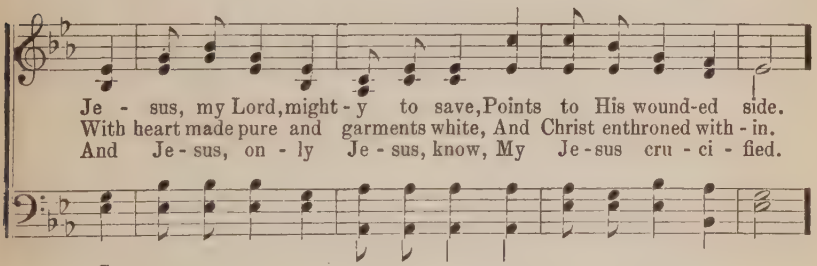


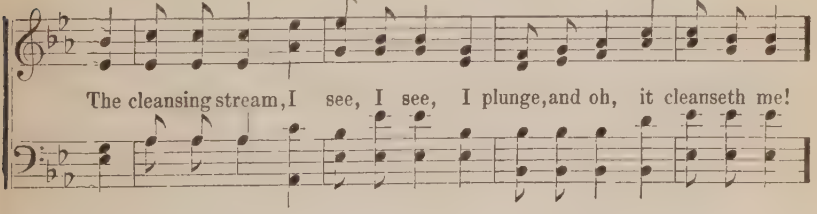
166 Cleansing Wave.

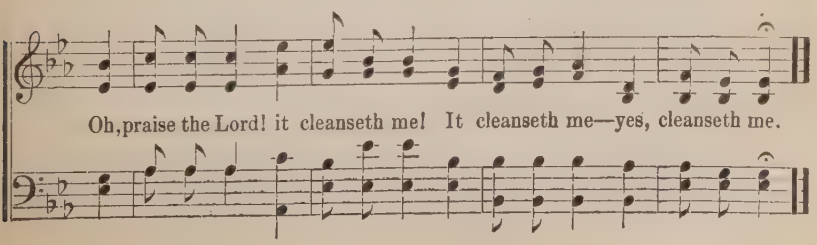
Mrs. Phœbe Palmer. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.





CHORUS.





167 You May Have the Joy-Bells.

J. Edw. Ruark. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. You may have the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart, And a peace that
2. Love of Je - sus in its full-ness you may know, And this love to
3. You will meet with tri-als as you journey home, Grace suf-fi-cient
4. Let your life speak well of Je - sus ev - 'ry day, Own His right to

from you never will de-part; Walk the straight and narrow way, Live for
those around you sweetly show; Words of kindness always say, Deeds of
He will give to o - ver-come; Tho' unseen by mor-tal eye, He is
ev - 'ry serv-ice you can pay; Sin-ners you can help to win If your

:S: Fine.

Je - sus ev - 'ry day, He will keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
mer cy do each day, Then He'll keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
with you ev - er nigh, And He'll keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
life is pure and clean, And you keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.

D. S.—*He will keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.*

Chorus.

Joy - - bells ring-ing in your heart, Joy - - bells
Ringing in your heart, You may have the joy-bells

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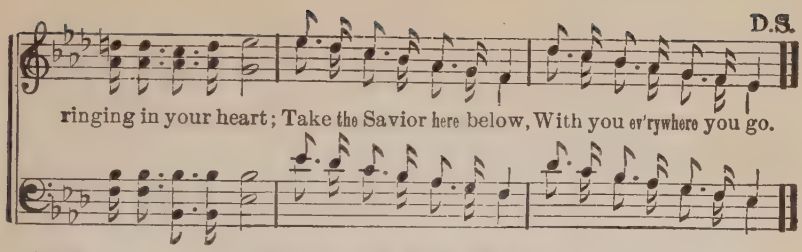
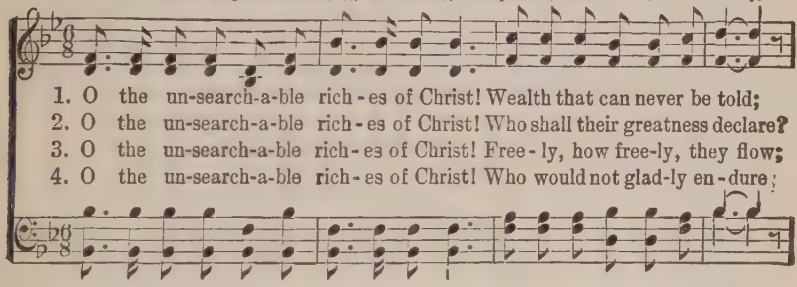
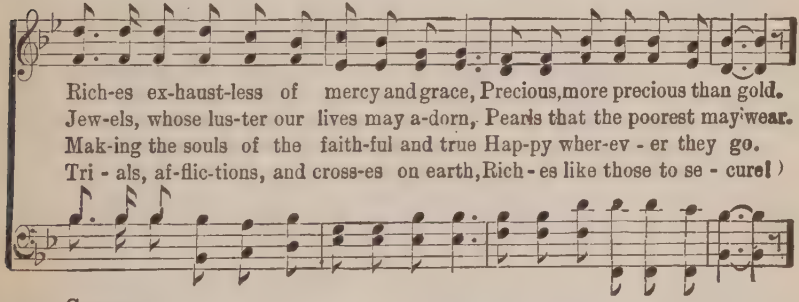
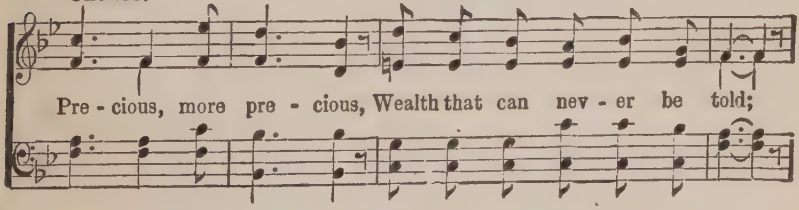


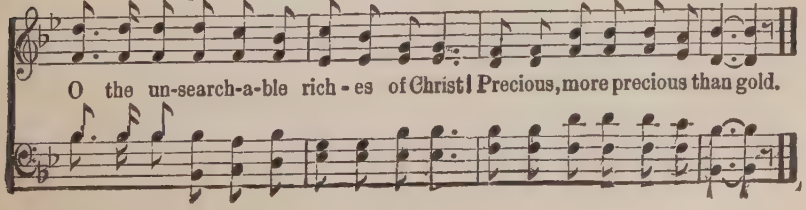
168 Unsearchable Riches.

F. J. C. Used by permission of L. E. Sweney, Kirkpatrick, owner. Jno. R. Sweney.



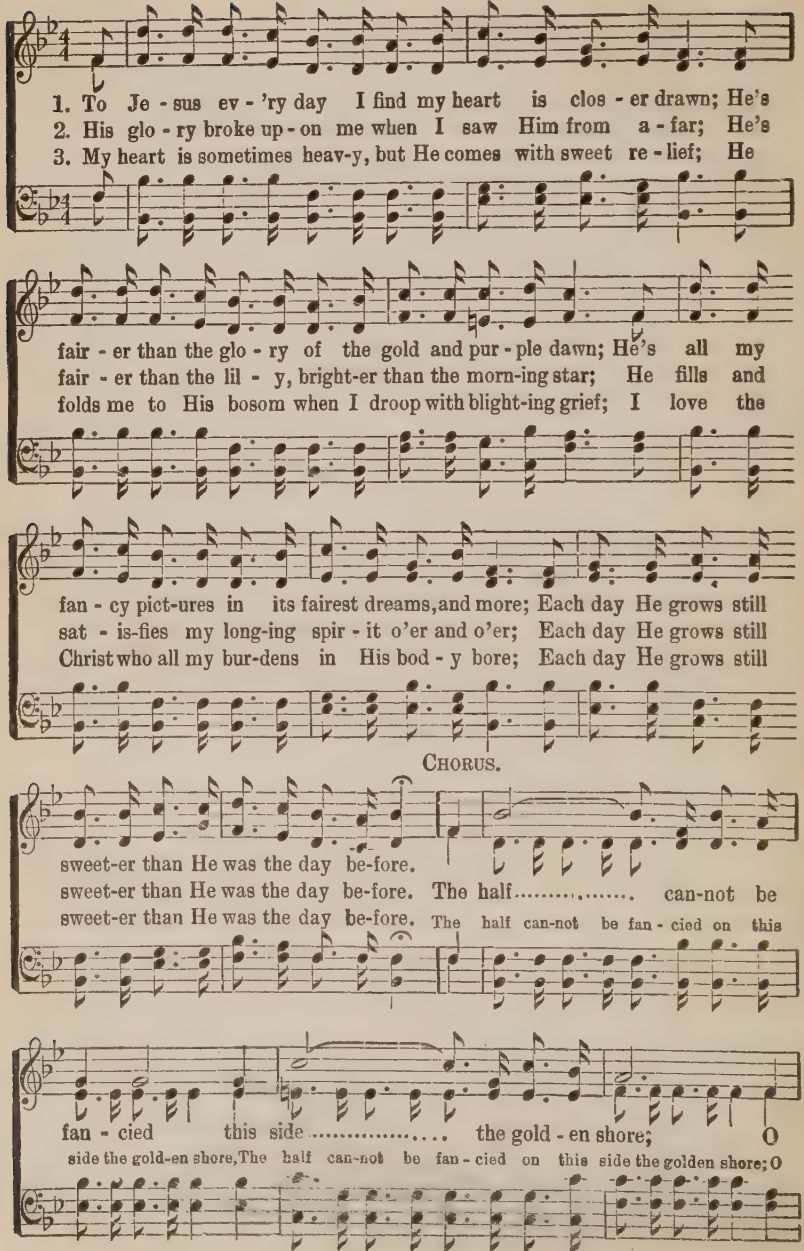


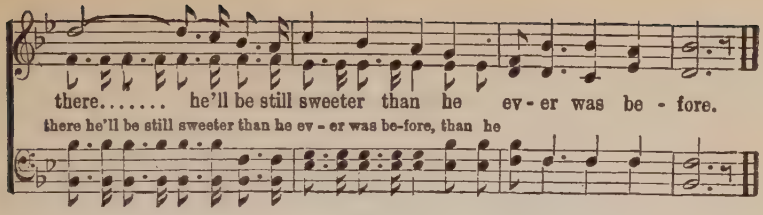




Still Sweeter Every Day.

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY HALL-MACK CO. C. Austin Miles.





170 The Mercy-Seat.

H. STOWELL. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. From ev - ery storm - y wind that blows, From ev - ery swell - ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure re - treat; 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad - ness on our heads, A place than all be- side more sweet; It is the blood-bought mer - cy - seat.
3. There is a spot where spir - its blend, Where friend holds fel - low - ship with friend; Though sun - dered far, by faith they meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy - seat.
4. Ah! whith - er could we flee for aid, When tempt - ed, des - so - late, dis - mayed; Or how the host of hell de - feat, Had suf-fering saints no mer - cy - seat?
5. There, there, on ea - gle's wing we soar, And time and sense seem all no more, And heaven comes down, our souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mer - cy - seat.

171 If Jesus Goes With Me.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. It may be in the val-ley, where countless dangers hide; It may be in the
2. It may be I must car-ry the biess-ed word of life A-cross the burning
3. But if it be my por-tion to bear my cross at home, While others bear their
4. It is not mine to ques-tion the judgment of my Lord, It is but mine to

sun-shine that I, in peace a-bide; But this one thing I know— if
des-erts to those in sin-ful strife; And tho' it be my lot to
bur-dens be-yond the bil-low's foam, I'll prove my faith in Him— con-
fol-low the lead-ings of His word; But if to go or stay, or

it be dark or fair, If Je-sus is with me, I'll go an-y-where!
bear my col-ors there, If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go an-y-where!
fess His judgments fair, And, if He stays with me, I'll go an-y-where!
wheth-er here or there, I'll be, with my Sav-iour con-tent an-y-where!

CHORUS.

If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go An-y-where! 'Tis heaven to me, Wher-
I'll go

e'er I may be, If He is there! I count it a priv-i-lege here His
His cross, His

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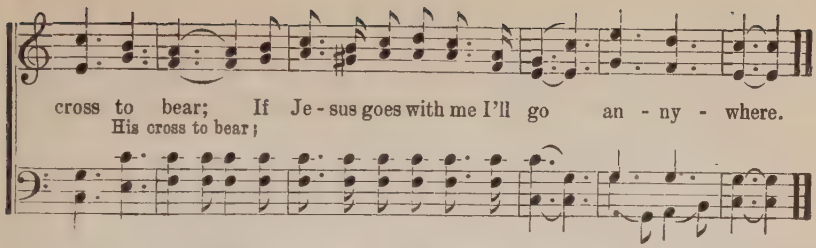
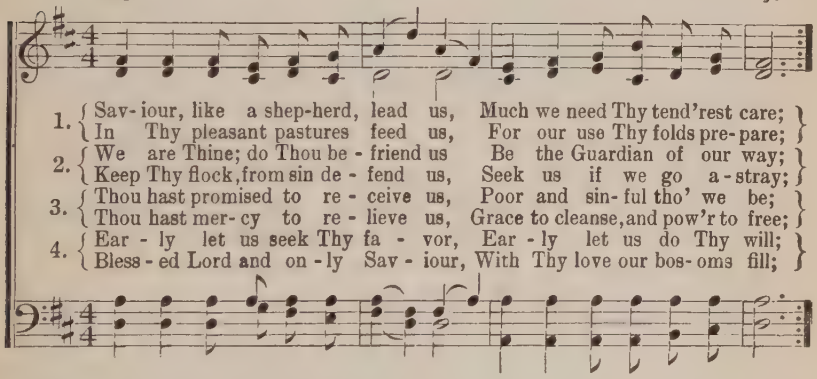
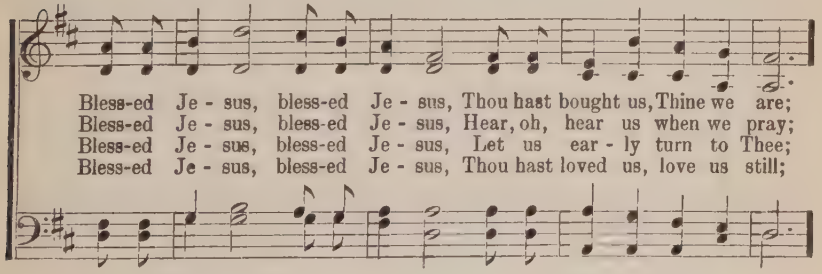
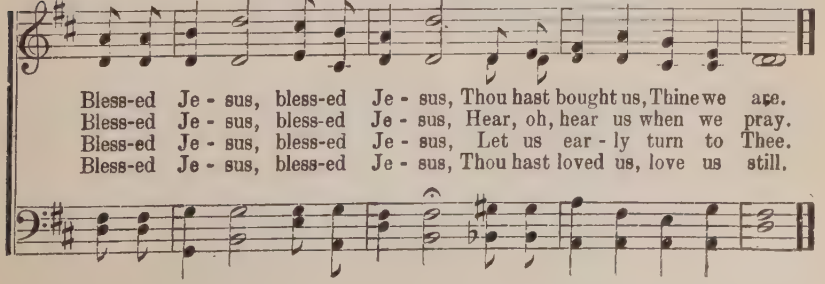


172 Saviour Like a Shepherd, Lead Us.

D. Thrupp. W. B. Bradbury.







173 Tell It Out.

ALICE REYNOLDS FLOWER

Fine

1 (Go spread the news to ev-'ry land, Tell it out, O tell it out.
The great sal-va-tion of His hand,
2 (How man-y souls in dark-ness lie! Tell it out, O tell it out.
They nev-er heard how Christ did die.
3 (Our glo-rious Christ a-gain will come, Tell it out, O tell it out.
To gath-er all His ran-som'd home.

D.C. That precious jew-els may be won, Tell it out, O tell it out.
And all thru Him may now be saved: Tell it out, O tell it out.
O won-drous mys-te-ry of grace! Tell it out, O tell it out.

D.C.

Pro-claim to ev-'ry clime and tongue The matchless grace by an-gels sung;
Re-deem'd, not free! the price is paid; On God's dear Son our sins were laid,
And some of ev-'ry tribe and race Shall reign with Him be-fore His face.

174 I Love My Jesus.

MRS. CHAS. A. SHREVE

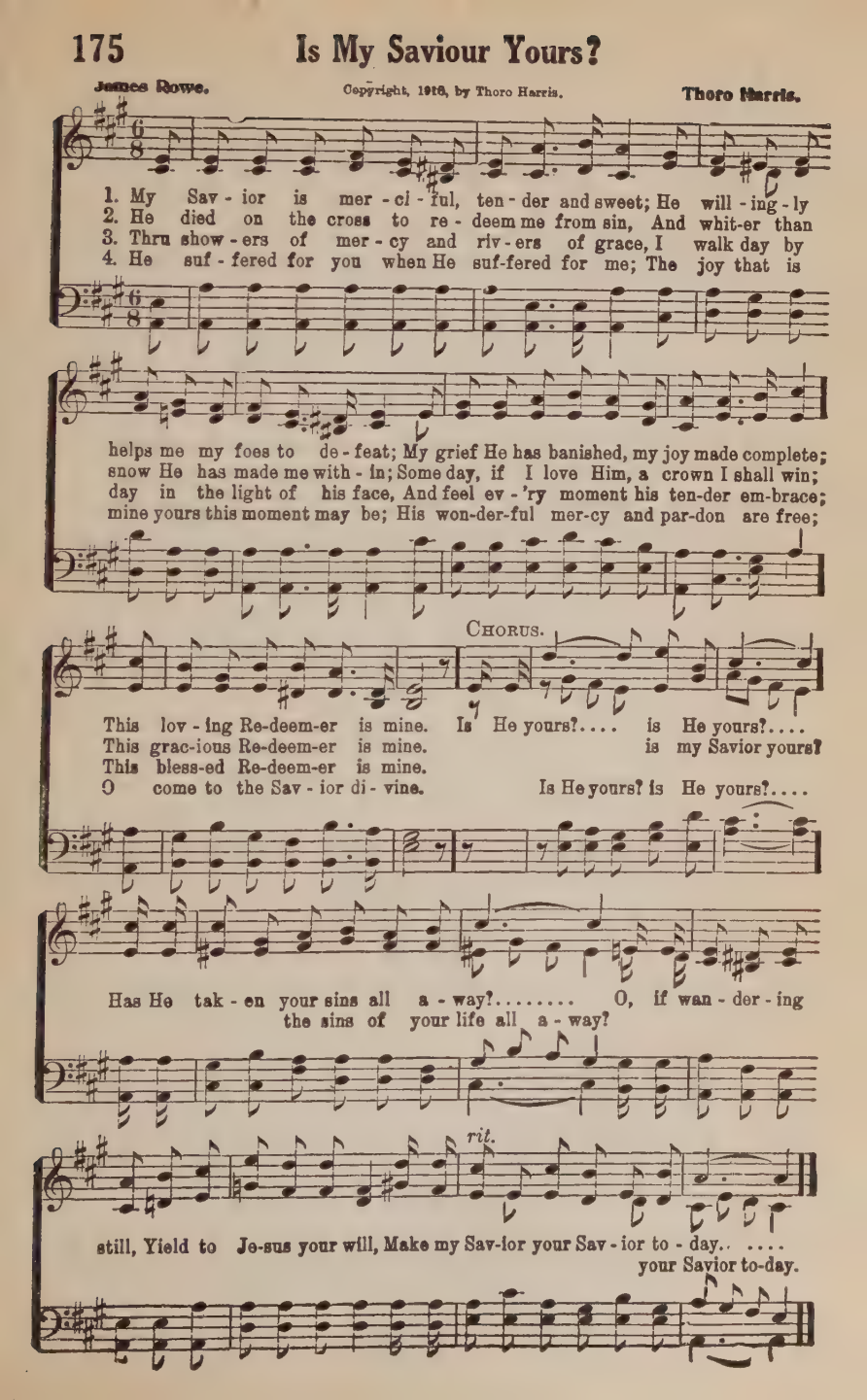
1. I love my Je-sus, for He's my Sav-ior, And He has
2. O hal-le-lu-jah! I praise my Sav-ior, For He is

bro't me un-to the foun-tain, The blessed foun-tain of liv-ing
will-ing and He is a-ble To break the fet-ters of chains that

wa-ter, The crystal foun-tain that nev-er shall run dry. never shall run dry.
bind us And give the vic-t'ry in ev-'ry time of need. in ev-'ry time of need.

Is My Saviour Yours?

James Rowe. Copyright, 1918, by Thoro Harris. Thoro Harris.



God be with You.

J. E. Rankin. W. G. Tomer.

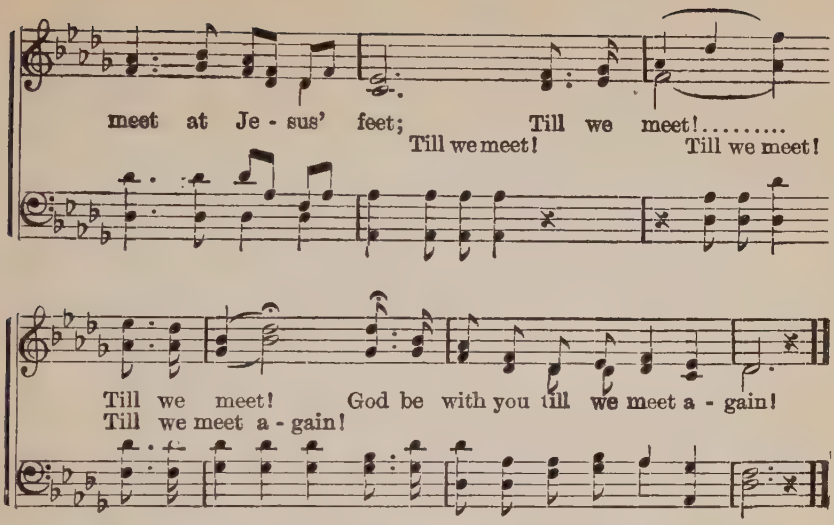
1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's

coun - sels guide, up - hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly
wings pro - tect - ing hide you, Dai - ly man - na still pro-
per - ils thick con-found you, Put His arms un - fail - ing
ban - ner float - ing o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave be-

fold you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
vide you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
round you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
fore you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!

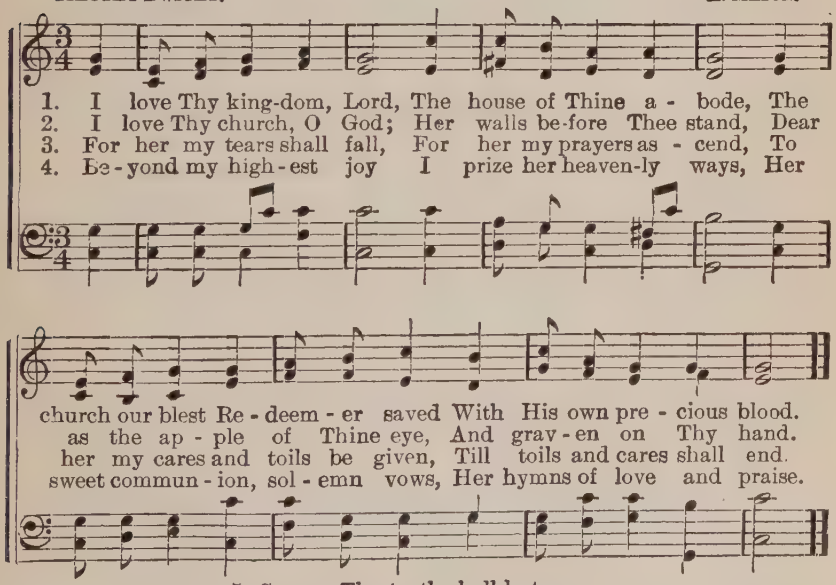
Chorus.

Till we meet!..... Till we meet! Till we
Till we meet! Till we meet a - gain!



177 I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. L. MASON.



5. Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

178 Chosen Seed and Zion's Children.

A. C. R. (Swedish.)
Tr. C. W. Foss.

Ascr. to A. C. Rutstrüm.

1. Cho-sen seed and Zi-on's chil-dren, Ransomed from e - ter - nal wrath,
2. Still re-joice a - mid thy tri - als, Nor re-gard thy lot a - miss;
3. Pleas-ant-ly thy lines have fall-en Un - derneath the tree of life:
4. Faith and love are the con - di-tions; All on faith and love de-pends;
5. And up - on this blest foun-da-tion, Lord, our Lord and Sav-iour-King,

Traveling to the heavenly Ca-naan On a rough and thorn-y path;
For the kind and lov - ing Sav-iour Is the source of all thy bliss.
For the Lord is thy sal - va - tion, And thy shield in all thy strife:
Love of law is the ful - fillment, Faith God's mercy ap-pre - hends;
May Thy Spir-it e'er u - nite us, To it may we ev - er cling.

Church of God, in Christ e - lect - ed, Thou to God art rec - on-ciled,
May He ev - er be thy por-tion, He who gave thee life and breath:
Here the tim - id bird finds shel-ter, Here the swallow finds a nest.
Who hath faith shall see sal - va - tion, Who hath love shall life ob - tain.
May we members of one bod - y, Grow in - to a per-fect whole;

But on earth thou art a stran-ger, Per - se - cu - ted and re - viled.
In His keep-ing fear no e - vil Now or in the hour of death.
Trembling fu - gi - tive a ref-uge, And the wea - ry pil - grim rest.
May, O Lord, Thy love pos-sess us, And Thy Spir - it in us reign.
Grant, O Lord, that in Thy peo-ple There may be one heart and soul.

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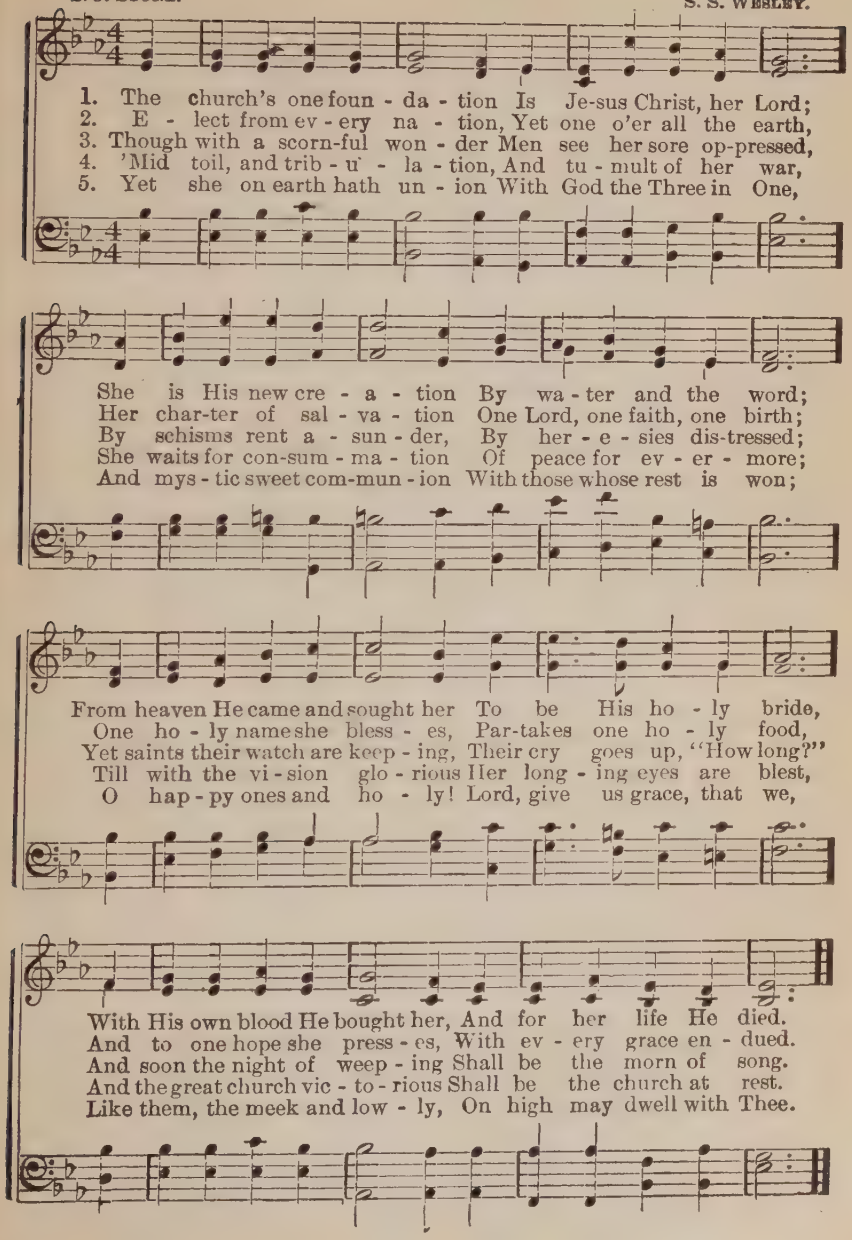
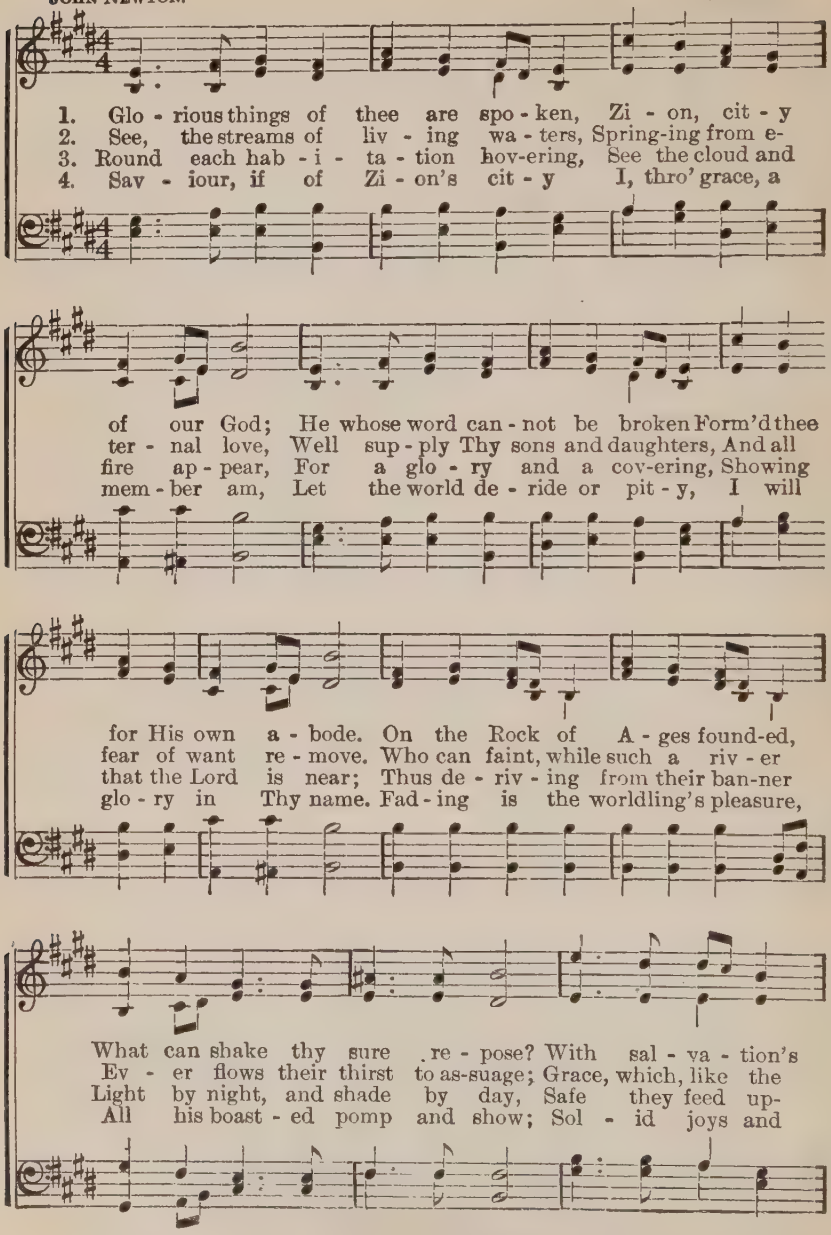
179 The Church's One Foundation.

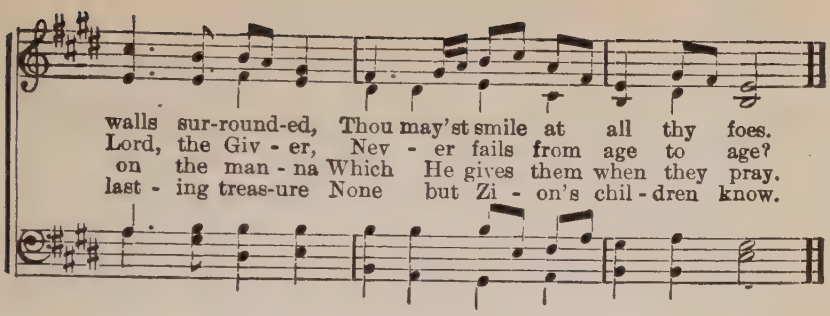
S. J. Stone. S. S. Wesley.



180 Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken.

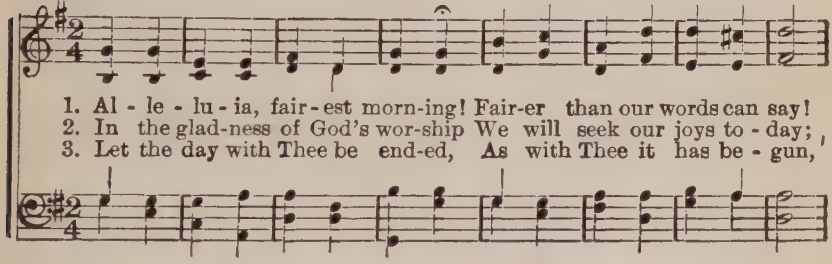
JOHN NEWTON. F. J. HAYDN.

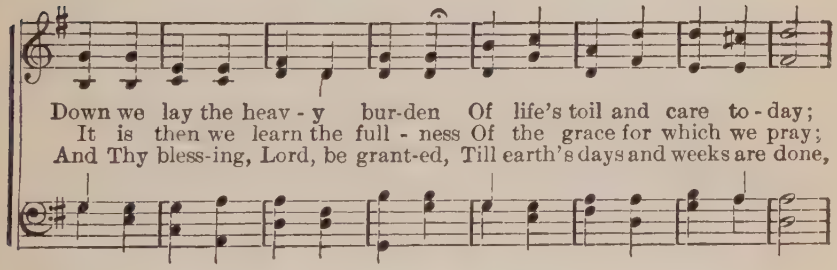


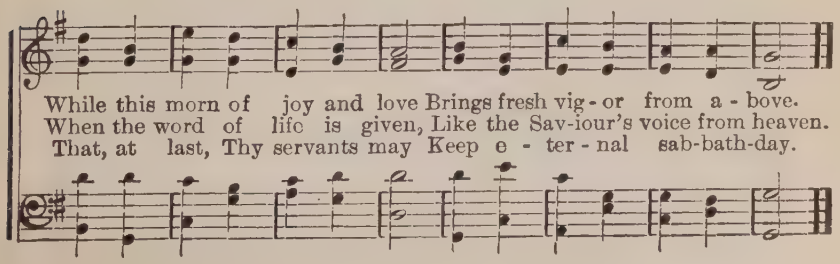


181 Alleluia, Fairest Morning!

JONATHAN KRAUS. SWEDISH.







Sovereign Grace.

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T. H. THORO HARRIS

1. The sins of years are all for-giv'n, A sweet-er word ear nev-er heard;
2. My Sav-ior knows how frail I am, The con-flict raging fierce within;
3. While still I tar-ry here be-low, To heav'n I cast my yearning eye;
4. Not long I wait and suf-fer here, My days of grief will soon be past;

1. I'm press-ing on my way to heav'n, Nor shall my hope be long de-fer'd;
2. But ah, the blood of God's dear Lamb, Can cleanse the soul from ev-'ry sin;
3. For this by His own word I know, He soon shall come from realms on high;
4. The pearl y gates of light ap-pear, And I shall greet my King at last,

1. I soon shall meet Him face to face, A ran-som'd sin-ner sav'd by grace.
2. And soon I'll see His bless-ed face, A blood-bo't sin-ner sav'd by grace.
3. Then I shall see His love-lit face, O hal-le-lu-jah! sav'd by grace.
4. In glo-ry view His match-less face, And sing of His re-deeming grace.

CHORUS

Sav'd, sav'd by grace, Sav'd, sav'd by grace,

sov-'reign grace, sov-'reign grace,

rall

A ran-som'd sin-ner sav'd by grace.

by sov-'reign

183 We've a Story to Tell.

Colin Sterne. H. E. Nichol.

Voices in Unison.

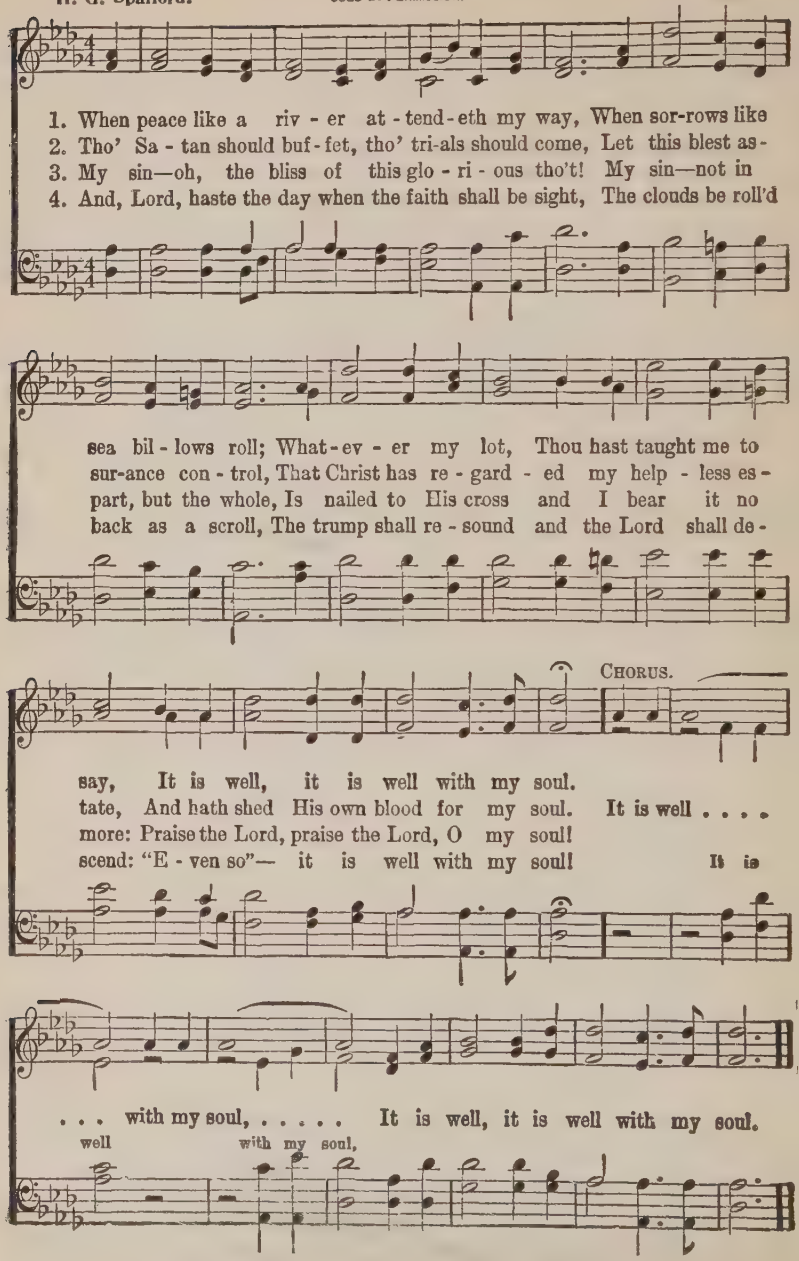
1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions, That shall turn their hearts to the right, A sto - ry of truth and sweet - ness, A sto - ry of peace and light, A sto - ry of peace and light.
2. We've a song to be sung to the na - tions, That shall lift their hearts to the Lord; A song that shall con-quer e - vil And shat-ter the spear and sword And shat - ter the spear and sword.
3. We've a mes - sage to give to the na - tions, That the Lord Who reigneth a - bove, Hath sent us His Son to save us, And show us that God is love, And show us that God is love.
4. We've a Sav - ior to show to the na - tions, Who the path of sor - row has trod, That all of the world's great peo - ple Might come to the truth of God, Might come to the truth of God!

REFRAIN.

For the darkness shall turn to dawn-ing, And the dawning to noon-day bright,
And Christ's great kingdom shall come on earth, The king-dom of love and light.

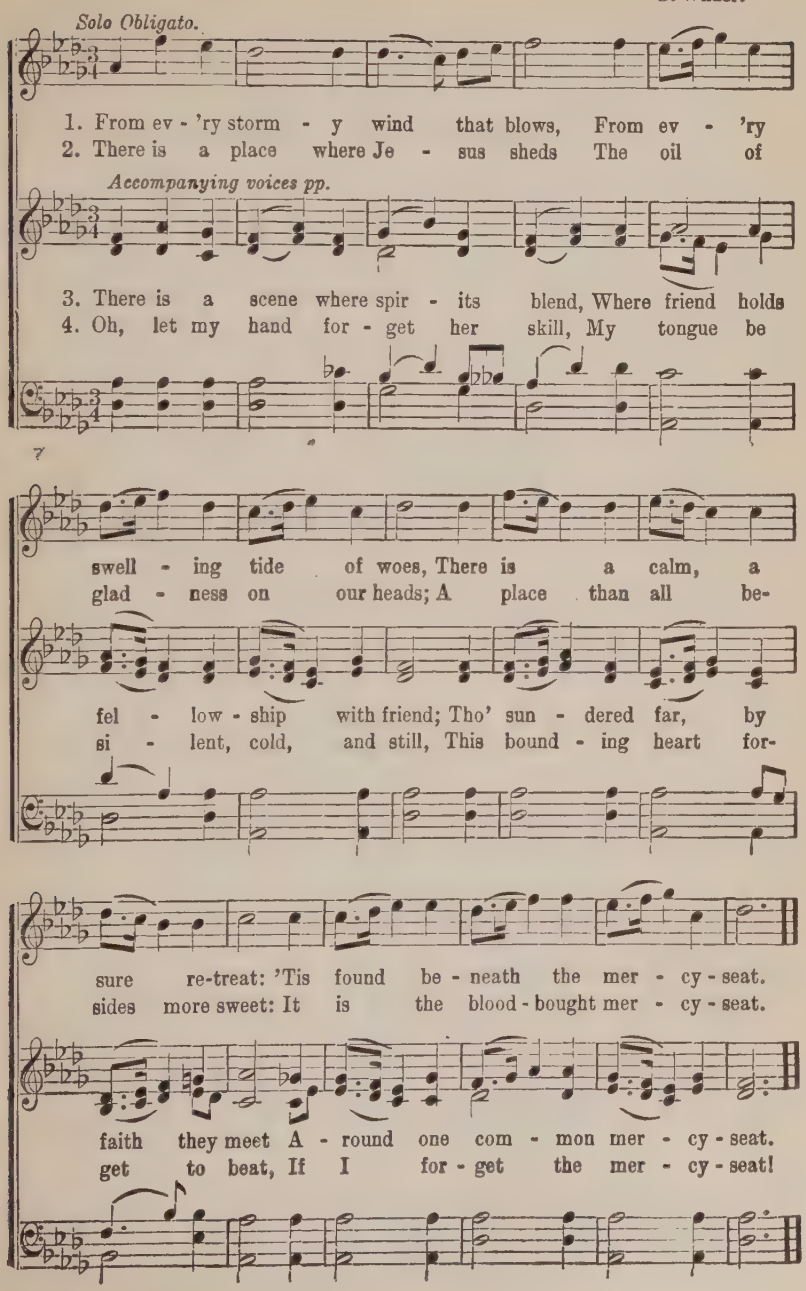
184 It Is Well With My Soul.

H. G. Spafford. USED BY PERMISSION. P. P. Bliss.



185 From Every Stormy Wind.

H. Stowell. S. Wilder.



Trust.

Thoro Harris, Tr. Copyright, 1918, by Thoro Harris. Lewi Pethrus.

1. All that our Sav-ior hath spo - ken Came from the heart of God;
2. As un - to A-bram was giv - en God's cov'nant word of peace,
3. Trust when the light warm and ten - der Seem - eth to thee with - drawn;
4. When in the fires of af - flic - tion, Ful - ly in Him con - fide;
5. Trust! tho all oth-ers for - sake thee, Yet there re - mains one Friend;
6. Trust un - der ev - 'ry con - di - tion Till thou shalt reach thy home;

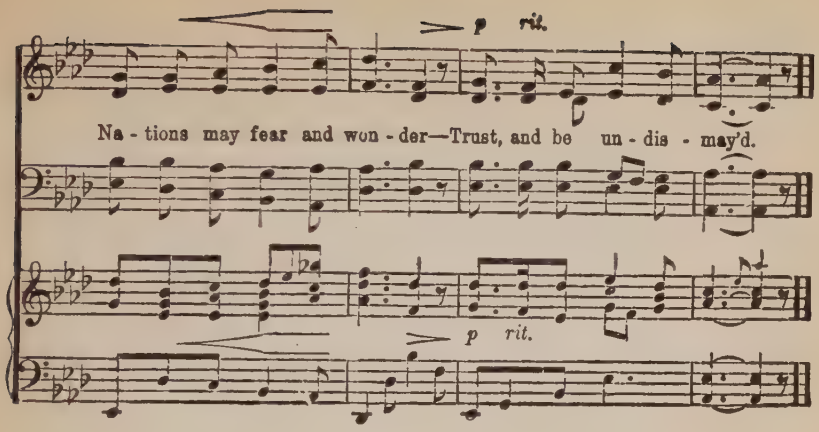
p e legato.

1. Sure - ly it can-not be bro - ken, Seal'd with His precious blood.....
2. "Counting the stars" of the e - ven— So shall thy faith in-crease.....
3. Wait a few hours, and in splen-dor Morn-ing a - gain will dawn!.....
4. Je - sus will speak ben-e - dic - tion, Walk-ing His saint be - side.....
5. Mer - cy and truth shall o'er-take thee Down to thy journey's end.....
6. Trust, till in per-fect fru - i - tion That which is real hath come.....

Only trust Him!

Refrain

Tem-pests may rage and thun - der, Moun-tains be rent a - sun - der,



187 As Thou Art.

THORO HARRIS

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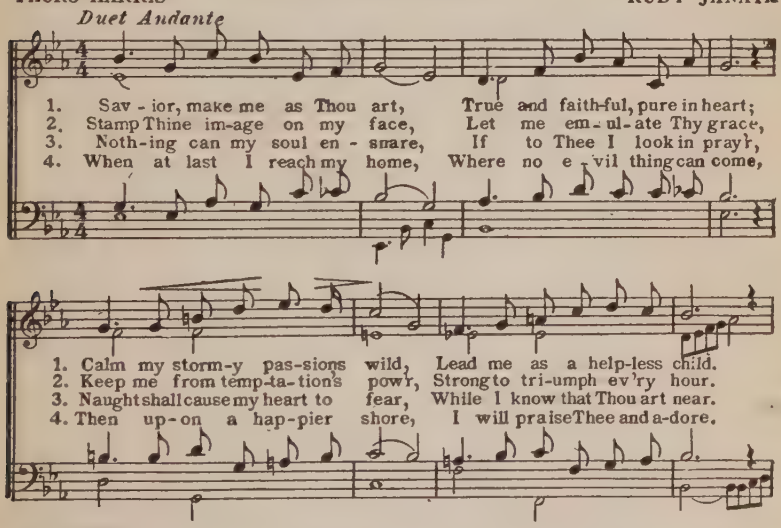
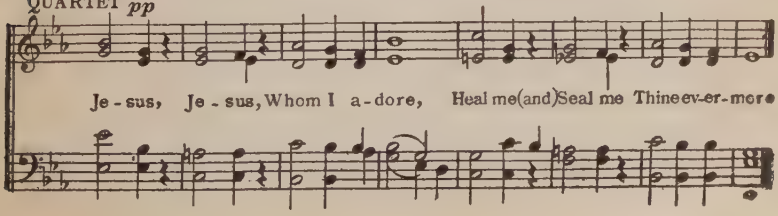
RUBY JANATA

Duet Andante



QUARTET *pp*



Bring Them In.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des - ert
2. Who'll go and help the Shep-herd kind, Help Him the wand'ring
3. Out in the des - ert hear their cry, Out on the mountain

dark and drear, Call - ing the lambs who've gone a - stray,
lambs to find? Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold,
wild and high; Hark! 'tis the Mas - ter speaks to thee,

CHORUS.

Far from the Shepherd's fold a-way. Bring them in, bring them in,
Where they'll be shelter'd from the cold?
"Go, find My lambs, where'er they be."

Bring them in from the fields of sin; Bring them in,

bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to Je - sus.

189

Jesus Loves Even Me.

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P. P. B. P. P. Bliss

M. 60 = ♩

1. I am so glad that our Fa - ther in heav'n Tells of His
2. Tho' I for - get Him and wan - der a - way, Still He doth
3. Oh, if there's on - ly one song I can sing, When in His

love in the Book He has giv'n; Won - der - ful things in the
love me wher - ev - er I stray; Back to His dear lov - ing
beau - ty I see the great King, This shall my song in e-

Bi - ble I see, This is the dear - est, that Je - sus loves me.
arms would I flee, When I re - mem - ber that Je - sus loves me.
ter - ni - ty be: "Oh, what a won - der that Je - sus loves me!"

CHORUS.

I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je- sus loves me, Je-sus loves me;

I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves e - ven me.

I Love to Tell the Story.

KATE HANKEY. WM. G. FISHER.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un-seen things a - bove,
2. I love to tell the sto - ry: 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best

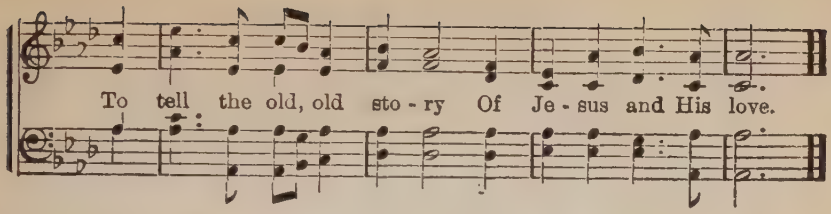
Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.
What seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet.
Seem hun - ger - ing and thirst-ing To hear it, like the rest.

I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;
I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,

It sat - is - fies my long-ings As noth - ing else can do.
The mes - sage of sal - va-tion From God's own ho - ly word.
'Twill be— the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long!

CHORUS.

I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry,



191 Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev - er-
2. Dark the night of sin has set - tled, Loud the an - gry bil - lows
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth-er: Some poor sail - or tem - pest-

more, But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a - long the
roar; Ea - ger eyes are watching, long-ing For the lights a - long the
tossed, Try-ing now to make the har - bor, In the darkness may be

Chorus.

shore. Let the low - er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!
shore.
lost.

Some poor fainting, struggling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.

192 Gather In the Children.

C. O. D. CARL O. DAHLEN

1. Gath - er in the lit - tle chil - dren, And a - round the
2. Gath - er in the lit - tle chil - dren: Snatch them from a
3. Gath - er in the lit - tle chil - dren, Lay no hind-rance
4. Come, ye child - ren, come to Je - sus, He is lov - ing,

1. word of God: Lead them in the right-eous path-way, In the way
2. world of sin, Save them for the Mas-ter's glo - ry, Zeal-ous - ly
3. in their way; Suf-fer them to come to Je - sus, Teach them to
4. kind and true; There is joy in His sal - va - tion, Come to Him,

1. the saints have trod.
2. them gath - er in.
3. His word o - bey.
4. He's cal - ling you!

Gath - er them, gath-er them,
Gath-er them, gath-er them,

Tell them of the Sav - iour's love; Gath - er them,
Gath - er them,

gath - er them, For His fold and courts a - bove.
gath - er them,

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193 The Regions Beyond.

A. B. Simpson. Margaret M. Simpson.

1. To the re-gions beyond I must go, I must go, Where the sto - ry has
2. To the hard - est of plac - es He calls me to go, Not think - ing of
3. Oh, ye that are spending your leisure and pow'rs, In pleas-ures so
4. There are other "lost sheep" that the Master must bring, And they must the

nev-er been told; (been told;) To the millions that nev-er have heard of His love,
com-fort or ease; (or ease;) The world may pro-nounce me a dream-er, a fool,
fool-ish and fond; (and fond;) A - wake from your self-ish-ness, fol-ly and sin,
mes-sage be told; (be told;) He sends me to gath-er them out of all lands,

CHORUS. *With spirit.*

I must tell the sweet sto - ry of old. (of old.) To the re - - gions be-
E - - nough if the Master I please. (I please.)
And go to the re-gions be-yond. (be - yond.)
And wel-come them back to His fold. (His fold.) I must go,

yond, I must go, I must go, Till the
I must go, To the re - gions be - yond I must go,

rit.

world, all the world, His sal - va - - tion shall know.
Till the world, all the world, His salvation shall know, shall know.

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194 Cradled in a Manger.

THORO HARRIS

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RUBY JANATA

Unison

1. Je - sus, the Prince of life and glo - ry, Came from heavn to earth;
2. Wise men from east - ern lands, and sag - es, Jour - ney from a - far,
3. Hark, hark! a - bove the plain re - sound - ing, Hear the an - gels' song;

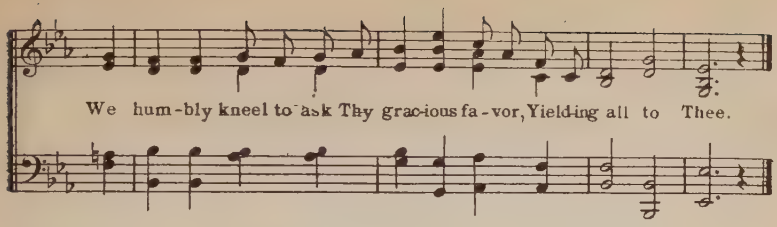
Lis - ten to the a - maz - ing sto - ry Of His hum - ble birth;
Learn - ing from God's pro - phet - ic pag - es Of the promis'd Star;
Thill - ing the hills and vales sur - round - ing, These the strains pro - long:

Crad - led with - in a low - ly mang - er, With the ox - en there,
Gorg - eous and rich the gifts they of - fer'd, To the in - fant King,
"Glor - ry and praise to God the Fath - er, Peace, good will to men."

The Heir of heav - en, on this earth a stran - ger, Poor be - yond com - pare.
Ac - cept, O Lord, the gifts our hands have proferr'd: All to Thee we bring.
We join the chor - us of the shin - ing an - gels In a glad re - frain.

CHORUS

Je - sus the Christ, our bless - ed Sav - ior, Born to set us free.



195 Where They Need Us.

T. H.

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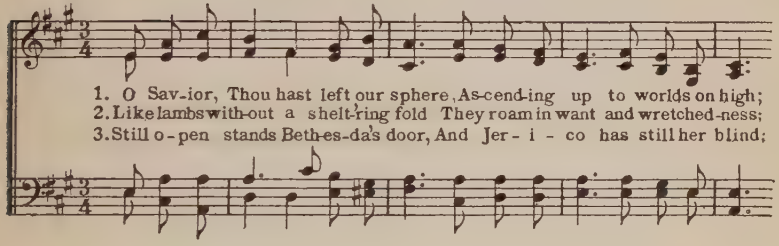
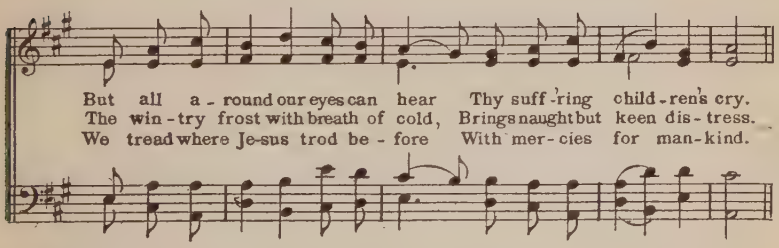
THORO HARRIS





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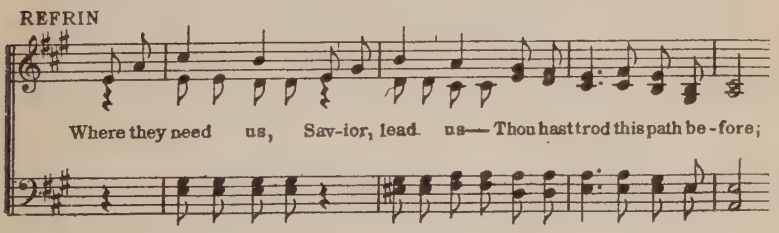
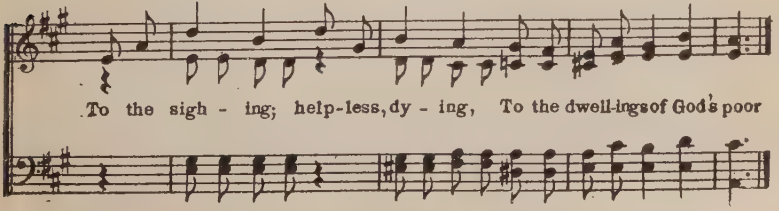
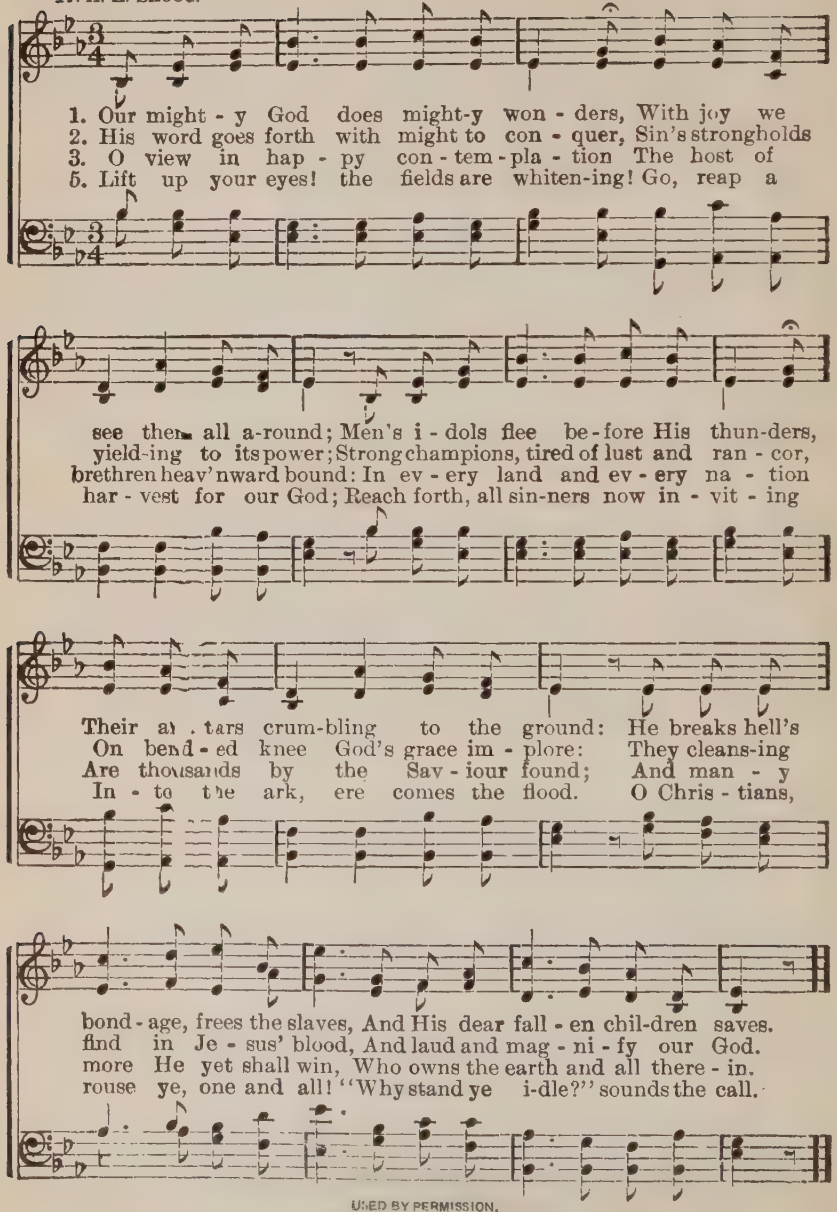




196 God's Mighty Wonders.

N. Frykman.
Tr. A. L. Skoog.

Swedish.



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5. Dear Lord, as throngs Thy kingdom enter,
May not my heart Thy love decline;
Teach me upon Thy grace to center
My faith, and make me wholly Thine,
Take Thou my hand, and hold it fast,
Until I reach Thy heaven at last.

6. O God be praised! The day is nearing,
When to our ears a voice shall come,
"Look up! The Lord is now appearing,
To gather all His loved ones home!"
O blessed day of jubilee!
For thee I wait! I wait for thee!

197 The Morning Light is Breaking.

S. F. Smith. G. J. Webb.

1. The morn - ing light is break - ing; The darkness dis - ap - pears;
2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us, In many a gen - tle shower,

:S:

The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;
And bright - er scenes be - fore us Are opening ev - ery hour:

D. S. Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.
And heaven-ly gales are blow - ing, With peace up - on their wings.

D. S.

Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti-dings from a - far,
Each cry, to heav - en go - ing, A - bun-dant an - swers brings,

3. See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,—
A nation in a day.

4. Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

Bishop REGINALD HEBER. LOWELL MASON.

1. From Greenland's i - cy mount - ains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,
2. What tho' the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle;
3. Can we whose souls are light - ed With wis-dom from on high,
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,

Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand,
Tho' ev - 'ry pros-pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile;
Can we to men be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny?
Till like a sea of glo - ry It spreads from pole to pole;

From many an an-cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,
In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown;
Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
Till o'er our ran-somed na - ture The Lamb for sin - ners slain,

They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
The hea-then in His blind - ness Bows down to wood and stone!
Till each re - mot-est na - tion Has learned Mes-si - ah's name.
Re - deem-er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re-turns to reign.

O Zion, Haste.

MARY A. THOMSON. JAMES WALCH.

1. O Zi-on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the
2. Be - hold how man - y thous-ands still are ly - ing Bound in the darksome
3. 'Tis thine to save from per - il of per - di - tion The souls for whom the
4. Pro-claim to ev - 'ry peo-ple, tongue and na - tion That God, in whom they
5. Give of thy sons to bear the mes-sage glo-rious; Give of thy wealth to

world that God is Light; That He who made all na-tions is not will - ing
pris - on-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav-iour's dy - ing,
Lord His life laid down; Be - ware, lest, sloth - ful to ful - fill Thy mis-sion,
life and move, is love: Tell how He stoop'd to save His lost cre - a - tion,
speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in pray'r vic - to-rious;

REFRAIN.

One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night.
Or of the life He died for them to win.
Thou lose one jew - el that should deck His crown. Pub-lish glad tid - ings;
And died on earth that man might live a-bove.
And all thou spend-est Je - sus will re - pay.

Tid-ings of peace; Tid - ings of Je - sus, Re-dem-ption and re-lease.

200 Awakening Chorus.

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Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 76 = ♩

1. A- wake! a - wake! and sing the bless - ed sto - ry; A-
A-wake! a - wake!

2. Ring out! ring out! O bells of joy and glad - ness! Re-
Ring out! ring out!

wake! a - wake! and let your song of praise a-rise; A-wake! a-
A-wake! a-wake! a-wake!

peat, re - peat a - new the sto - ry o'er a-gain, Till all the
Re - peat. re - peat Till all

wake! the earth is full of glo - ry, And light is beam - ing
a-wake! And light is beam-ing

earth shall lose its weight of sad-ness, And shout a - new the
the earth And shout a - new

Male voices in Unison.

from the ra-diant skies; The rocks and hills, the vales and hills resound with
glo - ri - ous re - frain; With an-gels in the heights sing of the great sal-

Full harmony.

glad - ness, All na - ture joins to sing the tri-umph song. The Lord Je-
va - tion He wrest - ed from the hand of sin and death.

Unison.

ho - vah reigns and sin is back-ward hurled! Re-joice! re-
is sin backward hurled!

joice! lift heart and voice, Je - ho - vah reigns!

Full harmony.

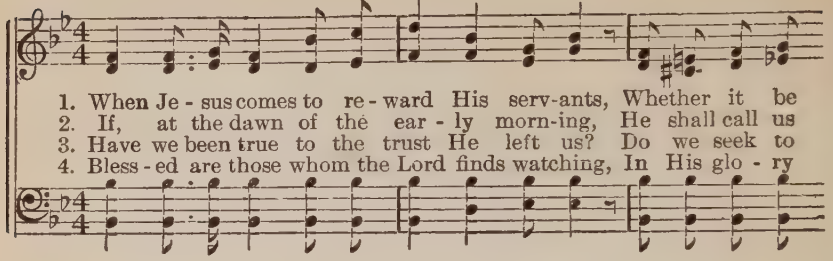
Pro-claim His sov-'reign pow'r to all the world, And let His
pow'r to all the world, And let the

glo - rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns!
grand and glo-rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns! Je - ho - vah reigns!

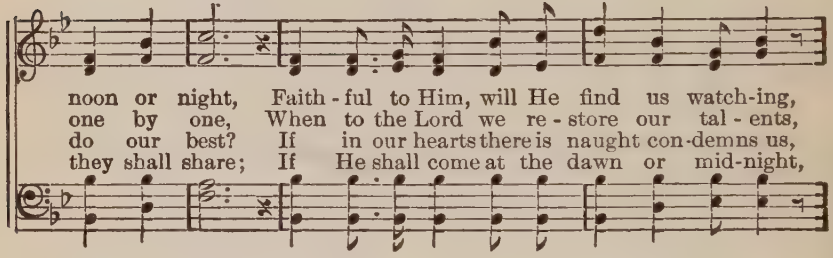
Re-joice! re-joice! re-joice! Je - ho - vah reigns!
Re - joice! re - joice! re - joice!

201 Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H DOANE.

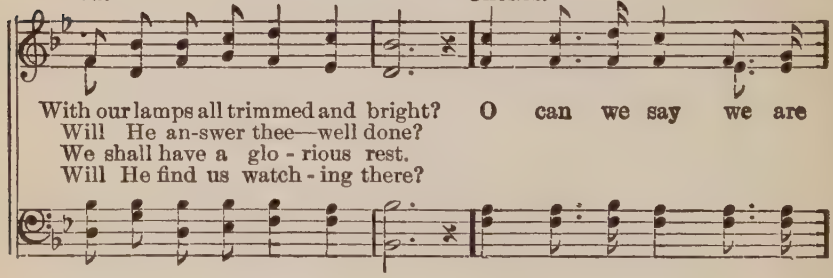


1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His serv-ants, Whether it be
2. If, at the dawn of the ear - ly morn-ing, He shall call us
3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to
4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In His glo - ry

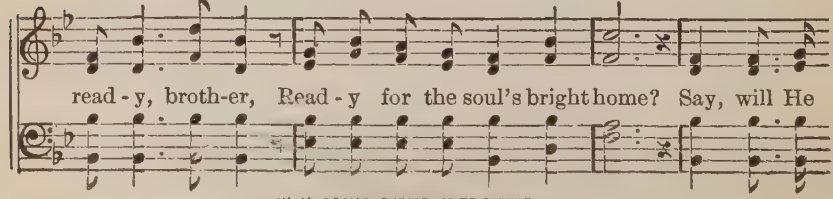


noon or night, Faith - ful to Him, will He find us watch-ing,
one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,
do our best? If in our hearts there is naught con-demns us,
they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid-night,

rit. CHORUS.



With our lamps all trimmed and bright? O can we say we are
Will He an-swer thee—well done?
We shall have a glo - rious rest.
Will He find us watch - ing there?



read - y, broth-er, Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say, will He

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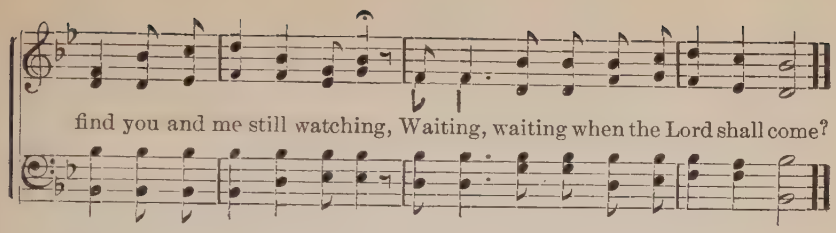
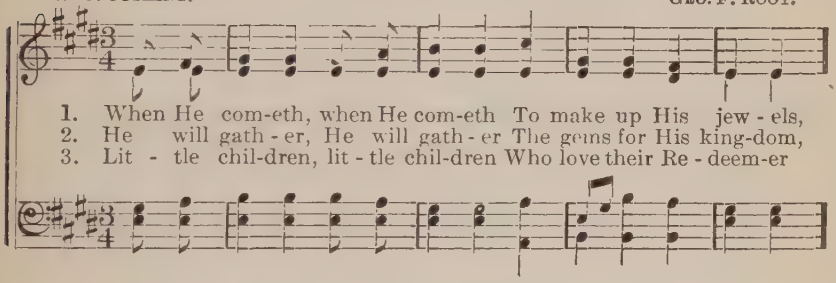
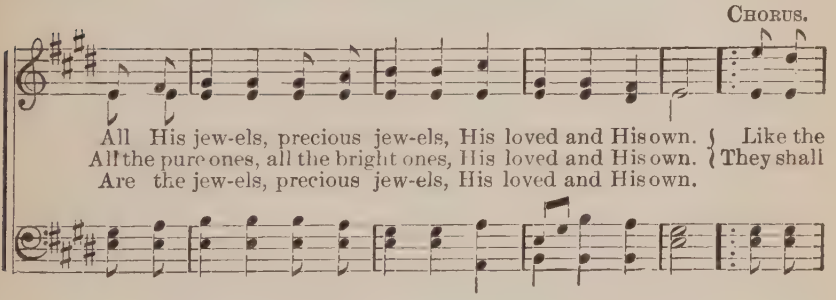
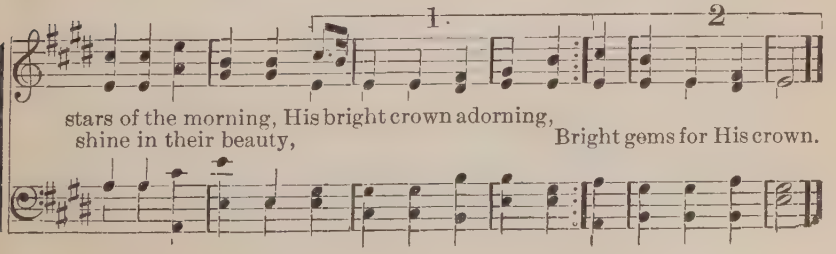


202 Jewels.

W. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.







203 The Day of Christ.

A. L. S. (Swedish.)
Tr. by Author.

A. L. Skoog.

1. We wait for a great and glo - ri - ous day, As man - y as
2. In glo - ry and power our King shall ap-pear, And call to Him-
3. For cross-es we've borne then crowns will be giv'n, For tem - pests, e-
4. We know not the day, we know not the hour, When sounds the last

love the Lord, When shadows shall flee, and clouds pass a - way, And
self His own; No dis-tance, nor death shall part them as here, Nor
ter - nal calm; For path-way of thorns, rich mansions in heav'n, For
trump so clear; But loud rings a cry from truth's loft - y tow'r, "The

Chorus.

weep - ing no more be heard. O won-der - ful day
sin, with its pains, be known,
war - fare, the vic - tor's palm.
day of the Lord is near." O wonderful day

that soon may be here! O beau-ti - ful hope
that soon may be here! O beau-ti-ful hope

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the pil-grim to cheer! Thy com-ing we hail
the pil-grim to cheer! Thy com-ing we hail

in tuneful ac - cord, Thou glo-ri-ous day of Christ, our Lord.
in tuneful ac-cord,

204 Wideness in God's Mercy.

F. W. Faber. Lizzie S. Tourjee.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer - cy Like the wide-ness of the sea;
2. There is wel-come for the sin - ner, And more grac - es for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim - ple, We should take Him at His word;

There's a kind - ness in His jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is mer - cy with the Sav - ior, There is heal - ing in His blood.
And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.

205 Face to Face.

MRS. F. A. BRECK. GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

1. Face to face with Christ, my Sav - - iour, Face to face—
2. On - ly faint - ly now I see Him, With the dark-
3. What re - joic - ing in His pres - ence, When are ban-
4. Face to face! O bliss - ful mo - ment! Face to face—

what will it be, When with rap - ture I be - hold Him,
ling veil be - tween, But a bless - ed day is com - ing,
ished grief and pain; When the crook-ed ways are straightened,
to see and know; Face to face with my Re - deem - er,

CHORUS.

Je - sus Christ, who died for me? Face to face shall I be-
When His glo - ry shall be seen.
And the dark things shall be plain!
Je - sus Christ, who loves me so!

hold Him, Far be - yond the star - ry sky; Face to

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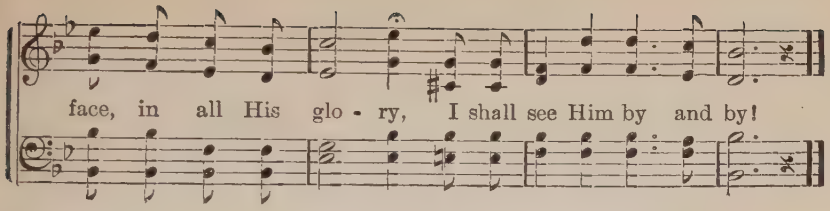


206 We'll Work till Jesus Comes.

MRS. ELIZA. MILLS. WM. MILLER.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh; When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell in peace at home? We'll work till Je - sus comes,
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace - ful sheltering dome;
This world's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home. We'll work till Je - sus comes,

CHORUS.

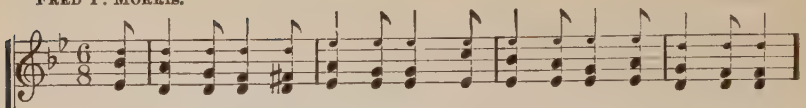
We'll work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath-ered home.
We'll work till Je - sus comes,

3. To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succor on His breast,
Till He conduct me home.

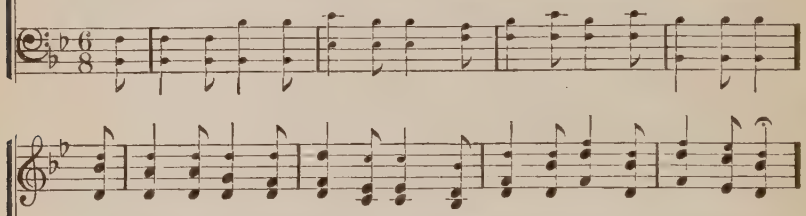
4. I sought at once my Saviour's side,
No more my steps shall roam;
With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide,
And reach my heav'nly home.

207 Memories of Mother.

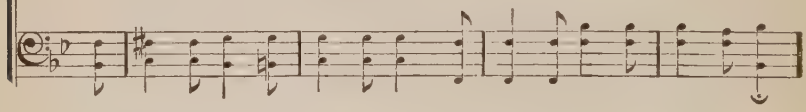
FRED P. MORRIS. ROBERT HARKNESS.



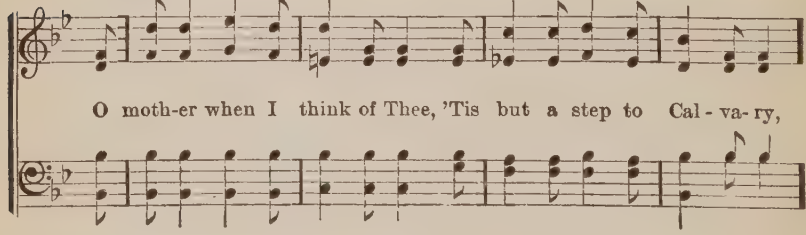
1. My mother's hand is on my brow, Her gen-tle voice is plead-ing now;
2. Once more I see that look of pain, The an-guish in those eyes a- gain;
3. While others scorn'd me in their pride She gent-ly drew me to her side;
4. The mem-o- ries of by-gone years, My mother's love, my mother's tears,
5. I'm com-ing home by sin be- set, For Je - sus loves me ev - en yet;



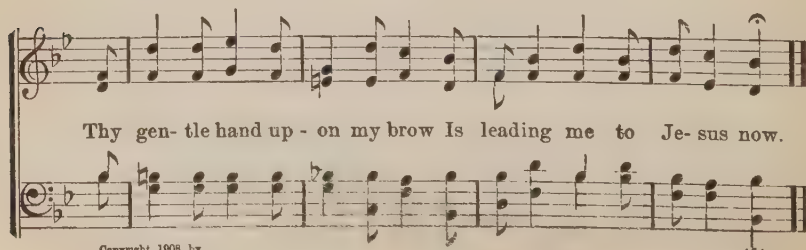
A - cross the years so marr'd by sin What mem- o- ries of love steal in.
My heart is sad, for well I know My sin has caus'd this bit- ter woe.
When all the world had turn'd a-way My moth-er stood by me that day.
The thought of all her constant care Doth bring the an-swer to her pray'r.
My moth'ers love brings home to me The great- er love of Cal - va - ry.



CHORUS.



O moth-er when I think of Thee, 'Tis but a step to Cal - va- ry,



Thy gen- tle hand up - on my brow Is leading me to Je- sus now.

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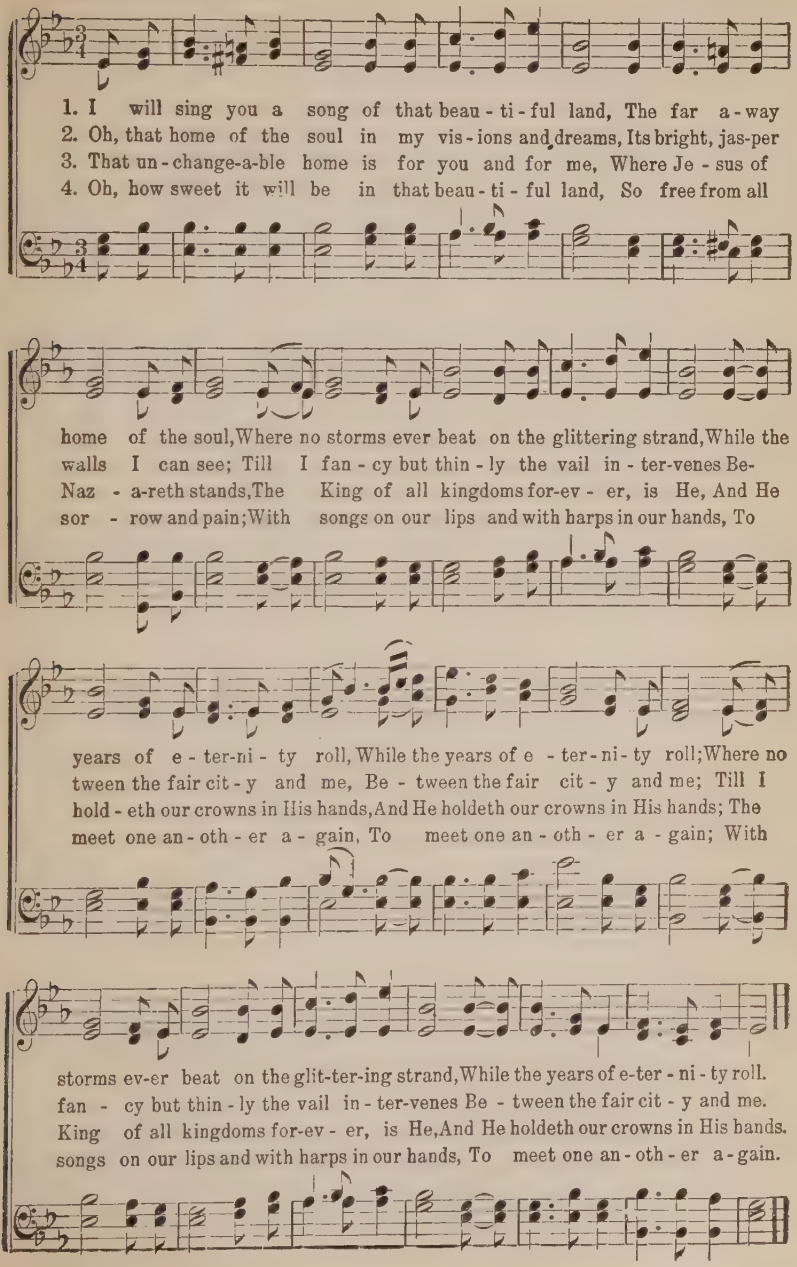
208 The Home of the Soul.

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates. Philip Phillips.



209 One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

PHOEBE CAREY. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and
2. Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where man - y man-sions
3. Near - er the bound of life, Where bur - dens are laid
4. Be near me when my feet Are slip - ping o'er the

o'er; I'm near - er home to - day, to - day, Than
be; Near - er the great white throne to - day, Near-
down; Near - er to leave the cross to - day, And
brink; For I am near - er home to - day, Per-

CHORUS.

I have been be - fore. Near - er my home, Near-er my home,
er the crys - tal sea.
near - er to the crown.
haps, than now I think.

Near-er my home to - day, to - day, Than I have been be - fore.

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Beautiful Valley of Eden.

W. O. CUSHING. WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Beau-ti-ful val-ley of E-den! Sweet is thy noon-tide calm;
2. O-ver the heart of the mourner Shin-eth thy gold-en day,
3. There is the home of my Sav-iour; There, with the blood-wash'd throng,

O-ver the hearts of the wea-ry, Breathing thy waves of balm.
Wafting the songs of the an-gels Down from the far a-way.
O-ver the highlands of glo-ry Roll-eth the great new song.

CHORUS.

Beau-ti-ful val-ley of E-den, Home of the pure and blest, How

the pure and blest,

rit.

oft-en, a-mid the wild billows, I dream of thy rest—sweet rest!

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211 I'm a Pilgrim.

MARY S. B. SHINDLER. OSCAR AHNFELT.

1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger; I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night. Do not de- tain me, for I am go - ing To where the stream - lets
2. Of that cit - y, to which I jour - ney, My Re- deem - er, my Re - deem - er is the light; There is no sor - row, nor an - y sigh - ing, Nor an - y sin - ning,
3. There the sun - beams are ev - er shin - ing, O, my- long - ing heart, my long - ing heart is there; Here in this coun - try, so dark and drear - y, I long have wan - dered

CHORUS.

are ev - er flow-ing: I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran-ger;
nor an - y dy - ing:
for - lorn and wea - ry:

I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night.

SECOND TUNE. ITALIAN AIR.

1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger; I can tar - ry, I can
2. Of that cit - ty, to which I jour - ney, My Re-deem-er, my Re-
3. There the sun-beams are ev - er shin - ing, O, my long-ing heart, my

D. C. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran-ger; I can tar - ry, I can

Fine.

tar - ry but a night. Do not de - tain me, for I am
deem-er is the light; There is no sor - row, nor an - y
long-ing heart is there; Here in this coun - try, so dark and

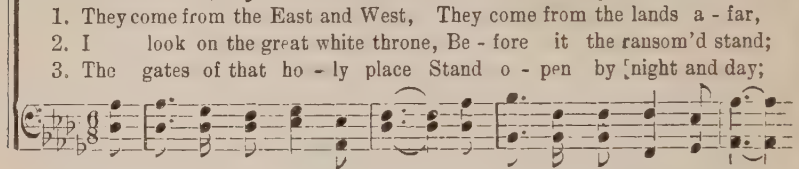
tar - ry but a night.

Chorus D. C.

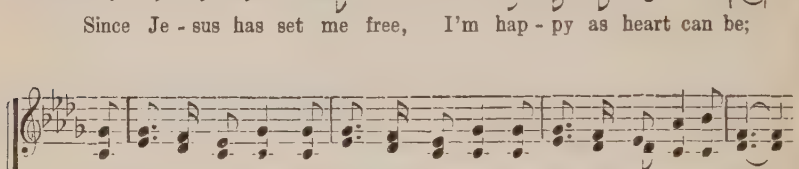
go - ing To where the stream-lets are ev - er flow - ing:
sigh - ing, Nor an - y sin - ning, nor an - y dy - ing:
drear - y, I long have wan-dered for - lorn and wea - ry:

212 They Come.

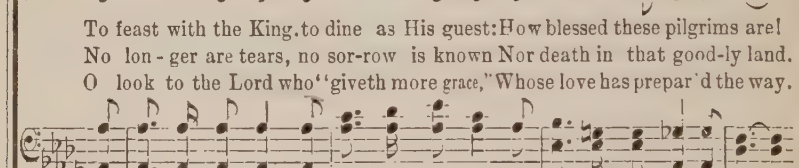
Thoro Harris. Copyright, 1923, by Thoro Harris T. H. arr.



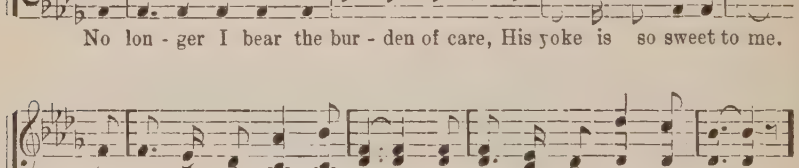
1. They come from the East and West, They come from the lands a - far,
2. I look on the great white throne, Be - fore it the ransom'd stand;
3. The gates of that ho - ly place Stand o - pen by night and day;



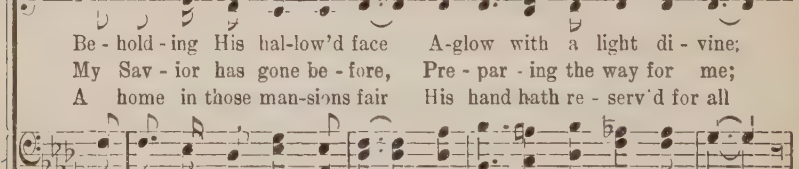
Since Je - sus has set me free, I'm hap - py as heart can be;



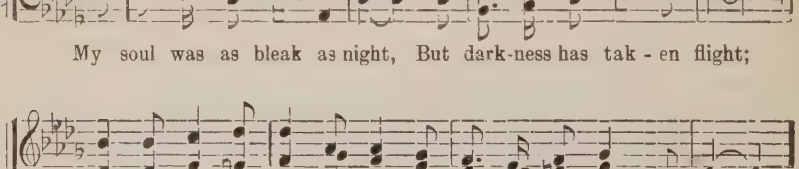
To feast with the King, to dine as His guest: How blessed these pilgrims are!
No lon - ger are tears, no sor-row is known Nor death in that good-ly land.
O look to the Lord who "giveth more grace," Whose love has prepar'd the way.



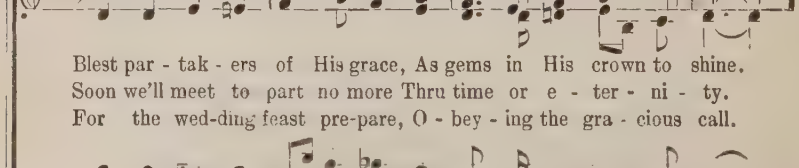
No lon - ger I bear the bur - den of care, His yoke is so sweet to me.



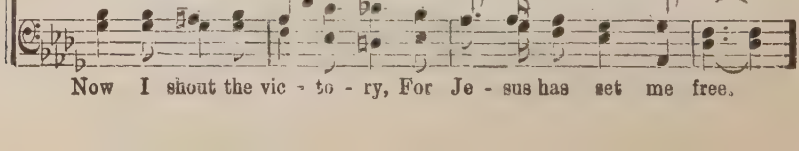
Be - hold - ing His hal-low'd face A-glow with a light di - vine;
My Sav - ior has gone be - fore, Pre - par - ing the way for me;
A home in those man-sions fair His hand hath re - serv'd for all



My soul was as bleak as night, But dark-ness has tak - en flight;



Blest par - tak - ers of His grace, As gems in His crown to shine.
Soon we'll meet to part no more Thru time or e - ter - ni - ty.
For the wed-ding feast pre-pare, O - bey - ing the gra - cious call.



Now I shout the vic - to - ry, For Je - sus has set me free.

CHORUS

They come from the thorn-y way,..... From re-gions be-yond the sea,.....
rough and thorny way, trackless sea,

They come from the dale, from moun-tain and vale, O Shepherd of men, to Thee.....
Like an ea-gle

They soar to the mount of God,..... Be-hold-ing the Bridegroom
ho-ly mount of God, Bridegroom's

rit. *p* *a tempo*

fair;..... He who trod our earth-ly sod Will welcome each pil-grim there.
face so fair;

f *dim.*

213 Shall We Gather at the River?

R. L. R. LOWRY.

1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er, Where bright an-gel feet have
2. On the mar-gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver
3. Ere we reach the shining riv - er, Lay we ev-ery bur - den
4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv - er, Soon our pil-grim-age will

trod; With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow - ing
spray; We shall walk and wor - ship ev - er, All the
down; Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er And pro-
cease; Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er With the

CHORUS.

from the throne of God? Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv - er,
hap - py gold - en day.
vide a robe and crown.
mel - o - dy of peace.

The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti - ful riv - er; Gath - er with the

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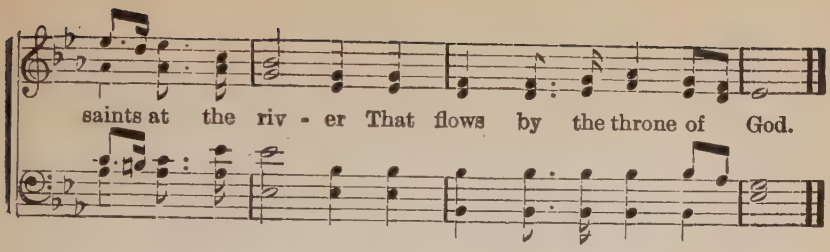
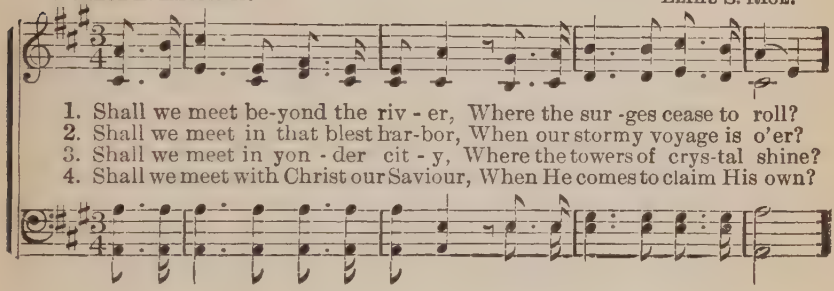
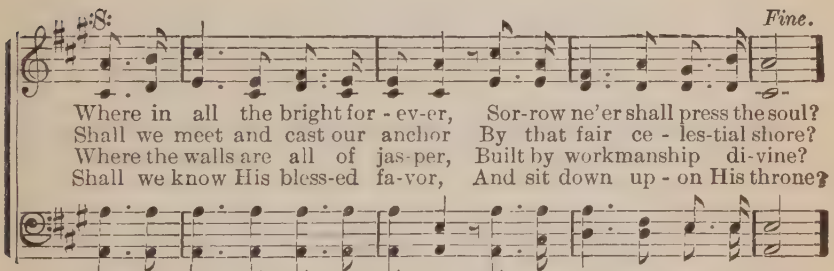
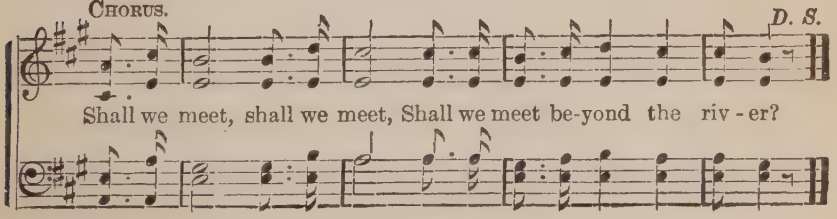


214 Shall We Meet Beyond the River?

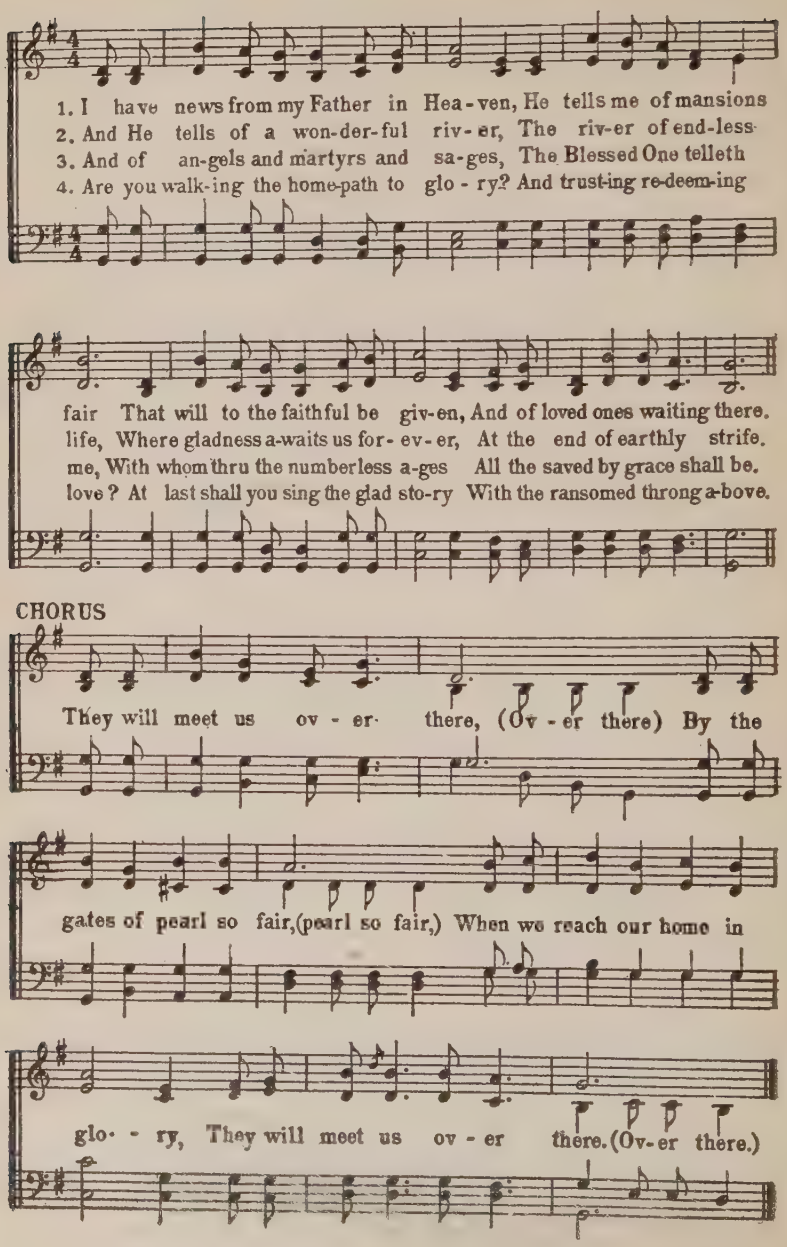
HORACE L. HASTINGS. ELIHU S. RICE.







215 They Will Meet Us Over There.



Jerusalem the Golden.

BERNARD OF CLUNY. ALEXANDER EWING.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon-ey blest,
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
3. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there, from care re - leased,
4. O sweet and bless-ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!

Be-neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - pressed.
And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng;
The shout of them that tri-umph, The song of them that feast;
O sweet and bles - sed coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!

I know not, O, I know not, What so - cial joys are there,
The Prince is ev - er in them; The day - light is se - rene;
And they who, with their Lead - er, Have con-quered in the fight,
Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest,

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light be - yond com-pare!
The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.
For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
Who art, with God the Fa - ther And Spir - it, ev - er blest!

217 O How Blessed To Be Going.

Joel Blomkvist.
Tr. by C. R. Osbeck.

R. Lowry.

1. O how bless-ed to be go-ing Homeward by our Fa-ther's
2. By the riv-ers here at Ba-bel Oft-en si-lenced be our
3. Here the ten-der ties are bro-ken, Here is sor-row, sin and

hand!..... Soon our pil-grim-age is o-ver, And we
song; ..... But the bet-ter days are com-ing In Je-
strife;..... But with-in the cit-y gold-en We shall

CHORUS.

teach the Prom-ised Land.
ru-sa-lem, ere long. There the glo-ry song is sound-ed,
meet in glo-ry-life.

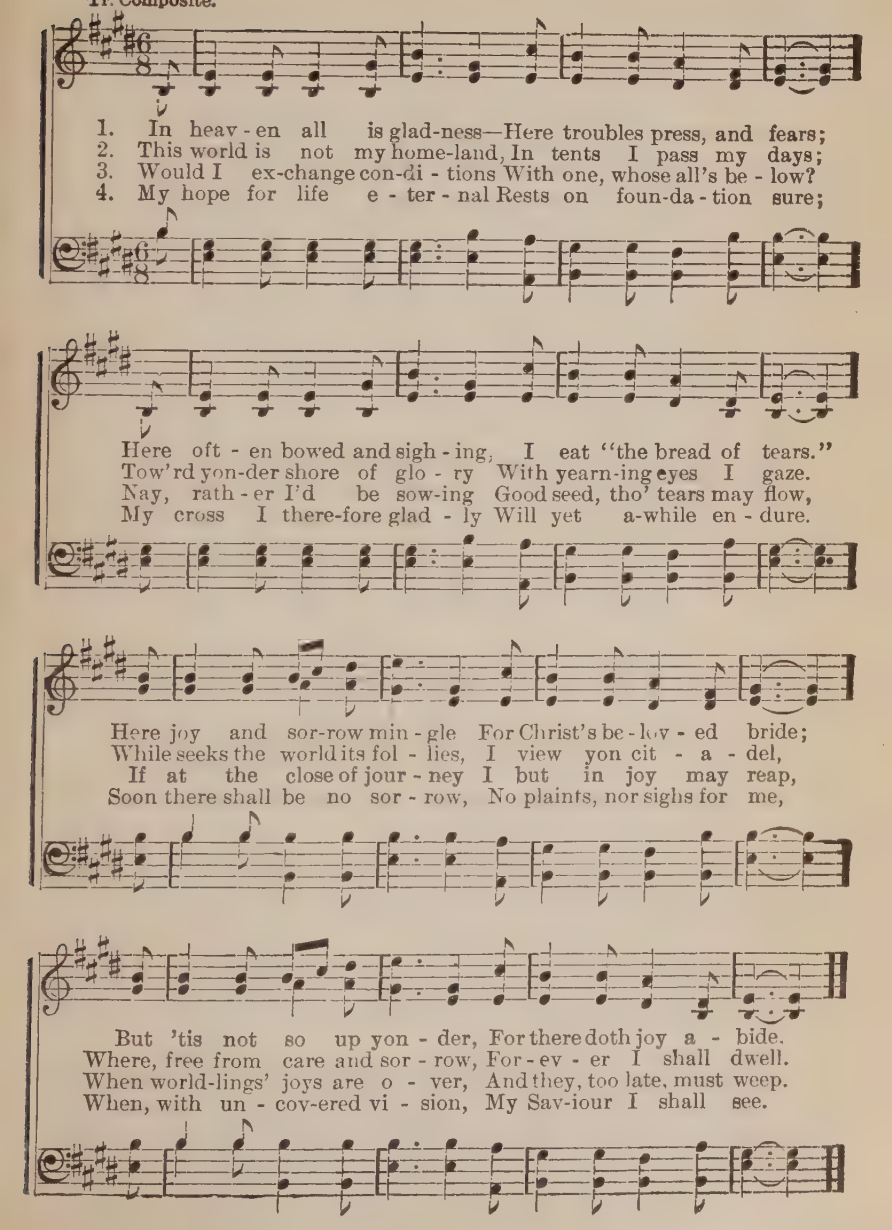
Strong-er than the roar-ing of a flood: .... Glo-ry to our

Lamb and Fa-ther, We are pur-chased by His blood.

In Heaven All is Gladness.

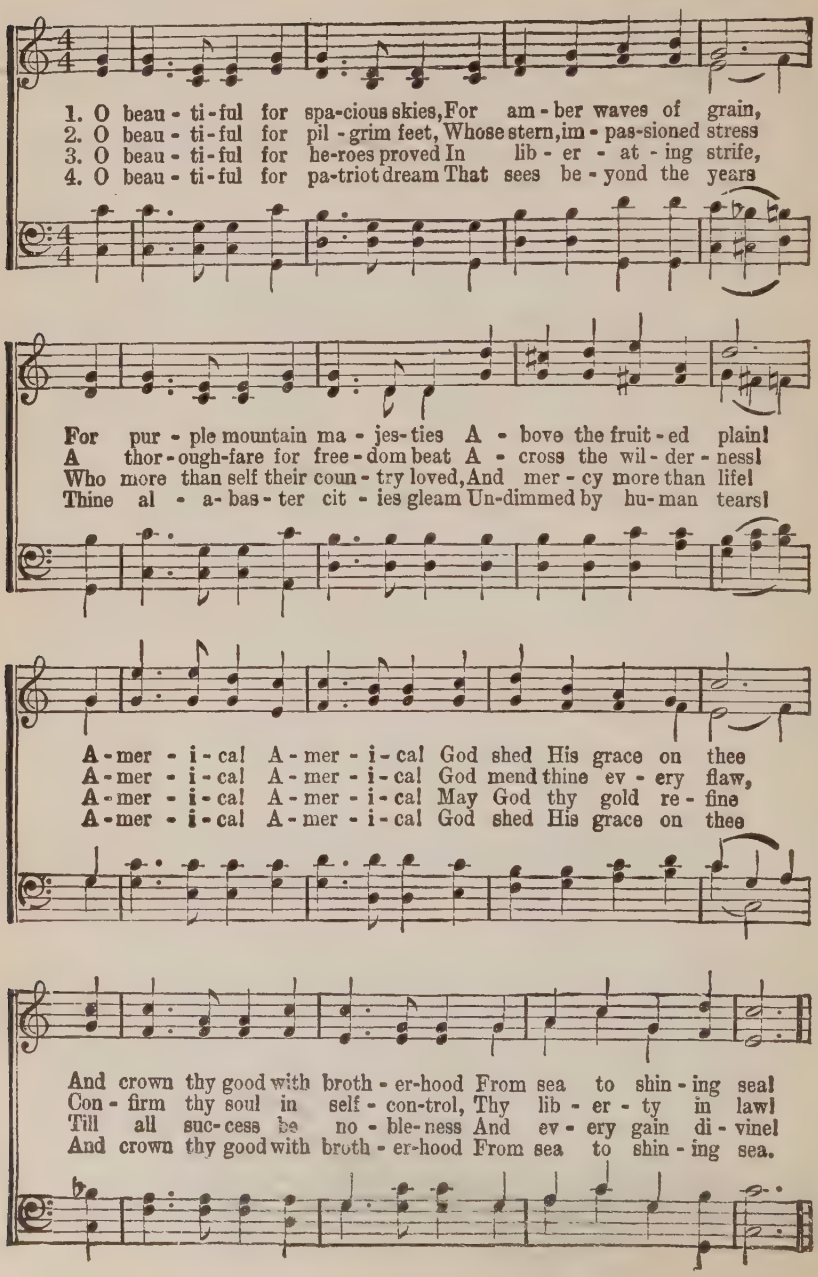
J. N. Brun.
Tr. Composite.

Oscar Ahnfelt.



America the Beautiful.

KATHARINE LEE BATES. SAMUEL A. WARD.



Our Land America.

CARL O. DAHLEN — F. PACIUS

f

1. All hail, our land, A - mer - i - ca Our song is
2. We love thy woods and rocks and rills, And silv - ry
3. Our own dear land, "Our na - tive land," Thy name we
4. Should sub - tle dan - gers threat-en thee, We a - ny

f

fz *dim*

1. born of thee: The land of ours and pil grim's pride,
2. lakes that gleam, Thy bound-less fields of gold-en grains
3. sing and love! He - ro - ic deeds en - shrine thy page,
4. foe de - fy; Thy sons we are, on us de-pend,

fz *dim* *f*

1. The land of hills and prair-ies wide, The land out-streched from
2. Thy fer - tile val - leys and thy plains, Thy cher - ished homes by
3. And men whose names live thru the age, The glo - ry of thy
4. "The stars and stripes we will de - fend; The soil in which our

rit

1. sea to sea, The home of lib - er - ty.
2. lake or stream, Where they in sun - light beam.
3. ban - ner prove, Still wav - ing high a - bove.
4. fa - thers lie, For thee we fain would die.

1. The land out-streched from sea to sea, of lib - er - ty.
2. Thy cher - ished homes by lake or stream in sun - light beam.
3. The glo - ry of thy ban-ner wav - ing high a - bove.
4. The soil in which our fath-ers lie for thee we'd die.

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221 Battle Hymn of the Republic.

JULIA WARD HOWE. WM. STEFFE.

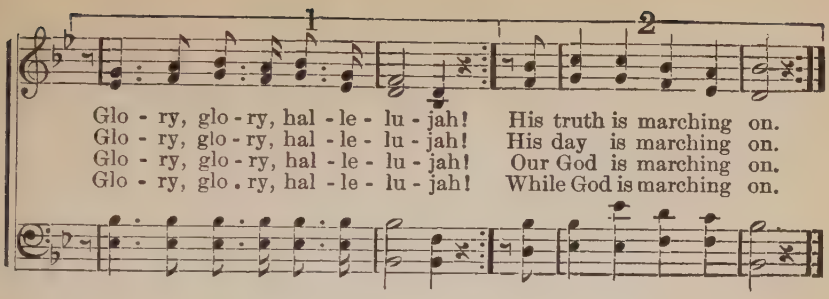
1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com-ing of the Lord;
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred circling camps;
3. He has sounded forth the trump-et that shall nev - er call re - treat;
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a-cross the sea,

He is trampling out the vint-age where the grapes of wrath are stored;
They have builded Him an al - tar in the eve-ning dews and damps;
He is sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judgment seat.
With a glo - ry in His bos - om that trans-fig - ures you and me;

He hath loosed the fate - ful light-ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword;
I can read His right-eous sen-tence by the dim and flar-ing lamps;
O be swift, my soul, to an - swer Him; be ju - bi-lant, my feet;
As He died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free;

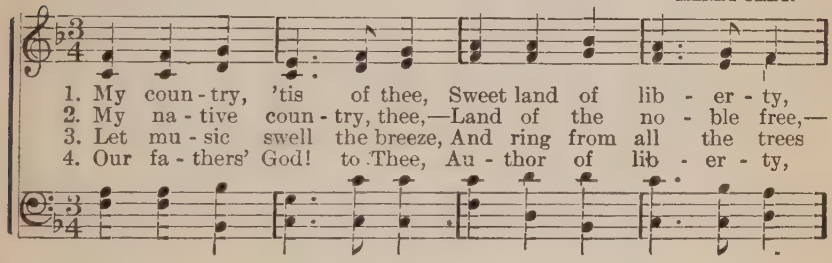
CHORUS.

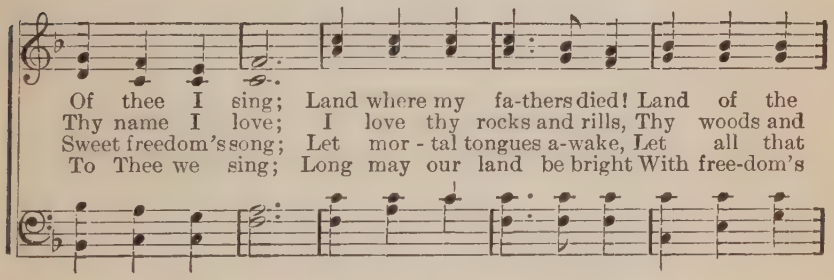
His truth is marching on. Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
His day is marching on. Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
Our God is marching on. Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
While God is marching on. Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

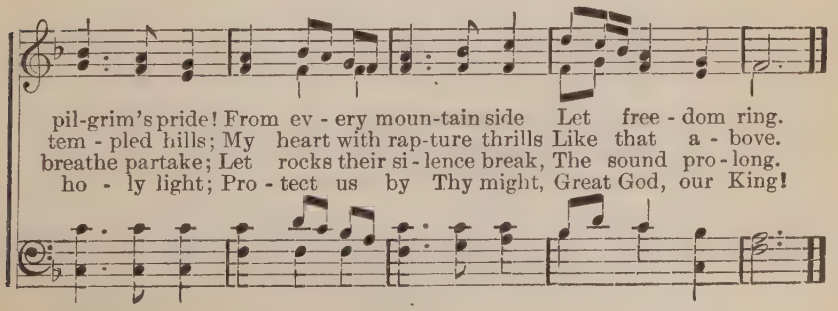


222 America.

S. F. SMITH. HENRY CARY.







223 The Star-Spangled Banner.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY. SAMUEL ARNOLD.

1. O say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light,
2. On the shore, dim - ly seen through the mists of the deep,
3. And where is that band, who so vaunt-ing - ly swore,
4. O, thus be it ev - er, when free - men shall stand

What so proud-ly we hailed at the twi-light's last gleam - ing?
Where the foe's haughty hosts in dread si - lence re - pos - es,
That the hav - oc of war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion
Be - tween their loved homes and the war's des - o - la - tion;

Whose broad stripes and bright stars, Thro' the per - il - ous fight,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep,
A home and a coun - try should leave us no more?
Blest with vic - tory and peace, may the heaven-res - cued land

O'er the ram-parts we watched were so gal - lant - ly stream-ing?
As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis - clos - es?
Their blood has washed out their foul foot-steps' pol - lu - tion.
Praise the Power that hath made and pre-served us a na - tion.

And the rock - ets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn-ing's first beam,
No ref - uge could save the hire - ling and slave
Then con - quer we must, when our cause it is just,

Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
In full glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines on the stream.
From the ter - ror of flight or the gloom of the grave.
And this be our mot - to: "In God is our trust."

O say, does that star-span - gled ban - ner still wave
'Tis the star-span-gled ban - ner: O long may it wave
And the star-span-gled ban - ner in tri - umph doth wave
And the star-span-gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Memories of Galilee.

ROBERT MORRIS. H. R. PALMER.

1. Each coo-ing dove..... and sigh-ing bough..... That makes the
2. Each flow'ry glen ..... and moss-y dell,..... Where hap-py
3. And when I read..... the thrill-ing lore..... Of Him who

eve..... so blest to me,..... Has something far..... di-vin-er
birds..... in song a-gree,.....Thro' sunny morn..... the prais-es
walked... up-on the sea,..... I long, oh, how..... I long once

now,..... It bears me back..... to Gal-i-lee.....
tell..... Of sights and sounds..... in Gal-i-lee.....
more..... To fol-low him..... in Gal-i-lee.....

CHORUS.

O Gal-i-lee! sweet Gal-i-lee! Where Jesus loved so much to be;

O Gal-i-lee! blue Gal-i-lee! Come, sing thy song a-gain to me!

H. R. Palmer, owner of copyright.

Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

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W. L. T. W. L. Thompson.

SOLO OR DUET. *ad lib.*

1. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen-tly home, When life's toils are end-ed, And parting days have come, Sin no more shall tempt me, Ne'er from Thee I'll roam, If Thou'lt on-ly lead me, Father, Lead me gen-tly home.

2. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen-tly home, In life's dark-est hours, Father, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wand'ring, Lest from Thee I roam, Lest I fall up-on the wayside, Lead me gen-tly home.

rit. *p*

REFRAIN.

Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther Lead me gen-tly, Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther, Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther, Lest I fall up-on the way-side, Lead me gen-tly home.

gen-tly home.

The Redeemed Ones in Glory.

C.O.D. CARL O. DAHLEN

1. The re-deemed ones in glo-ry sing a won-der-ful song Of their
2. These are they which come out of trib-u - la-tion and sin And have
3. What a day of re-joic-ing for us all it will be, When in

Sa-vior, gather'd round his heav'nly throne; Like the sound of a mighty
washed their garments in the cleansing flood, Ever more they are serving
glo - ry we shall join the ransomed throng; When our Savior and loved ones

tor-rent comes from the throng, "Glory, praise and honor be to God a-lone!"
God, His tem-ple with-in, Praising Him who saved them by His precious blood
with the Lord we shall see And with them to sing the newborn glory song.

CHORUS

Hear the song of saints a-round the throne in ju-bi - lee,

Hear the song of saints a-round the throne in ju-bi - lee,

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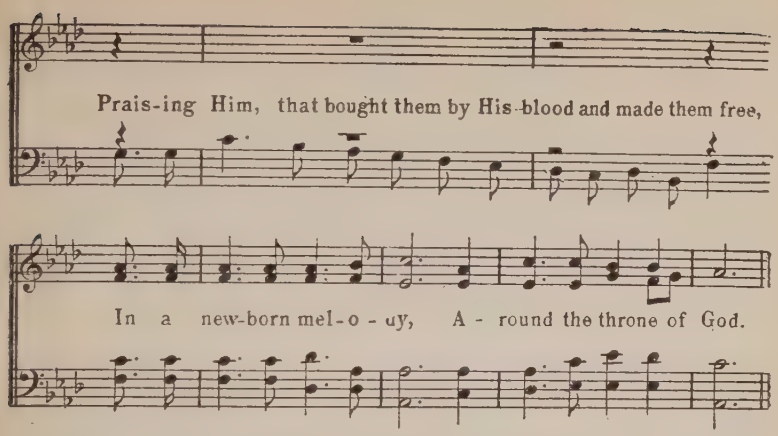
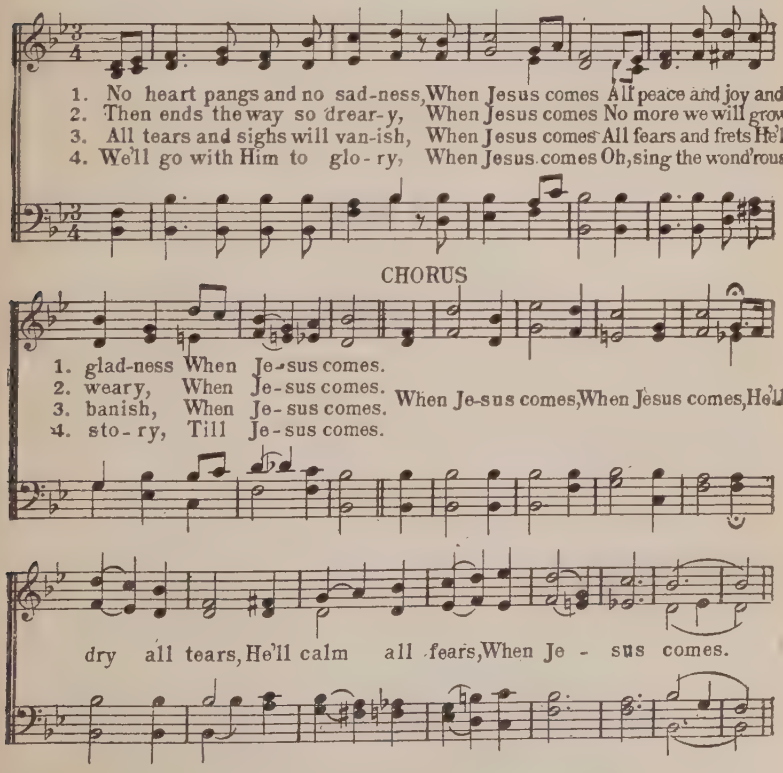


227 When Jesus Comes.

J.C.J. JOEL C. JOHNSON



228 Thine!

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1. Thine for ev - er bless-ed Je - sus, Thine a - lone for ev - er-more,
2. Thine for ev - er bless-ed Je - sus, Thine to walk the heav'n-ly way,
3. Thine for ev - er bless-ed Je - sus, Thine to shine in sins dark night,
4. Thine for ev - er bless-ed Je - sus, Thine the vic - tor - y to win,
5. Thine for ev - er bless-ed Je - sus, Thine when sets life's glow-ing sun,

1. Thine to tell re - demp-tion's sto - ry, Tell it sweet - ly o'er and o'er.
2. Liv - ing not for self but oth - ers, Glad - ly serv - ing day by day.
3. Thine to point the way to glo - ry, To the home with man sions bright
4. Through the blood from Calv - ry's foun-tian I shall con-quer ov - er sin.
5. Thine to en - ter heav-en's por - tals When my work on earth is done.

CHORUS

Je - sus, Je - sus bless - ed Je - sus, I am Thine for - ev - er more

Soon I'll be with Thee for - ev - er, Ov - er on the glo - ry - shore.

229 My Heart In Sighing.

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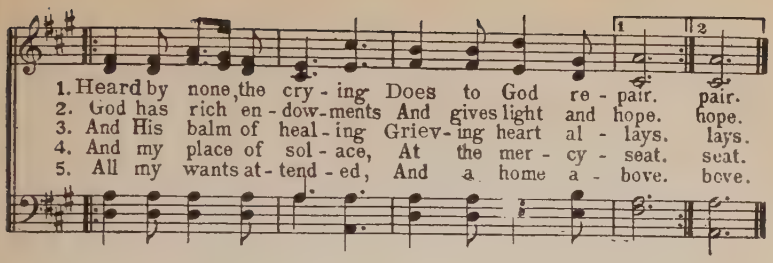
CARL O. DAHLEN, Tr.

1. From my heart in sigh - ing Steals a fer - vant prayr,
2. In the try - ing mo - ments, Why in dark-ness grope?
3. God Him-self re - veal - ing, In His word of grace
4. Be it hut or pal - ace, This in my re - treat
5. I am all con - tent - ed, In my Sav - ior's love,



230 His At Last.

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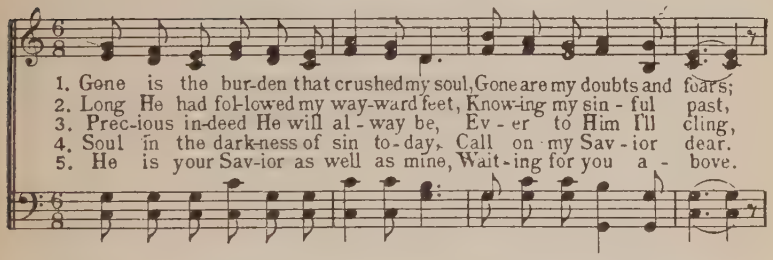
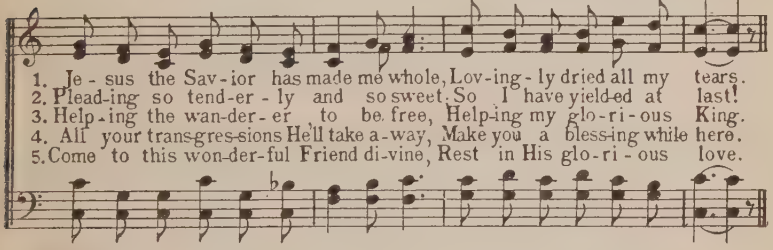
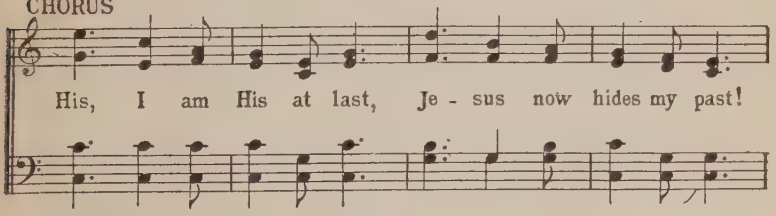
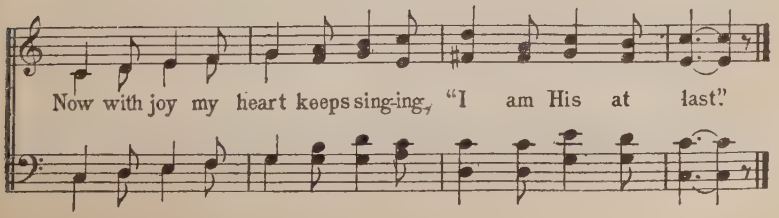




CHORUS





231 Where is My Boy To-Night?

R. L. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night—The boy of my tenderest care, The
2. Once he was pure as morn-ing dew, As he knelt at his moth-er's knee; No
3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old - en time, When
4. Go for my wand'ring boy to-night; Go, search for him where you will; But

boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer?
face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.
prat-tle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer - ry chime!
bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.

CHORUS.

O where is my boy to - night? O where is my boy to - night? My
heart o'erflows, for I love him, he knows; O where is my boy to - night?

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Some Sweet Day.

I. E. R.

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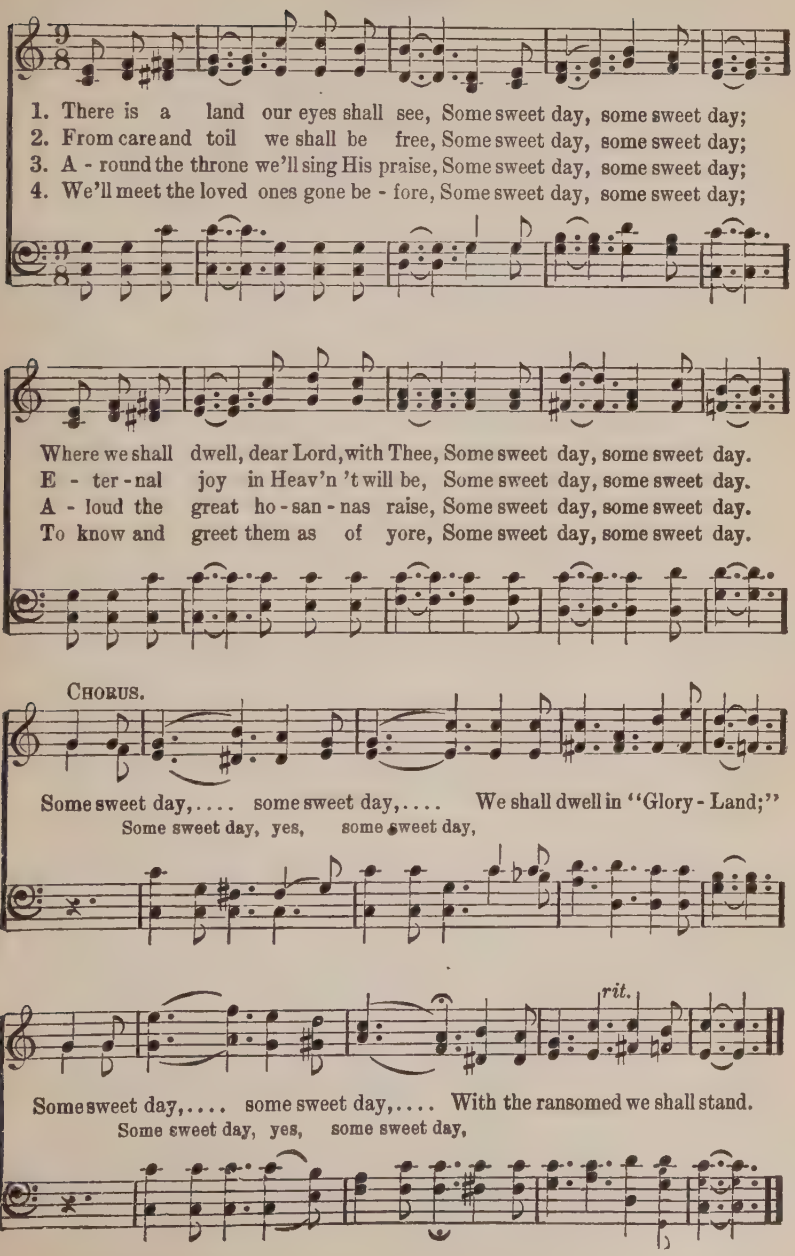
I. E. Reynolds.



233 A Missionary Cry.

Rev. A. B. Simpson. J. H. Burke.

1. A hun-dred thou-sand souls a day, Are pass-ing one by one a-way, In Christ-less guilt and gloom. With-out one ray of hope or light, With fu-ture dark as end-less night, They're pass-ing to their doom, They're pass-ing to their doom.
2. O Ho-ly Ghost, Thy peo-ple move, Bap-tize their hearts with faith and love, And con-se-crate their gold. At Je-sus' feet their mil-lions pour, And all their ranks u-nite once more, As in the days of old, As in the days of old.
3. Ar-mies of pray'r your prom-ise claim, Prove the full pow'r of Je-sus'name, And take the vic-to-ry. Your conq'ring Cap-tain leads you on, The glo-rious fight may still be won, This ver-y cen-tu-ry, This ver-y cen-tu-ry.
4. The Mas-ter's com-ing draw-eth near, The Son of Man will soon ap-pear, His King-dom is at hand. But ere that glo-rious day can be, This Gos-pel of the King-dom, we Must preach in ev-'ry land, Must preach in ev-'ry land.
5. O let us then His com-ing haste, O let us end this aw-ful waste Of souls that nev-er die. A thou-sand mil-lions still are lost, A Sav-iour's blood has paid the cost, O hear their dy-ing cry, O hear their dy-ing cry.
6. They're passing, pass-ing fast a-way, A hun-dred thou-sand souls a day, In Christ-less guilt and gloom, O Church of Christ, what wilt thou say When in the aw-ful judg-ment day, They charge thee with their doom? They charge thee with their doom?

Copyright, 1890, by A. B. Simpson and J. H. Burke.

CHORUS.

They're pass - ing, pass - ing fast a - way, In thou-sands
pass - ing, pass - ing, pass - ing, pass - ing,

day by day, They're passsng to their doom, They're passing to their doom.

234 Fling Out the Banner.

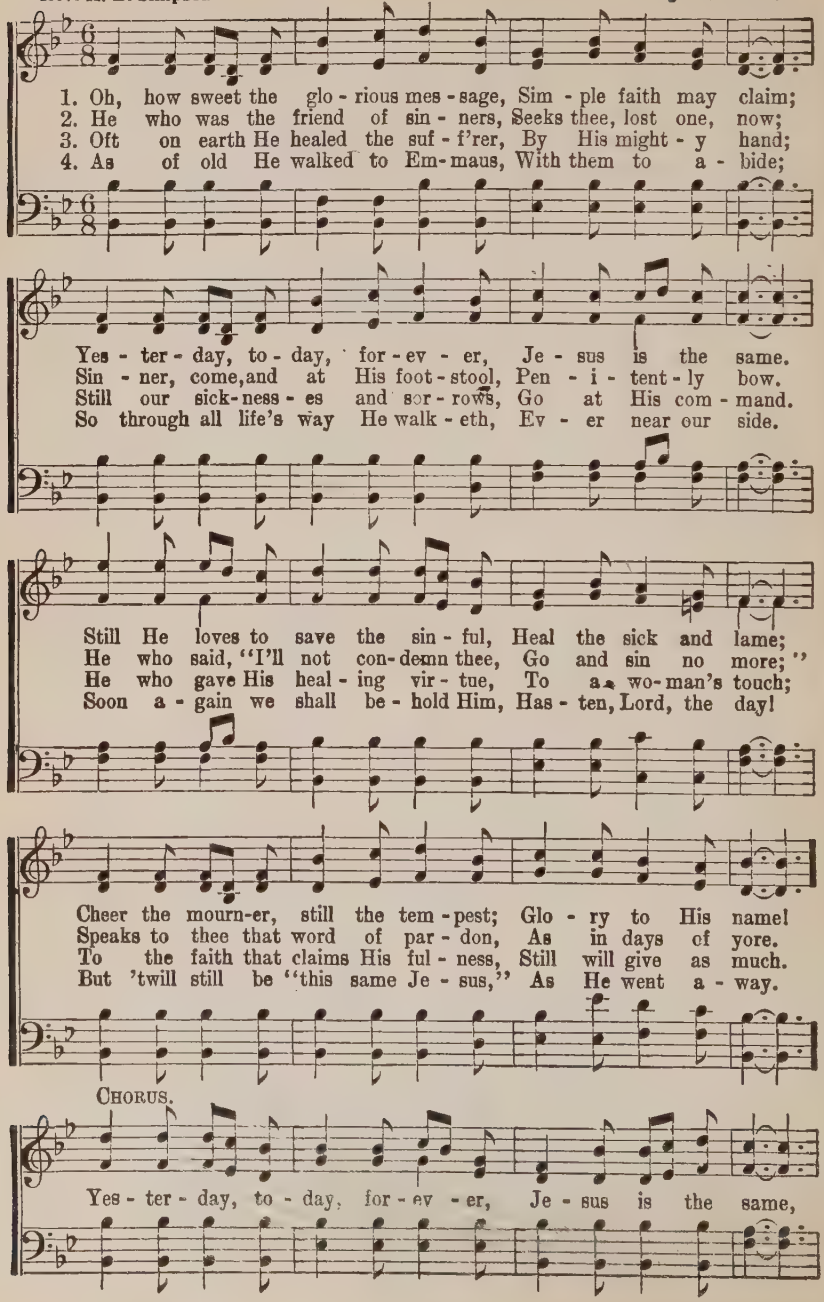
Bishop George W. Doane. J. Baptiste Calkin.

1. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;
2. Fling out the ban-ner! an-gels bend In anx - ious si - lence o'er the sign,
3. Fling out the ban-ner! heathen lands Shall see from far the glo-rious sight,
4. Fling out the ban-ner! sin-sick souls, That sink and per - ish in the strife,

The sun that lights its shin - ing folds, The cross on which the Sav - ior died.
And vain - ly seek to com - pre-hend The won - der of the love Di - vine.
And na-tions crowd-ing to be born, Bap-tize their spir - its in its light.
Shall touch in faith its ra-diant hem, And spring im-mor - tal in - to life.

235 Yesterday, To-day, Forever.

Rev. A. B. Simpson. J. H. Burke.



All may change, but Jesus nev-er! Glo-ry to His name, Glo-ry to His name,

Glo-ry to His name; All may change, but Jesus never! Glo-ry to His name.

236 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. Rev. A. J. Gordon.

1. My Je-sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, be-cause Thou hast first lov-ed, me, And pur-chased my
3. In man-sions of glo-ry and end-less de-light, I'll ev-er a-

tol-lies of sin I re-sign; My gra-cious Re-deem-er, my
par-don on Cal-va-ry's tree; I love Thee for wear-ing the
dore Thee in heav-en so bright; I'll sing with the glit-ter-ing

Sav-iour, art Thou; If ev-er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow; If ev-er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow, If ev-er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.

237 Christ Arose!

R. L. Robert Lowry.

Slow.

1. Low in the grave He lay— Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Wait - ing the
2. Vain - ly they watch His bed— Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Vain - ly they
3. Death can - not keep his prey— Je - sus, my Sav - iour! He tore the

CHORUS. *Faster.*

com-ing day— Je- sus, my Lord!
seal the dead—Je- sus, my Lord! Up from the grave He a - rose, With a
bars a- way—Je- sus, my Lord! He a-rose,

might - y tri-umph o'er His foes; He a - rose a Vic-tor from the
He a-rose!

dark do- main, And He lives for ev - er with His saints to reign; He a -

rit.

rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!
He a - rose! He a - rose!

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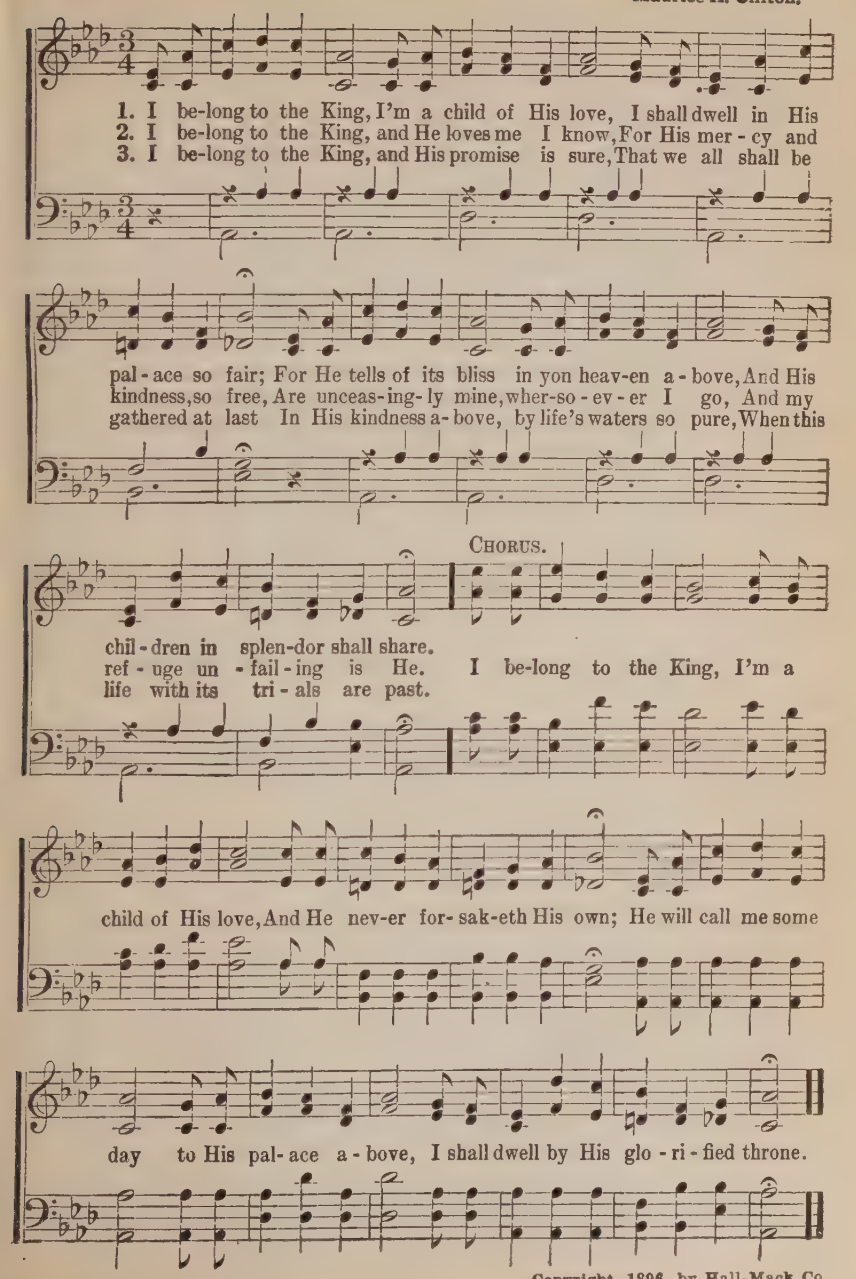
238 I Belong to the King.

Ida L. Reed. Maurice A. Clifton.



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239 Christmas Psalm.

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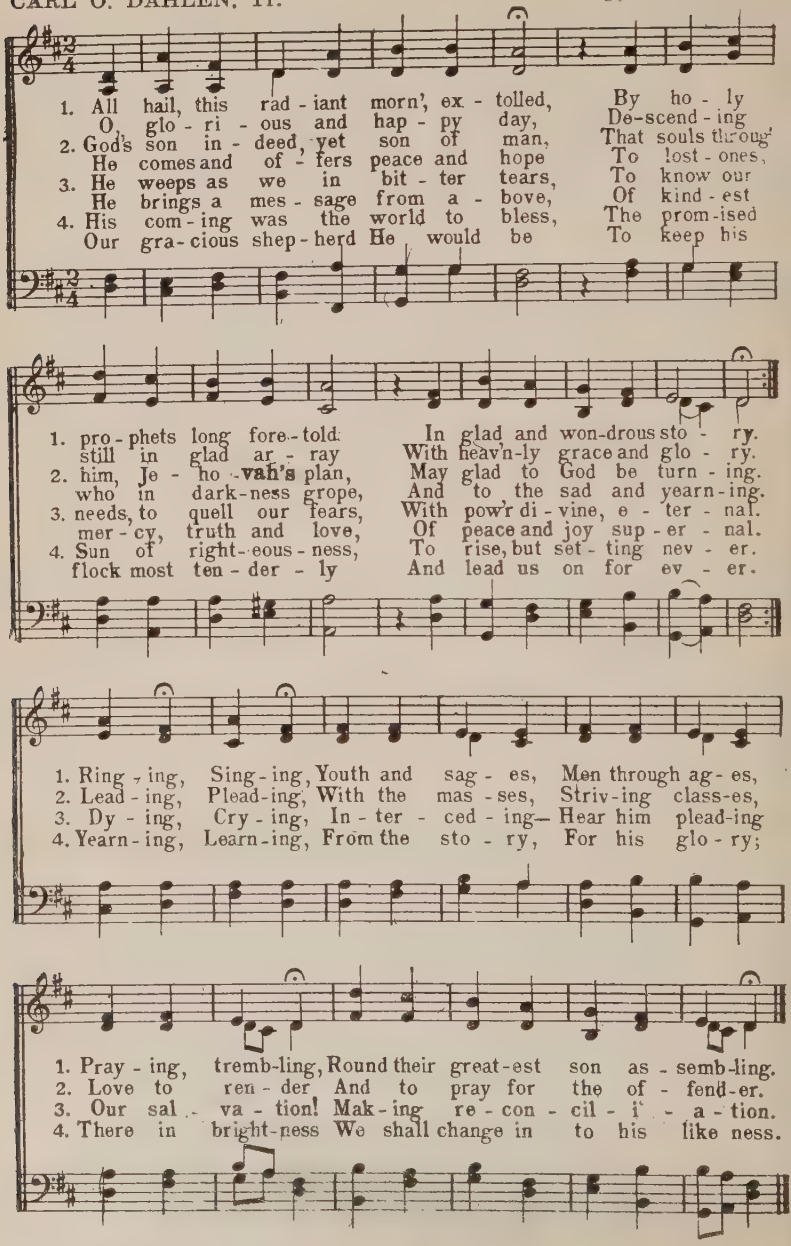
CARL O. DAHLEN, Tr. J. O. WALLIN.



With God and His Friendship.

C. O. ROSENIUS
C. R. OSBACK, Tr.

OSCAR AHNFELT

1. With God and His Friend-ship, His Spir-it and Word, With brethren par-
2. In per - il - ous times, thru the gloom of the night, A host marches
3. The Pil-lar that guides us thru dan-gers and strife, The Rock that re-
4. Yes, this is the ground for my com-fort and joy, In mo-ments that
5. O Je - sus! be with us, a-bide with us still, And care for us,

1. tak - ing the bread of our Lord, With cour-age and joy we will
2. on through the dark-ness to light; These pil-grims obscured, are dis-
3. fresh - es with wa - ters of life, Is Christ and His love and His
4. soul crush - ing doubts would destroy. If bod - y and soul ev - er
5. bear us, and teach us Thy will. Thy glo - ry, O Je - sus, Thou'lt

1. meet com-ing days: The Shep-herd is with us, The Shep-herd is
2. owned by the world, But owned by the Mas-ter, But owned by the
3. soul cleansing blood: Our soul's life and glo - ry, Our soul's life and
4. lan-guish a - way, Thou Lord, with Thy presence, Thou Lord, with Thy
5. soon let us see: Praise glo - ry and honour, Praise glo-ry and

1. with us, The dear, lov - ing Shep-herd He guides all our ways.
2. Mas - ter, They march on to glo - ry, with ban-ners un-furl'ed.
3. glo - ry, In joys and in sor - rows with us He has stood.
4. presence, Thou Lord, with Thy pres - ence, turn night in - to day.
5. honour, Praise, glo - ry and hon - our, our Sav-iour to Thee!

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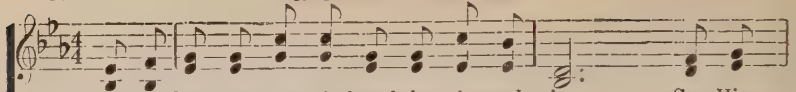
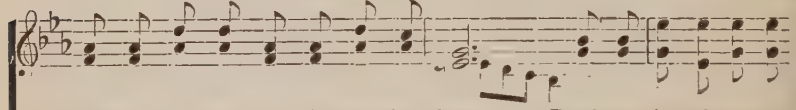
241 Hear Him Knocking.

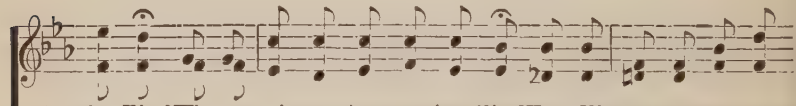
T. H. Copyright, 1923, by Thoro Harris Thoro Harris



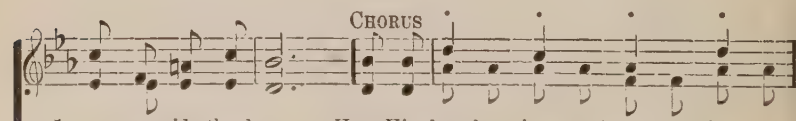
1. There's a Stang-er gent - ly knock-ing o'er and o'er, See Him
2. 'Tis the Sav - ior sweet-ly plead-ing with your heart; If you
3. Bid the Christ a - bide for - ev - er as thy Guest, For of
4. He will spread a roy - al ban-quet: what a feast! Ev - 'ry



1. stand-ing as so oft He stood be - fore, Broth-er mine, why not re
2. wait too long He sad - ly will de - part, Quick-ly rise and bid Him
3. all friends He is dear - est, fair - est, best; Could you en - ter - tain a
4. joy that thrills thy bos - om shall in-crease; All thy life to Him sur-

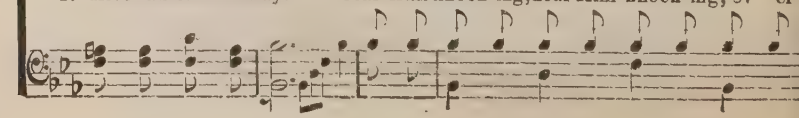


1. ceive Him? Why con - tin - ue thus to grieve Him? Keep Him out no more, But
2. en - ter, Thine af-fec-tions on Him cen - ter: He will peace im-part And
3. great - er Than the King, the world's Cre - a - tor? Yet He deigns to come And
4. ren - der Who is pa-tient, kind and ten - der: He'll a - bide for ave And



CHORUS

1. o - pen wide the door. Hear Him knock - ing, knock - ing,
2. heal the bro-ken heart.
3. share thy humble home.
4. drive all care a-way. Hear Him knock-ing, hear Him knock-ing, ev - er



knock-ing still, You can let Him in if you on - ly will; No lon - ger

slight this kind, this pa-tient Friend Who'll a-bide with you till
this bless-ed Sav-ior, your e - ter - nal Friend

life shall end. Je - sus Christ, the Son of God and man, Chose you

for His own ere the worlds be - gan, Yet He knocks, a

sup - pliant; let Him in And the ev - er - last - ing feast be - gin.

242 Majestic Sweetness.

Samuel Stennett. Thomas Hastings.

M. 44 = ♩.

1. Ma - jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Savior's brow; His head with
2. No mor-tal can with Him compare Among the sons of men; Fair - er is
3. He saw me plunged in deep distress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have: He makes me

radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'er flow, His lips with grace o'er flow.
He than all the fair Who fill the heav'nly train, Who fill the heav'nly train.
bore the shameful cross, And carried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.
tri-umph over death, And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.

243 No, Not One!

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Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Geo. C. Hugg.

M. 84 = ♩ FINE.

1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev - er saint find this friend for-sake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav - ior giv - en? No, not one! no, not one!

D.C.–*There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!*

None else could heal all our soul's dis - eas - es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin - ner find that He would not take him, No, not one! no, not one!
Will He re - fuse us a home in heav - en? No, not one! no, not one!

CHORUS. D. C.

Je - sus knows all a - bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;

244 Rescue the Perishing.

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Fanny J. Crosby. William H. Doane.

M. 80 = ♩

1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen - i-tent child to re-ceive; Plead with them ear - nest - ly, Plead with them gen-tly;
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bu - ried that grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness,
4. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la - bor the Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar-row way Pa-tient - ly win them;

CHORUS.

Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.
He will for-give if they on - ly be-lieve. Res - cue the per - ish-ing,
Chords that are bro - ken will vi-brate once more.
Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav - ior has died.

Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

Not I, But Christ.

Copyright, 1925, by Thoro Harris

A. A. P.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Not I, but Christ, be hon-ored, loved, ex-alt-ed; Not I, but Christ,
2. Not I, but Christ, to gen-tly soothe in sor-row; Not I, but Christ,
3. Not I, but Christ, my ev-'ry need sup-ply-ing; Not I, but Christ,

1. be seen, be known, be heard; Not I, but Christ, in ev-
2. to wipe the fall-ing tear; Not I, but Christ, to lift
3. my strength and health to be; Christ, on-ly Christ, for bod-

1. 'ry look and ac-tion; Not I, but Christ, in ev-'ry thot and word.
2. the heav-y bur-den; Not I, but Christ, to hush a-way all fear.
3. y, soul and spir-it; Christ, on-ly Christ, live Thou Thy life in me.

REFRAIN

O to be sav'd from my-self, bless-ed Lord! O to be

all like Thee! O that it may be no more I, But like Thee!

Christ who dwell-eth in me, But Christ who dwell-eth in me.

In His Courts.

J. L. Runeberg
J. O. B. Tr.

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ISIDOR DANNSTROM.

1. How bless-ed he that go - eth To wor-ship God a - bove, His
2. How bless'd in per-fect un - ion, When man - y meet as one! In
3. Then come with joy and glad - ness In - to His ho - ly place. The

bless-ings God be - stow - eth On those whom He doth love. And
spir - it - filled com-mun - ion, To wor-ship God's own Son! When
world brings grief and sad - ness, The Lord gives peace and grace. Come

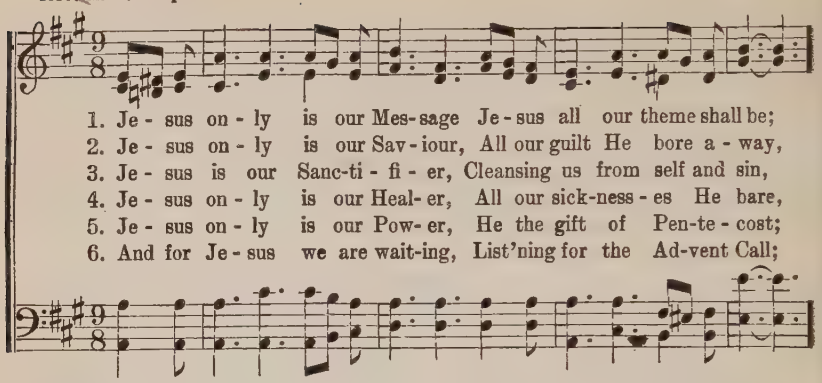
as the li - ly's flow - er Stands o - pen to the day So
ev - 'ry faith-ful rais - es His voice un - to his King, Who
in and watch with pray-ing A - mid His chos-en host, You'll

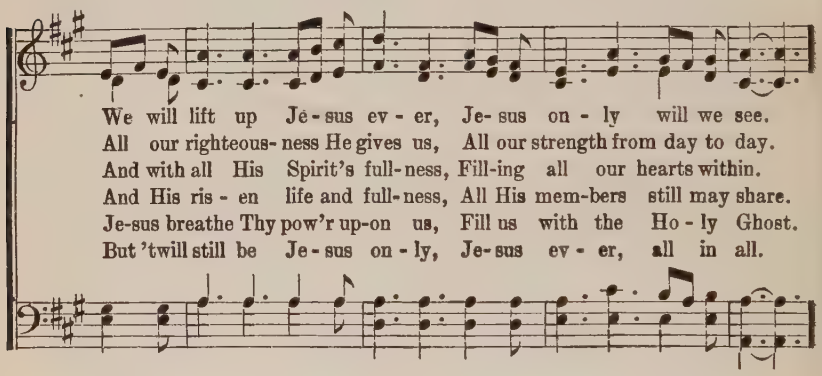
do for God's own pow - er We look and long to - day.
would not join his prais - es And God his off - 'ring bring?
nev - er more be stray-ing, Led by the Ho - ly Ghost.

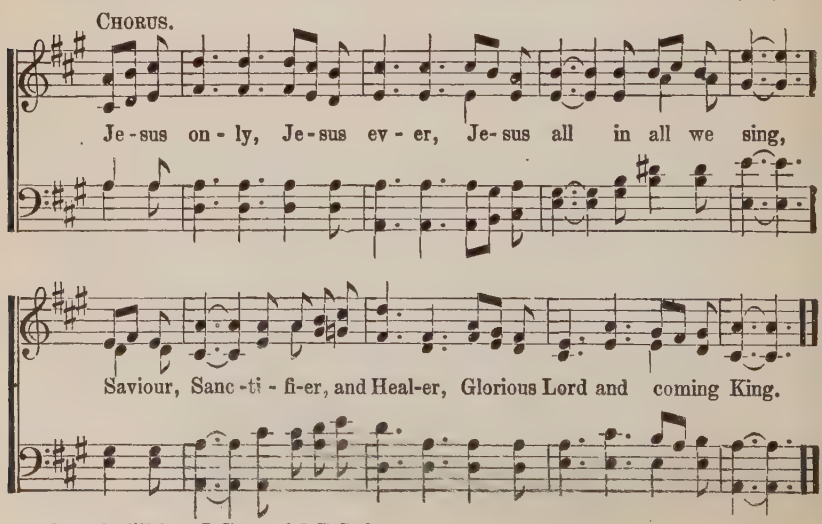
So do for God's own pow - er We look and long to - day.
Who would not join his prais-es And God his off-ring bring?
You'll nev - er more be stray-ing, Led by the Ho - ly Ghost.

Jesus Only.

Rev. A. B. Simpson. J. H. Burke.







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What a Wonderful Saviour!

E. A. H.

Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. Christ has for sin a-tone-ment made, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
2. I praise Him for the cleansing blood, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
3. He cleansed my heart from all its sin, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
4. He walks be - side me all the way, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
5. He gives me o - ver - com-ing pow'r, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
6. To Him I've giv - en all my heart, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!

We are re-deemed! the price is paid! What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
That rec - on-ciled my soul to God; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
And now He reigns and rules there-in; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
And keeps me faith - ful day by day; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
And tri-umph in each try - ing hour; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
The world shall nev - er share a part; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!

CHORUS.

What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, my Je - sus!

What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, my Lord!

249 It Was Jesus Who Set Me Free.

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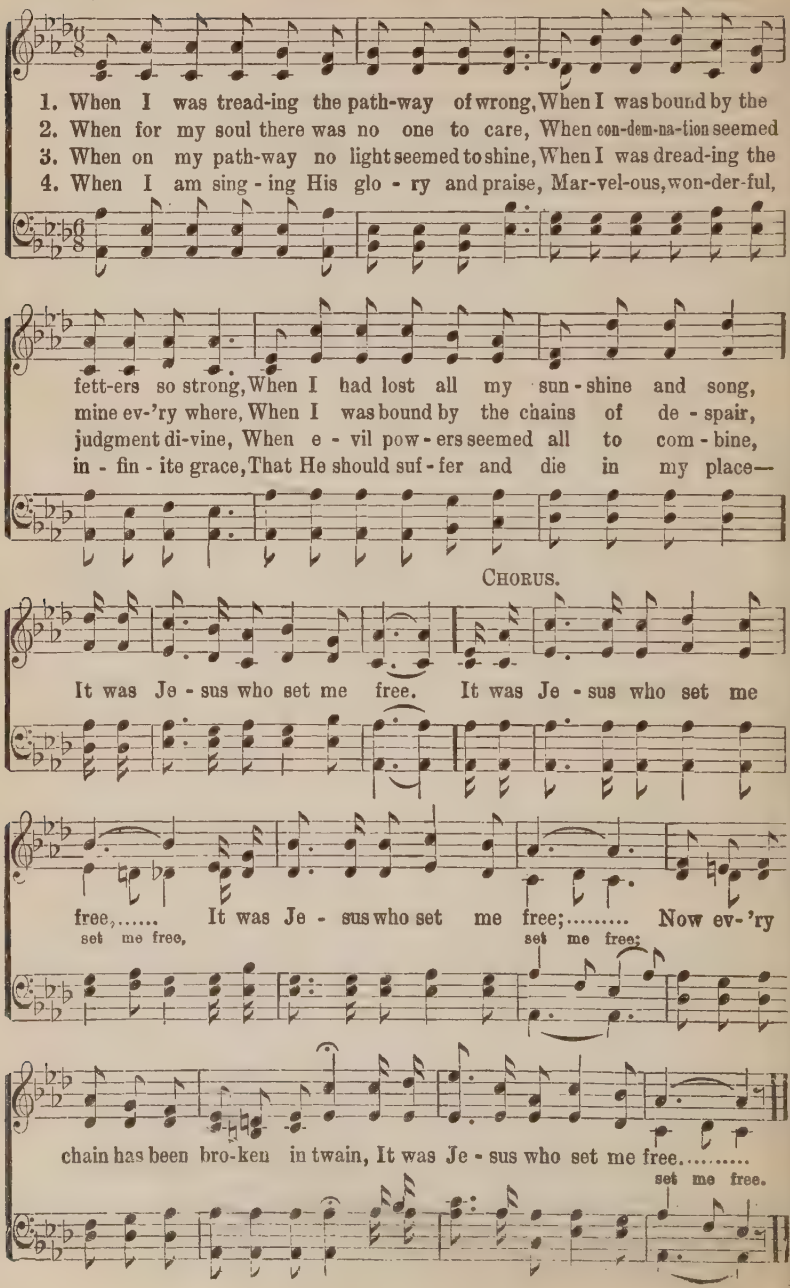
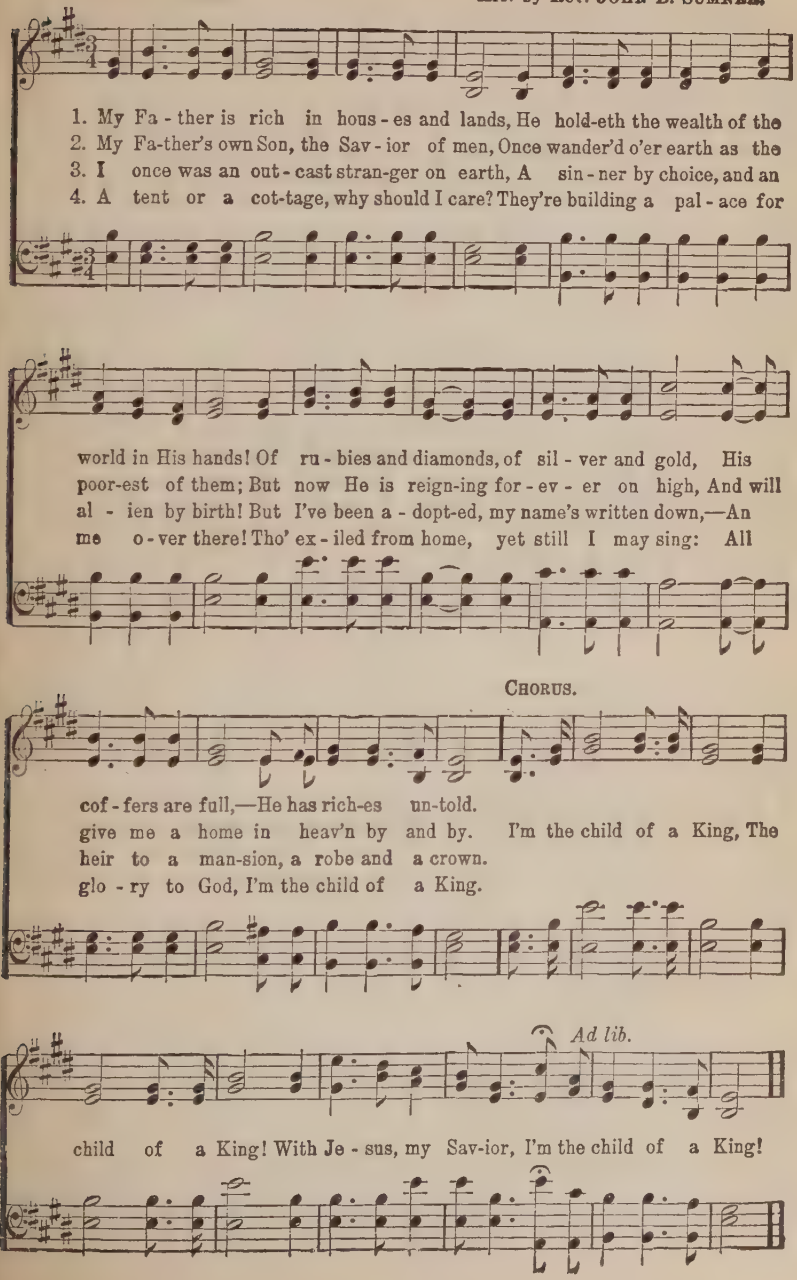


250 The Child of a King.

HATTIE E. BUELL. Arr. by Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER.



The Unclouded Day.

Words and melody by
Rev. J. K. Alwood.

1. O they tell me of a home far be - yond the skies, O they
2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they
3. O they tell me of a King in His beau - ty there, And they
4. O they tell me that He smiles on His chil - dren there, And His

tell me of a home far a - way; O they tell me of a home
tell me of that land far a - way; Where the tree of life
tell me that mine eyes shall be hold, Where He sits on the throne
smile drives their sor-rows all a - way; And they tell me that no tears

D. S.—*O they tell me of a home*

FINE.

where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloud - ed day.
in e - ter - nal bloom Sheds its fragrance thro' the un-cloud - ed day.
that is whit - er than snow, In the cit - y that is made of gold.
ev - er come a - gain, In that love - ly land of un-cloud - ed day.

where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloud-ed day.

CHORUS. D. S.

O the land of cloud-less day, O the land of an un-cloud-ed day;

252 Cross of Christ! Lead Onward.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.

1. Cross of Christ! lead onward, Thro' the Ho- ly War; In this sign we con-quer,
2. Not with pomp and pageant, Not in earth-ly pride; We must fight our battles
3. Pan - o-plied in grac - es, Bold, yet humbly meek; Resting while we're working
4. By a cloud en-compassed, Wit-ness-es a - bove; Saints, Apostles, Prophets,
5. Marching in the pathway That the Mas-ter trod, Walks One daily with us

Now and ev - er- more. Not of man the pow - er, Not to man the fame;
Like the Cru - ci - fied. O -ver-come by suff-'ring, Conquer thro' de - feat;
Strong, but ev - er weak. Tim - id, tho' cou - ra - geous, Gain-ing as we give;
Pre- cious ones we love; While "advance!" is sounding, Mounts the battle thrill.
Like the Son of God. To the end en - dur - ing, Ar-mor ne'er laid down

CHORUS.

We are vic-tors on - ly In our Leader's name.
Tried and test-ed dai - ly In the furnace heat.
Cru - ci-fied with Je - sus, Yet, in Him, we live. Cross of Christ! lead onward,
Cross of Christ! lead on- ward Where the Captain will.
Till the Cross leads up - ward To the blood-bought Crown.

Slightly ritard.

Thro' the Ho-ly War; In this sign we con - quer Now and ev - er - more.

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253 Beneath the Cross of Jesus.

E. C. Clephane, 1865 "ST. CHRISTOPHER" F. C. Maker, 1885

1. Be-neath the cross of Je-sus I fain would take my stand, The
2. Up-on the cross of Je-sus, Mine eye at times can see The
3. I take, O Cross, thy sha-dow For my a-bid-ing-place; I

shad-ow of a might-y rock With-in a wea-ry land; A
ve-ry dy-ing form of one Who suf-fered there for me. And
ask no oth-er sun-shine than The sun-shine of His face; Con

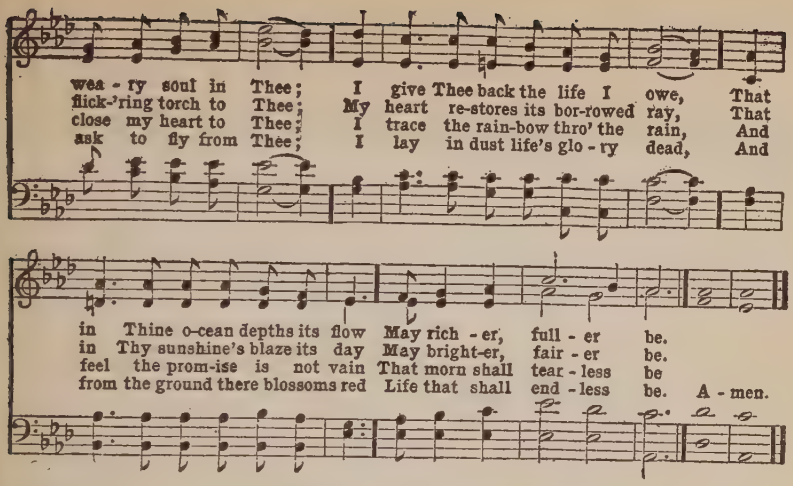
home with-in the wil-der-ness, A rest up-on the way, From the
from my smit-ten heart with tears, These won-ders I con-fess,— The
tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss, My

burn-ing of the noon-tide heat, And the bur-den of the day.
won-der of His glo-rious love, And my own worth-less-ness.
sin-ful self my on-ly shame, My glo-ry all the cross. A-men.

254 O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

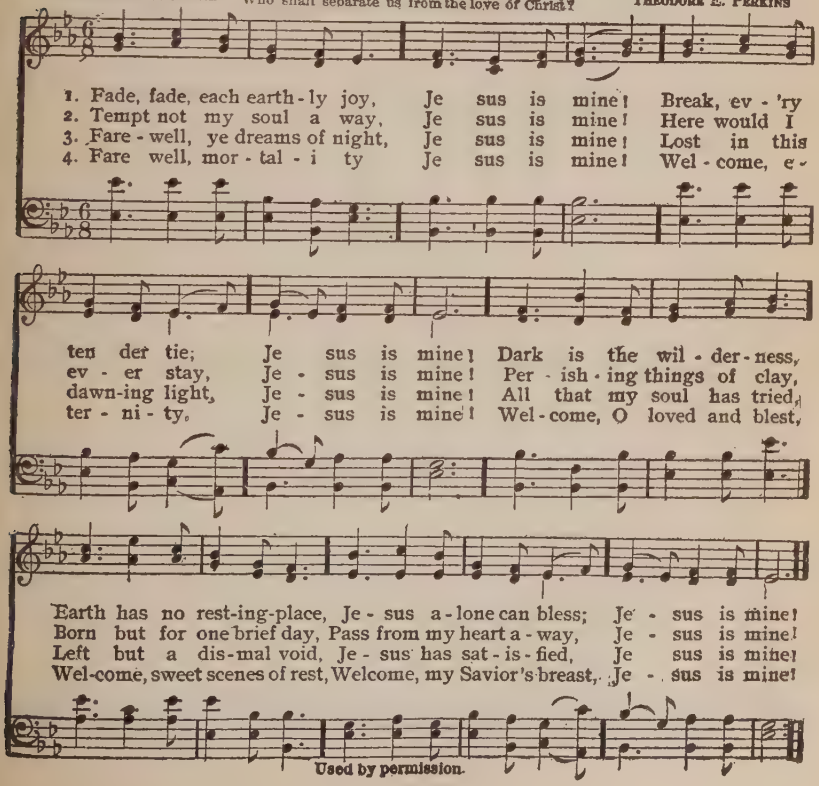
G. Matheson, 1882 St. Margaret. 8s, 6. A. L. Peace, 1885

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, . . . I rest my
2. O Light that fol-lowest all my way, . . I yield my
3. O Joy that seek-est me through pain, . . I can-not
4. O Cross that lift-est up my head, . . I dare not



255 Jesus is Mine.

CATHARINE J. BONAR — Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? — THEODORE E. PERKINS



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My Only Hope.

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THORO HARRIS

1. I've tried in vain a thou-sand ways My fears to quell, my
2. He died, He rose, He lives, He pleads! There's love in all His

hopes to raise; But what I need thru all my days Is ev-er on-ly
words and deed, There's all a trembling sin-ner needs For-ev-er more in

Je-sus. I can-not see, I can-not feel, Mine eyes are blind, my
Je-sus. Tho some may sneer and some may blame I'll go in all my

heart is steel; For light, for life I must appeal In sim-ple faith to Je-sus.
guilt and shame, I'll go to Him be-cause His name Above all names, is Je-sus.

Je-sus, Je-sus! My on-ly hope is Je-sus.

Behold, I Live.

Copyright 1924 by Thoro Harris

T. H.

THORO HARRIS

1. Our Lord hath ri - sen from the gloom-y grave And
2. And He who with His Mas-ter dai - ly dies, Who
3. Be - hold, His glo-r'ous com-ing draw-eth nigh When

prov'd Him-self the Mighty One to save; His life a ran-som
all the car-nal na-ture cru - ci-fies, Ar - ray'd in robes of
He shall part the clouds and thru the sky De-scend to take His

for the world He gave, But now He lives for-ev - er more.
glo-ry shall a - rise And live with Him for-ev - er more.
wait-ing ones on high Where they shall live for-ev - er more.

REFRAIN

Be-hold, I live, be-hold, I live, Be -

hold, I live for-ev-er more. Behold, I live, be-hold, I

live, Be - hold, I live for - ev-er more.

In the Garden.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. I come to the gar-den a-lone, While the dew is still on the
2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their
3. I'd stay in the gar-den with Him Tho' the night a-round me be

ros-es, And the voice I hear, Fall-ing on my ear, The
sing-ing, And the mel-o-dy That He gave to me, With-
fall-ing, But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe, His

CHORUS.

Son of God dis-clos-es.
in my heart is ring-ing. And He walks with me, and He
voice to me is call-ing.

talks with me, And He tells me I am His own, And the

joy we share as we tar-ry there, None oth-er has ev-er known.

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Love Lifted Me.

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James Rowe. Howard E. Smith.

M. 69 = ♩.

1. I was sink-ing deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver - y deep - ly stained with-in, Sink - ing to rise no more; But the Mas-ter of the sea Heard my de-spair-ing cry, From the wa - ters lift-ed me, Now safe am I.
2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev - er to Him I'll cling, In His bless-ed pres - ence live, Ev - er His prais - es sing. Love so might-y and so true Mer - its my soul's best songs, Faith-ful, lov-ing serv-ice, too, To Him be - longs.
3. Souls in dan-ger, look a-bove, Je - sus com-plete-ly saves; He will lift you by His love Out of the an - gry waves. He's the Mas-ter of the sea, Bil - lows His will o - bey; He your Sav-ior wants to be—Be saved to - day.

CHORUS.

Love lift - ed me!..... Love lift - ed me!..... When noth - ing else could help, Love lift - ed me. Love lift - ed me.
e - ven me! e - ven me!

1 2

His Plan.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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Mrs. C. H. Morris.

Sopranos & Tenors.

Altos & Basses.

1. There's on - ly one way that this lost world can know That Je - sus for sin - ners hath died: . . To spread the glad tidings He's bid-den us go,
2. If Christ's first dis - cip - les had si - lent - ly gone, And been to their great trust un - true; . . God's plan of sal-va-tion we could not have known—
3. Tell oth - ers what Je - sus has done for your soul, Of sins thro' His blood washed a-way; . . And bid them on Him ev - 'ry bur-den to roll,
4. Dear Mas - ter, we has - ten the sto - ry to tell, And pass on the life - giv - ing word; . . Then they must tell oth-ers, and they, oth-ers still,

CHORUS.

And no oth-er way doth pro - vide. .
His mer - cy for me and for you. .
And taste His sal - va - tion to - day. .
Till all the glad mes-sage have heard. .

He's counting on us the sto - ry to tell, His scheme of re-demp-tion for man; . . He's count-ing on you, He's counting on me, The Mas-ter has no oth-er plan.

for man;

261 Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.

R. H. McDaniel.

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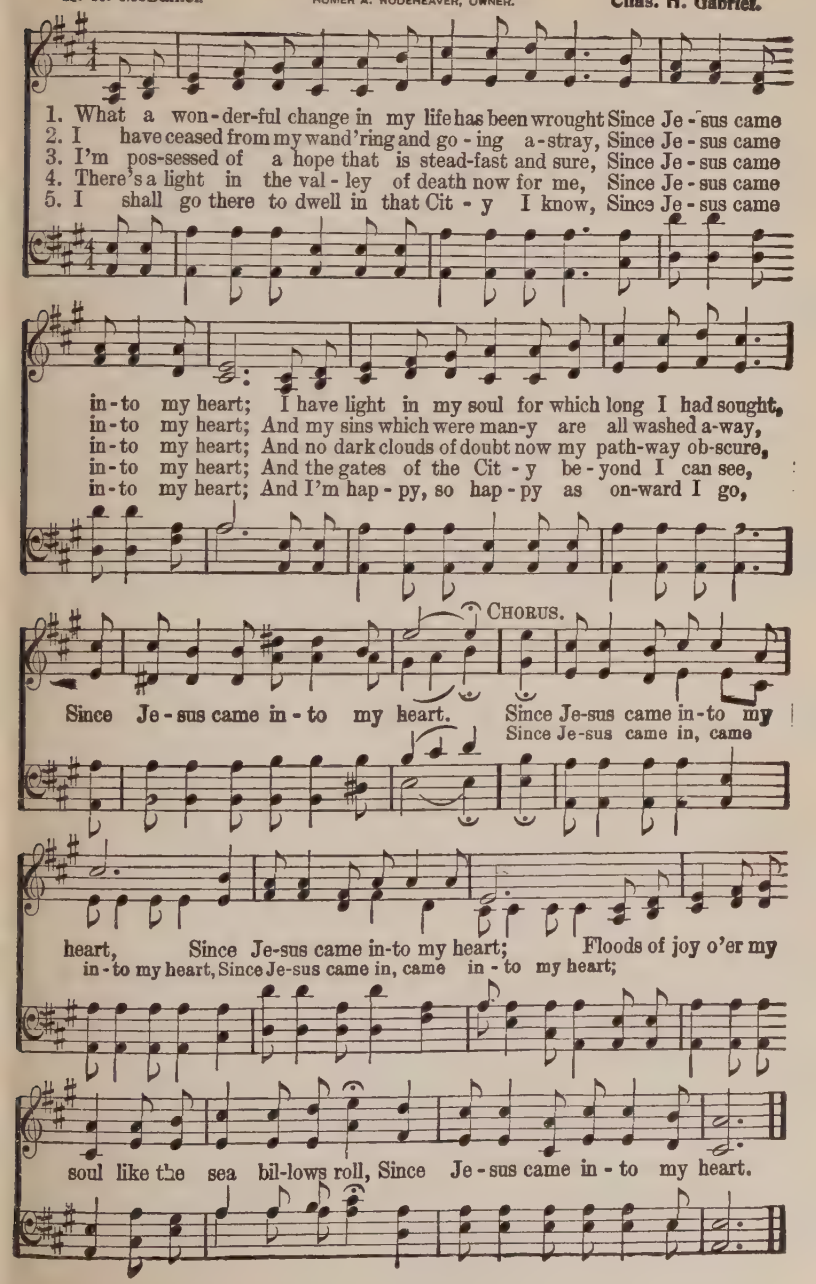
Chas. H. Gabriel.



262 What If It Were To-day?

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Je - sus is com-ing to earth a-gain, What if it were to - day?
2. Sa-tan's do-min-ion will then be o'er, O that it were to - day!
3. Faithful and true would He find us here If He should come to - day?

Com - ing in pow - er and love to reign, What if it were to - day?
Sor - row and sigh-ing shall be no more, O that it were to - day!
Watching in glad-ness and not in fear, If He should come to - day?

Com - ing to claim His chos - en Bride, All the re - deemed and
Then shall the dead in Christ a - rise, Caught up to meet Him
Signs of His com - ing mul - ti - ply, Morn-ing light breaks in

rit.

pu - ri - fied, O - ver this whole earth scat - tered wide,
in the skies, When shall these glo - ries meet our eyes?
east - ern sky, Watch, for the time is draw - ing nigh,

a tempo. CHORUS.

What if it were to - day? Glo - ry! glo - ry!

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joy to my heart 'twill bring: Glo - ry, glo - ry! When we shall
joy to my heart 'twill bring. When

crown Him King; Glo - ry, glo - ry! Haste to pre-pare the
we shall crown Him King, Haste to pre -

rit.

way; Glo - ry, glo - ry! Je-sus will come some day.
pare the way!

263 Peace, Perfect Peace.

Edward H. Bickersteth. George T. Caldbeck.

1. Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin? The blood of Jesus whispers peace with-in.
2. Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed? To do the will of Je-sus, this is rest.
3. Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round? On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.
4. Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away? In Je-sus' keeping we are safe, and they.
5. Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown? Je-sus we know, and He is on the throne.
6. Peace, perfect peace, death shad'wing us and ours? Je-sus has vanquished death and all its pow'rs.
7. It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease, And Jesus call us to heav'n's perfect peace.

264 Joy to the World.

"Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.-Luke 2: 10.

ISAAC WATTS. ANTIOCH. C. M. FR. GEORGE F. HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world; the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King; { Let ev-'ry heart prepare him room, }

And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.

And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing,

2 Joy to the earth; the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ; [plains,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessing flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

265 Hark! The Herald Angels Sing.

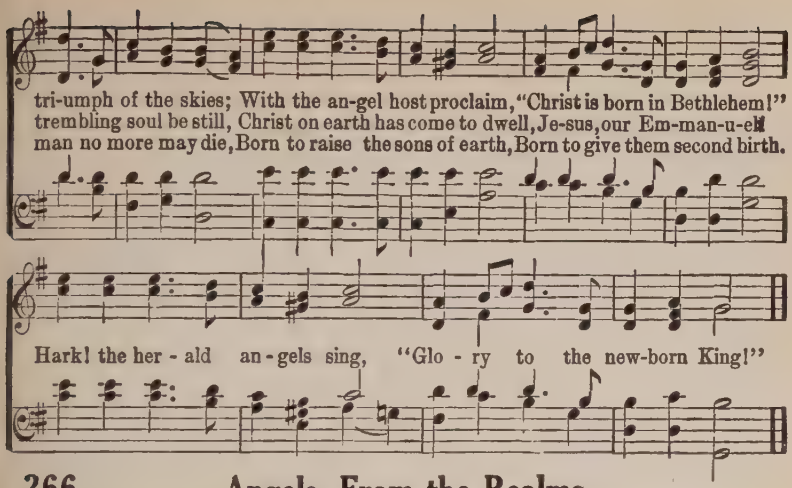
"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will toward men."—Luke 2: 14.

HERALD ANGELS. 7s. D.

CHARLES WESLEY. FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

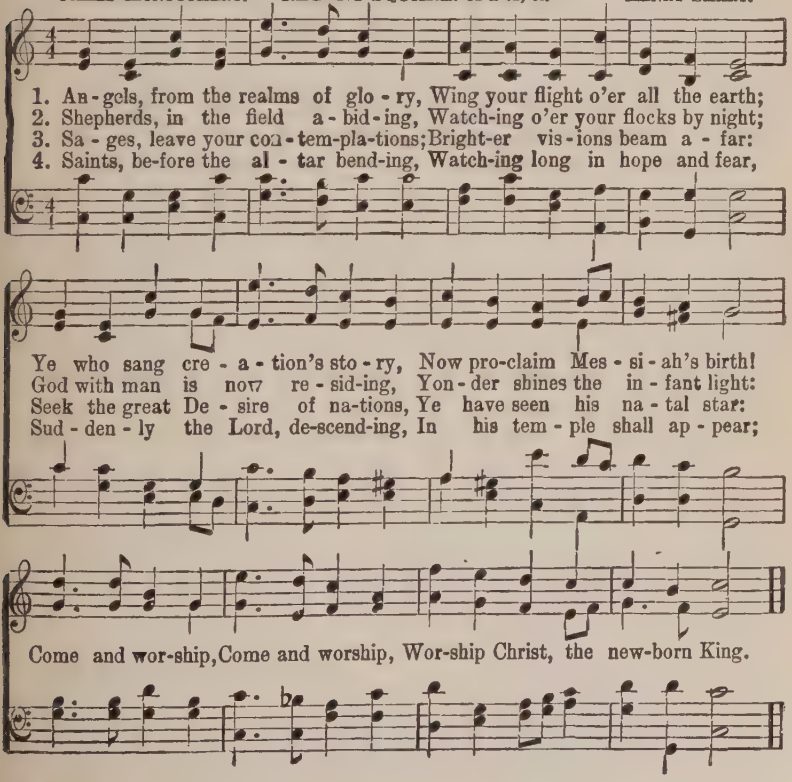
1. Hark! the her - ald an-gels sing, 'Glo-ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and
2. Christ, by highest heav'n a-dored, Christ, the ev-er - last-ing Lord; In the man-ger
3. Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of peace! Hail! the Son of righteousness! Life and light to

mer - cy mild, God and sin-ners reconciled!" Joyful, all ye nations, rise, Join the
born a King, While a-dor - ing angels sing, "Peace on earth, to men good will;" Bid the
all he brings, Risen with healing in his wings; Mild he lays his glo-ry by, Born that



266 Angels, From the Realms.

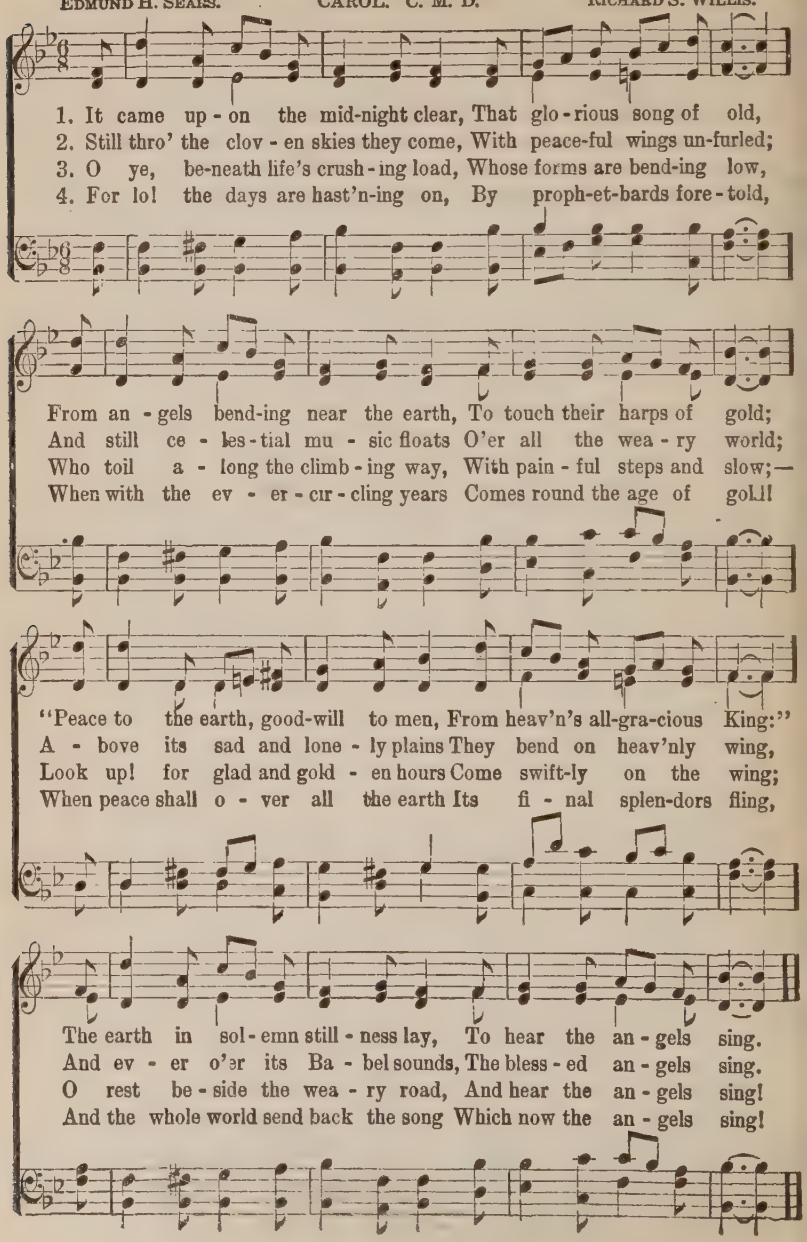
JAMES MONTGOMERY. REGENT SQUARE. 8s & 7s, 6l. HENRY SMART.



267 It Came Upon the Midnight Clear.

"For unto us a child is born,....and his name shall be....the Prince of Peace."—Isa. 9: 6.

EDMUND H. SEARS. CAROL. C. M. D. RICHARD S. WILLIS.



Silent Night.

MICHAEL HAYDN.

1. Si - - lent night! ho - - ly night! All is calm,
2. Si - - lent night! ho - - ly night! Shep-herds quake
3. Si - - lent night! ho - - ly night! Son of God,

all is bright, Round yon vir - - gin moth-er and Child;
at the sight! Glo - ries stream from heav - en a - far,
love's pure light; Ra - diance beams from Thy ho - ly face,

Ho - ly In - fant so ten - der and mild, Sleep in
Heav'n - ly hosts sing al - le - lu - ia! Christ, the
With the dawn of re - deem - ing grace, Je - sus,

heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.
Sav - ior, is born, Christ, the Sav - ior, is born!
Lord, at Thy birth! Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth!

269 Calm on the Listening Ear of Night.

Tune No. 267.

1 Calm on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.
Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

2 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.

O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

The Old Rugged Cross.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

G. B. SOLO AND CHORUS. Rev. Geo. Bennard.

1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of suf-f'ring and shame, And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best
2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so de-spised by the world, Has a wondrous at-trac-tion for me, For the dear Lamb of God left His glo-ry a-bove,
3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so di-vine, A won-drous beau-ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je-sus suf-fered and died,
4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev-er be true, Its shame and re-proach glad-ly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a-way,

CHORUS.

For a world of lost sin-ners was slain. So I'll cher-ish the old rug-ged cross, the
To bear it to dark Cal-va-ry.
To par-don and sanc-ti-fy me.
Where His glo-ry for-ev-er I'll share.

cross,..... Till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the old rug-ged cross,

old rug-ged cross,..... And ex-change it some day for a crown. cross, the old rug-ged cross,

271 Is It the Crowning Day?

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George Walker Whitcomb. **Charles H. Marsh.**

M. 63 = ♩.

1. Je - sus may come to - day, Glad day, Glad day! And I would
2. I may go home to - day, Glad day, Glad day! Seem-eth I
3. Why should I anx - ious be? Glad day, Glad day! Lights ap-pear
4. Faith-ful I'll be to - day, Glad day, Glad day! And I will

see my Friend; Dan - gers and troub - les would end If
hear their song; Hail to the ra - di - ant throng! If
on the shore, Storms will af - fright nev - er - more, For
free - ly tell Why I should love Him so well, For

CHORUS.

Je-sus should come to-day.
I should go home to-day.
He is "at hand" to-day.
He is my all to-day.

Glad day, Glad day! Is it the crown - ing

day? I'll live for to-day, nor anx - ious be; Je-sus my Lord I

rit.

soon shall see. Glad day, Glad day! Is it the crown - ing day?

272 Holy, Holy, Holy.

REGINALD HEBER. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Casting down their
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! All Thy works shall

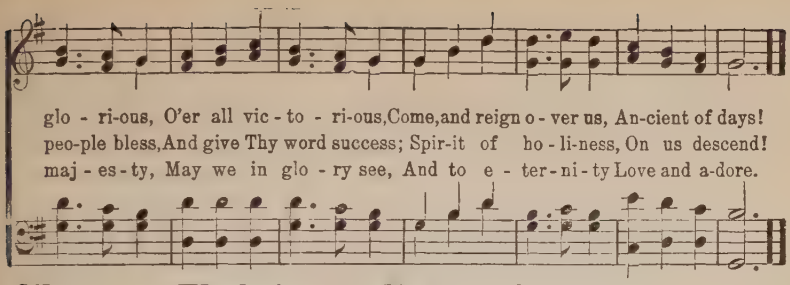
morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
gold-en crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim
sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly!
praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!

mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!
fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pur - i - ty.
mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!

273 Come, Thou Almighty King.

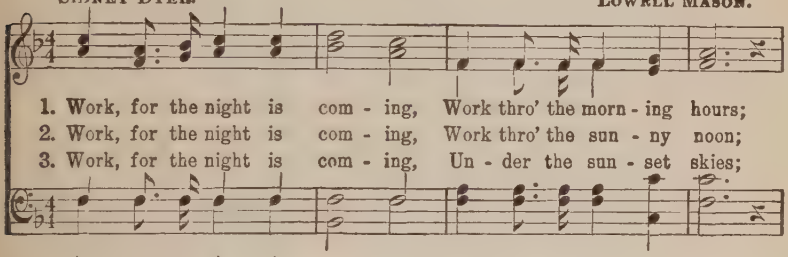
CHARLES WESLEY. FELICE GIARDINI.

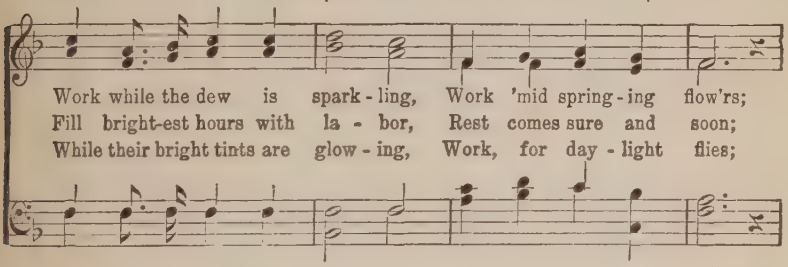
1. Come, Thou Almighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Father all
2. Come, Thou incarnate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword, Our pray'r attend; Come, and Thy
3. To Thee, great One in Three, The highest prais-es be, Hence evermore; Thy sov'reign

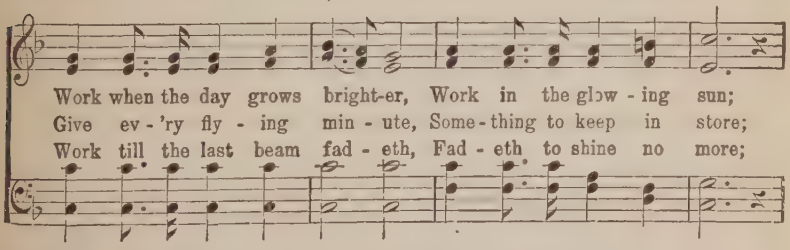


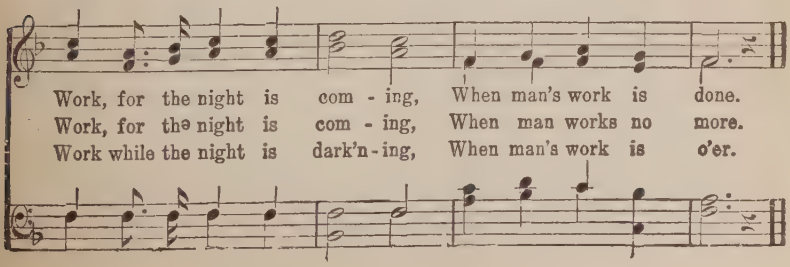
274 Work for the Night is Coming.

SIDNEY DYER. LOWELL MASON.



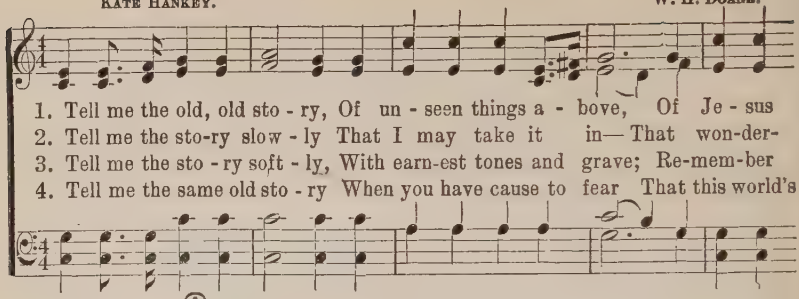




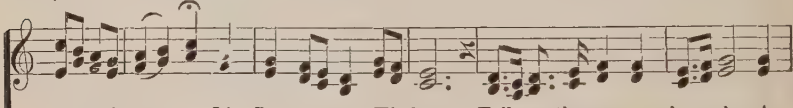


275 Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

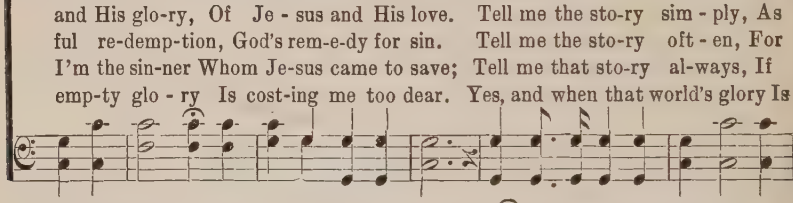
KATE HANKEY. W. H. DOANE.



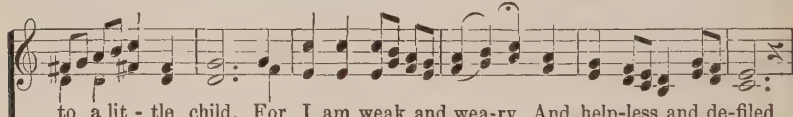
1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. Tell me the sto-ry slow - ly That I may take it in— That won-der-
3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With earn-est tones and grave; Re-mem-ber
4. Tell me the same old sto - ry When you have cause to fear That this world's



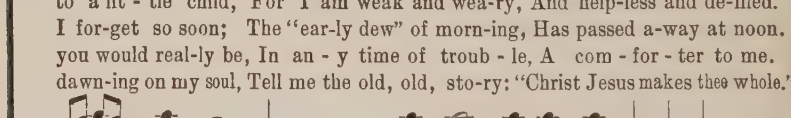
and His glo-ry, Of Je - sus and His love. Tell me the sto-ry sim - ply, As
ful re-demp-tion, God's rem-e-dy for sin. Tell me the sto-ry oft - en, For
I'm the sin-ner Whom Je-sus came to save; Tell me that sto-ry al-ways, If
emp-ty glo - ry Is cost-ing me too dear. Yes, and when that world's glory Is



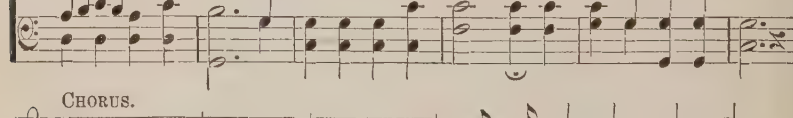
to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea-ry, And help-less and de-filed.
I for-get so soon; The "ear-ly dew" of morn-ing, Has passed a-way at noon.
you would real-ly be, In an - y time of troub - le, A com - for - ter to me.
dawn-ing on my soul, Tell me the old, old, sto-ry: "Christ Jesus makes thee whole."



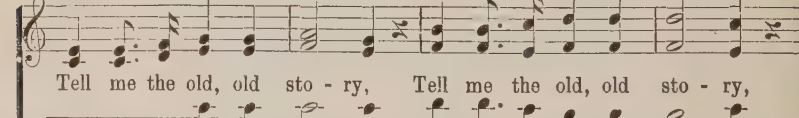
CHORUS.



Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry,



Tell me the old, old, sto - ry Of Je - sus and his love.



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He Will Keep You Pure.

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T. H.

THORO HARRIS

1. Is the blessed Sa - vior Your a - bid - ing Friend?
2. With the Mas-ter walk - ing- Thru the crowded mart,
3. Tell the wondrous sto - ry Of His pow'r di - vine;
4. Je - sus walks be-side you All life's journey thru;

Does His loving fav - or All your steps at-tend? Yet do fears oppress you?
You may hear Him talking To your listning heart. Heed the gentle chiding,
Let its radiant glo - ry From your face outshine. In each fi - ry tri - al
Let Him cheer and guide you, Keep the goal in view. In His service royal

Does the world al - lure? If His love possess you He will keep you pure.
Trust the promise sure; In His grace a-bid - ing, He will keep you pure.
To the end en - dure; Practice self de - ni - al, He will keep you pure.
Your reward is sure; Faithful, true and loy-al He will keep you pure.

CHORUS

Let your life be blameless, All your garments white, Spotless, shining, stainless, clean and white,
Ho - ly in His sight. Tho the fo - as-sail you Vic - to - ry is sure; very sure;
Chaste and ho - ly in His sight.
Christ will nev - er fail you, He will keep you pure.

277 My Father Watches Over Me.

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HOMER, A. RODEHEAVER. OWNER.

Rev. W. C. Martin. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I trust in God wher - ev-er I may be,..... Up - on the land or
2. He makes the rose an ob-ject of His care,..... He guides the ea - gle
3. I trust in God, for, in the li-on's den,..... On bat- tle-field, or
4. The val-ley may be dark, the shadows deep,..... But O, the Shep-herd

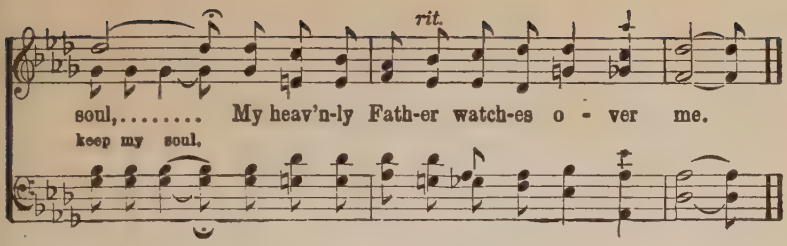
on the roll - ing sea, For, come what may, From day to day, My heav'nly
thro' the pathless air, And sure - ly He.... re-mem-bers me,—My heav'nly
in the pris-on pen, Thro' praise or blame, Thro' flood or flame, My heav'nly
guards His lonely sheep; And thro' the gloom He'll lead me home, My heav'nly

rit. CHORUS.

Fa-ther watches o - ver me. I trust in God,—I know He cares for

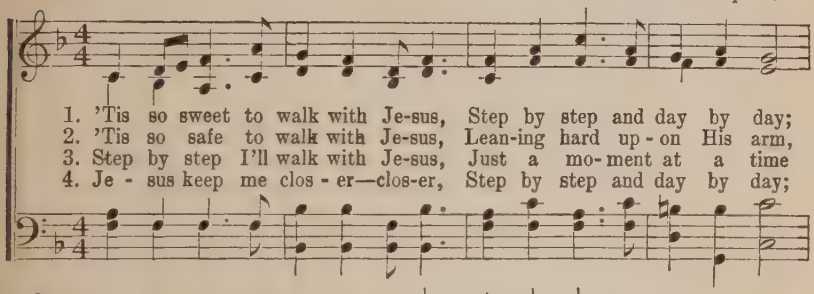
me..... On mountain bleak or on the storm-y
He cares for me, On mount-ain bleak or on the

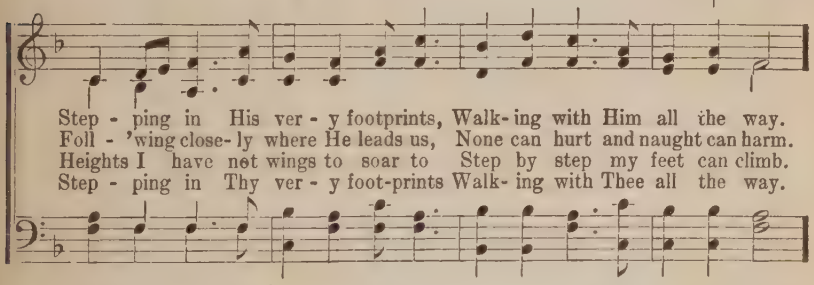
sea;..... Tho' bil-lows roll,..... He keeps my
sea, the storm - y sea; tho' bil-lows roll, He

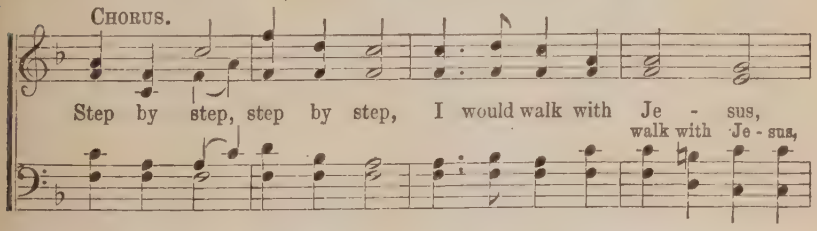


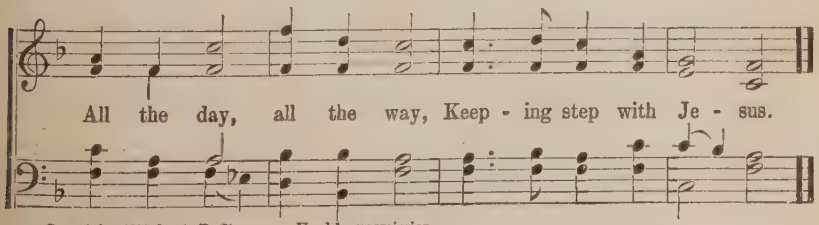
278 Step by Step.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.









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279 Jesus Bids Us Shine.

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IN RENEWAL.

E. O. Excell.

1. Je - sus bids us shine, With a clear, pure light, Like a lit - tle
2. Je - sus bids us shine, First of all for Him; Well He sees and
3. Je - sus bids us shine, Then, for all a - round Man - y kinds of
4. Je - sus bids us shine, As we work for Him, Bring-ing those that

can - dle Burn - ing in the night; In this world of dark - ness
knows it If our light is dim; He looks down from Heav - en,
dark-ness In this world a - bound,— Sin and want and sor - row;
wan - der From the paths of sin; He will ev - er help us,

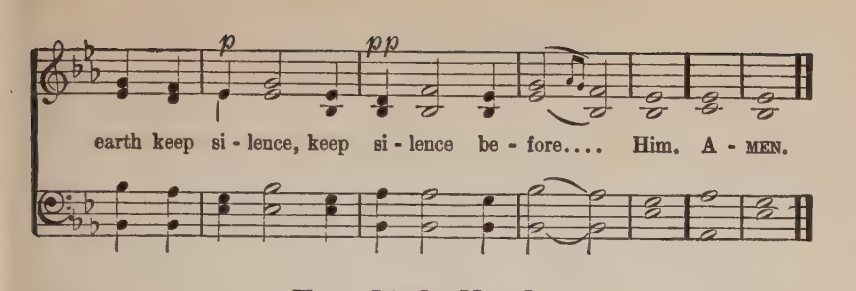
We must shine, You in your small cor-ner, And I in mine.
Sees us shine, You in your small cor-ner, And I in mine.
We must shine, You in your small cor-ner, And I in mine.
If we shine, You in your small cor-ner, And I in mine.

280 His Holy Temple.

(To be sung before prayer.)

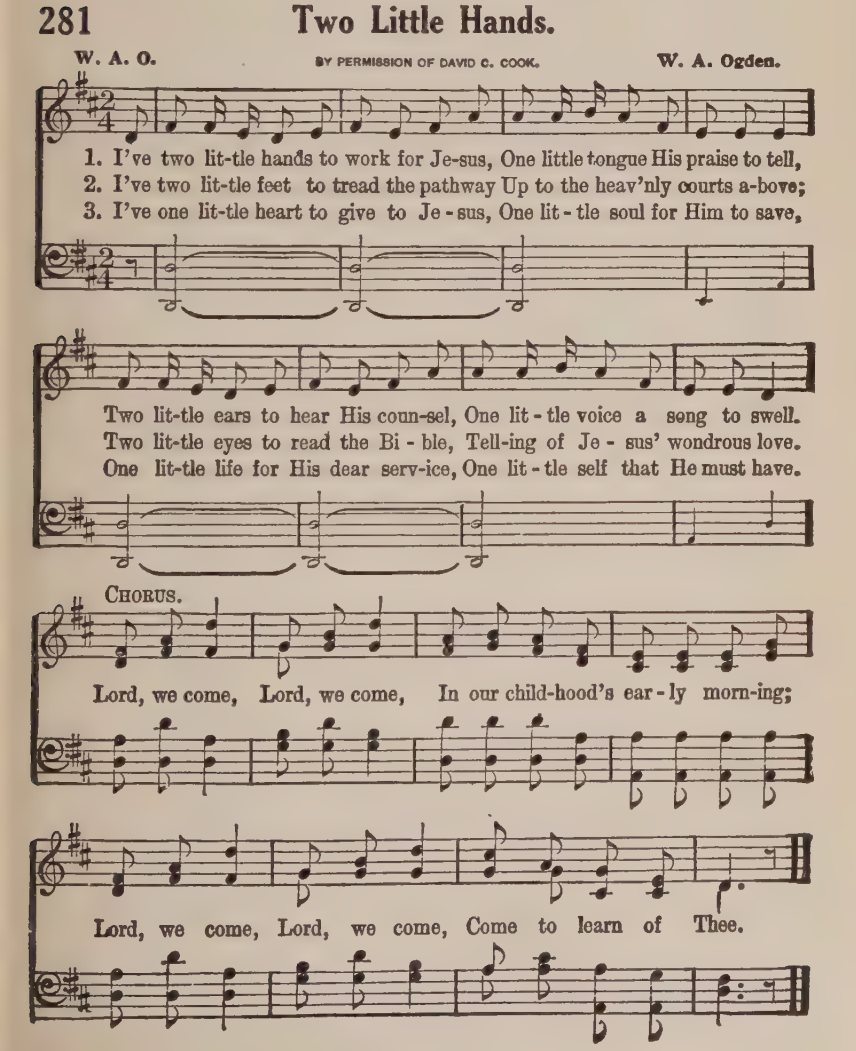
E. O. E.

The Lord is in His ho - ly tem - ple, Let all the



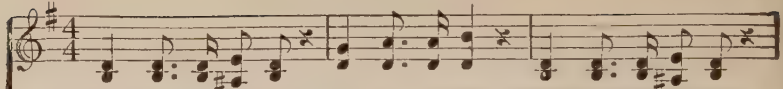
281 Two Little Hands.

W. A. O. BY PERMISSION OF DAVID C. COOK. W. A. Ogden.

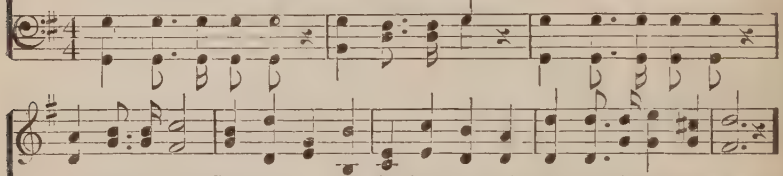


Come to the Waters.

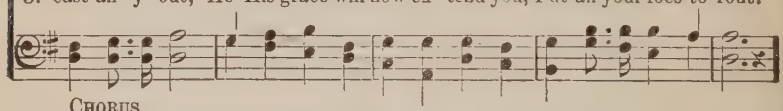
T. H. COPYRIGHT, 1923, BY THORO HARRIS. Thoro Harris.



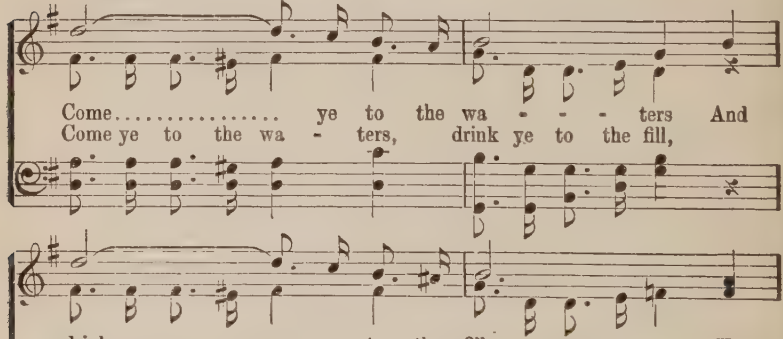
1. Je - sus in-vites you, wea - ry of sin, Crushed by your sor-rows,
2. Fam-ished by hun-ger, why lon-ger rove? Eat of the man-na
3. Bleed-ing and dy-ing, do not de-spair, Haste to the foun-tain,
4. Worn with your struggling, heart-sick, for-lorn, Life's heav-y bur-dens
5. Hum-bly con-fess-ing fail-ure and doubt, Je - sus can nev-er



1. help-less, unclean, Come ye to the liv-ing foun-tain, Drink of the crystal stream.
2. sent from above; Welcome to our Fa-ther's ta-ble, Come to the feast of love.
3. heal-ing is there; Boun-ti-ful the vast pro-vis-ion, Plenteous the roy-al fare.
4. long have ye borne? Here is rest di-vine, e-ter-nal, Balm for the spir-it torn.
5. cast an-y out; He His grace will now ex-tend you, Put all your foes to rout.

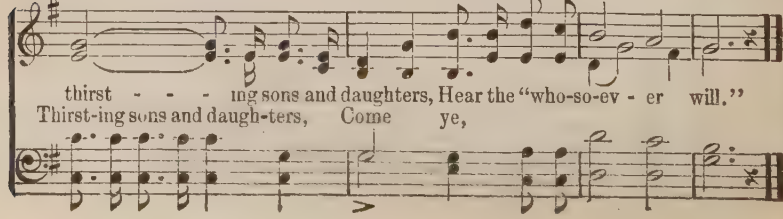


CHORUS



Come..... ye to the wa - - - ters And
Come ye to the wa - ters, drink ye to the fill,

drink..... ye to the fill; Ye
Drink the liv - ing wa - - ters, who - so - ev - er will;



thirst - - - ing sons and daughters, Hear the "who-so-ev - er will."
Thirst-ing sons and daugh-ters, Come ye,

283 Come Home Tonight.

THORO HARRIS

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LILUOKALANI

Andante

1. Come, wand - 'rer, to the Lamb of God, And trust His
2. Thy name may with the no - ble stand, And be broad-
3. Long as thou still His call re - fuse, And heav - en's
4. What if this night thy life should end, E - ter - nal
5. His Spir - it, speak - ing to thy heart, Will soon for-
6. O do not turn from God thy face, Nor leave un-

1. all - a - ton - ing blood; 'Twill cov - er all thy sin from sight.
2. cast o'er all the land; Man ne'er can read the heart a - right.
3. pro-fer'd grace a buse, Thy soul is in a fear-some plight.
4. years where wouldst thou spend? In black - ness of e - ter - nal night!
5. ev - er - more de - part, And take His ev - er - last - ing flight.
6. savd this sa - cred place, Till thou de - cide this quest-ion right.

REFRAIN.

Wel-come home, wel-come home! O come to-night. Come home to-night, Come

home to-night And all thy guilt shall be for-giv - en; Do not de - lay, His

for-giv-en thru His grace; Do not de-lay,

voice o - bey, Come home, come home to - night (come home to-night)

His voice o-bey.

284 Give Me Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, All its joys are but a name;
2. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Sweetest com-fort of my soul;
3. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Let me view His con-stant smile;
4. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, In His cross my trust shall be,

But His love a - bid - eth ev - er, Thro' e - ter - nal years the same.
With my Sav - ior watch-ing o'er me I can sing tho' bil-lows roll.
Then thro'-out my pil-grim jour-ney Light will cheer me all the while.
Till, with clear-er, bright-er vis - ion, Face to face my Lord I see.

CHORUS.

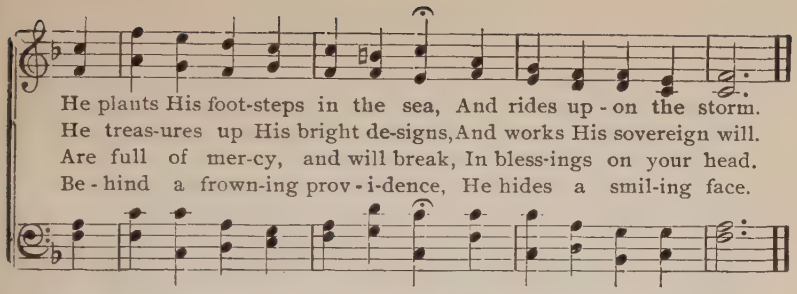
Oh, the height and depth of mer - cy, Oh, the length and breadth of love;
Oh, the full - ness of re-demp-tion, Pledge of end-less life a - bove.

By permission.

285 God Moves in a Mysterious Way.

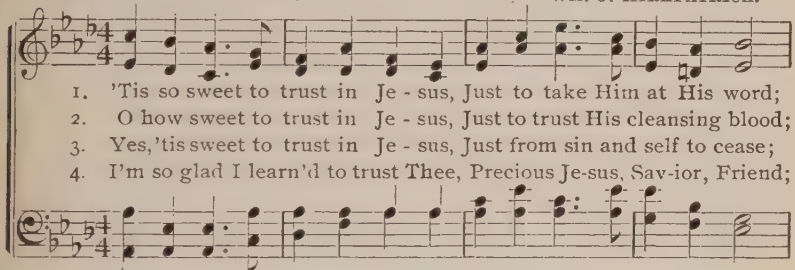
WM. COWPER. (DUNDEE. C. M.) G. FRANC.

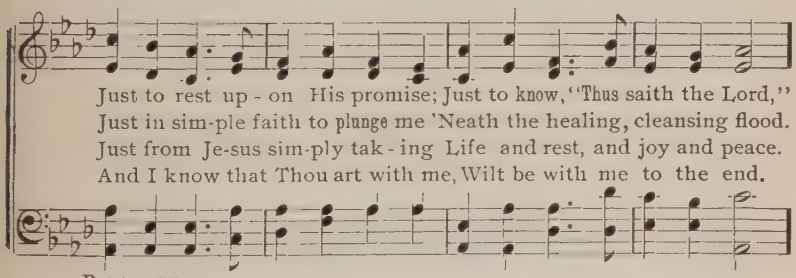
1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way His won-ders to per - form:
2. Deep in un-fath-om - a - ble mines Of nev - er - fail-ing skill,
3. Ye trem-bling saints, fresh courage take, The clouds you so much dread,
4. Judge not the Lord by fee - ble sense, But trust Him for His grace;



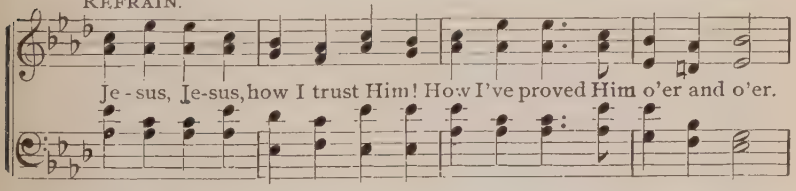
286 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

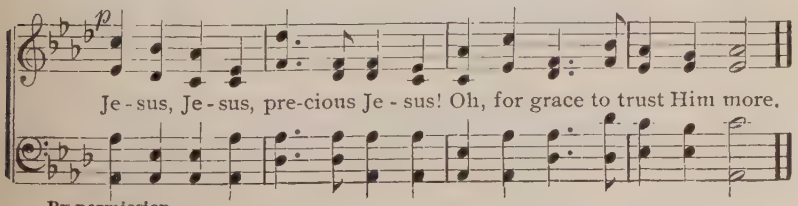
Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.





Refrain.





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287

Jesus is Calling.

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T.H. THORO HARRIS

1. Je - sus is call - ing, Come un - to Me, Come and my faith-ful dis-
2. Je - sus is call - ing, Take up thy cross, Counting the treasures of
3. Je - sus is call - ing, 'Tis ev - en-tide, Yet mer-cy's por-tal stands

ci - ple be, Come in the morn-ing's ear - ly glow, Rich the reward thou shal
earth but loss; Come in the noon-tide's bus - y hours, Yield to your Maker your
o - pen wide; Come ere the sun of life be set, Harass'd thy spirit with

REFRAIN

sure - ly know. Hear Him call - ing, O -
blood-bo't pow'rs. Hear His sweet call, Yield Him your all,
vain re - gret.

bey His voice; Hear Him
Hark to His voice (and) Make Him your choice; Trust in the Lord (and)

p

call - ing, Make Him your soul's glad choice.
Lean on His word,

A Gracious Message.

T.H.

Copyright, 1924, by Thoro Harris

THORO HARRIS

1. Wear - y one, list to the Sav - ior's kind voice,
2. Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly call - ing is He,
3. Give all your doubt - ing and wil - ful - ness o'er,

1. Bid - ding thy heart in its sor - row re - joice; Sin - ner, give heed to each
2. "Child of af - flic - tion, re - turn un - to Me;" Put - ting the promise of
3. Thy wast - ed years He will glad - ly re - store; This is the day of sal -

1. com - fort - ing word Spok - en by Je - sus the Lord.
2. love to the test, Find peace and par - don and rest.
3. va - tion for all Who on His name hum - bly call.

Hear Him call - ing.

REFRAIN

O come home to - day, His sweet voice o - bey;

He is the life and the truth and the way; Be - lieve in the word of

Je - sus the Lord; A mes - sage more gra - cious was nev - er yet heard.

One Day.

Tabernacle Pub. Co., Owner.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman. Chas. H. Marsh.

1. One day when heav - en was fill'd with His prais-es, One day when sin was as black as could be, Je - sus came forth to be born of a vir - gin, Lived, loved and labored—my Teach-er is He.
2. One day they led Him up Cal - va - ry's mountain, One day they nailed Him for me on the tree; Won-der - ful, Coun - sel - lor they had ac-claim'd Him, Now He is Je - sus—my Je - sus is He.
3. One day they left Him a - lone in the gar-den, One day He rest- ed from suf - fer - ing free, An - gels came down then to keep sa - cred vig - il, Weighted with sins, my Re-deem - er is He.
4. One day when full - ness of time was fast dawn-ing, One day the stone moved a - way from the door; Then He a - rose, o - ver death He had conquered, Now He's as-cend-ed, my Lord ev - er - more.
5. One day He's com - ing, for Him I am long-ing; One day the skies with His glo - ry will shine; Won - der - ful day, my be- lov - ed ones bringing; Hope of the hope-less, this Je - sus is mine.

Chorus.

Liv - ing He loved me, dy - ing He saved me, Bur-ied He car - ried my sins far a - way; Ris - ing He jus - ti - fied, free - ly for-

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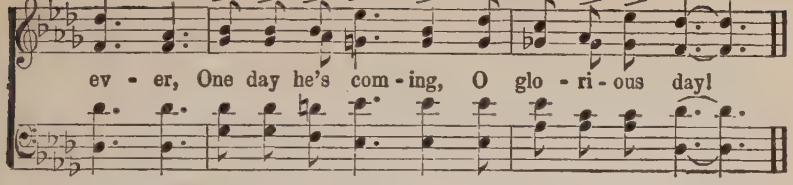

290 When We All Get to Heaven.

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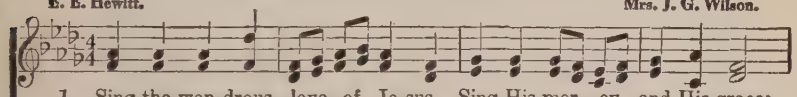
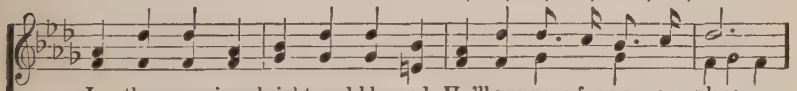
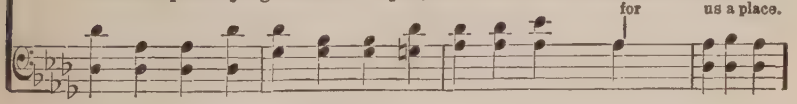
E. E. Hewitt. Mrs. J. G. Wilson.



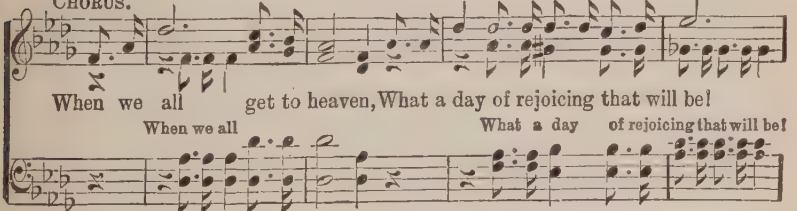
1. Sing the won-drous love of Je-sus, Sing His mer - cy and His grace;
2. While we walk the pil-grim path-way, Clouds will o - ver-spread the sky;
3. Let us then be true and faith-ful, Trust-ing, serv-ing ev - 'ry day;
4. On-ward to the prize be-fore us! Soon His beau - ty we'll be-hold;

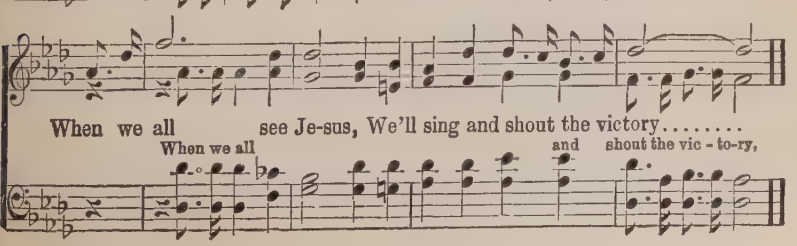


In the man-sions bright and bless-ed He'll pre-pare for us a place.
But when trav-'ling days are o - ver, Not a shad-ow, not a sigh.
Just one glimpse of Him in glo - ry Will the toils of life re - pay.
Soon the pearl- y gates will o - pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.



CHORUS.





291 Sweet Rose of Sharon.

T. H.

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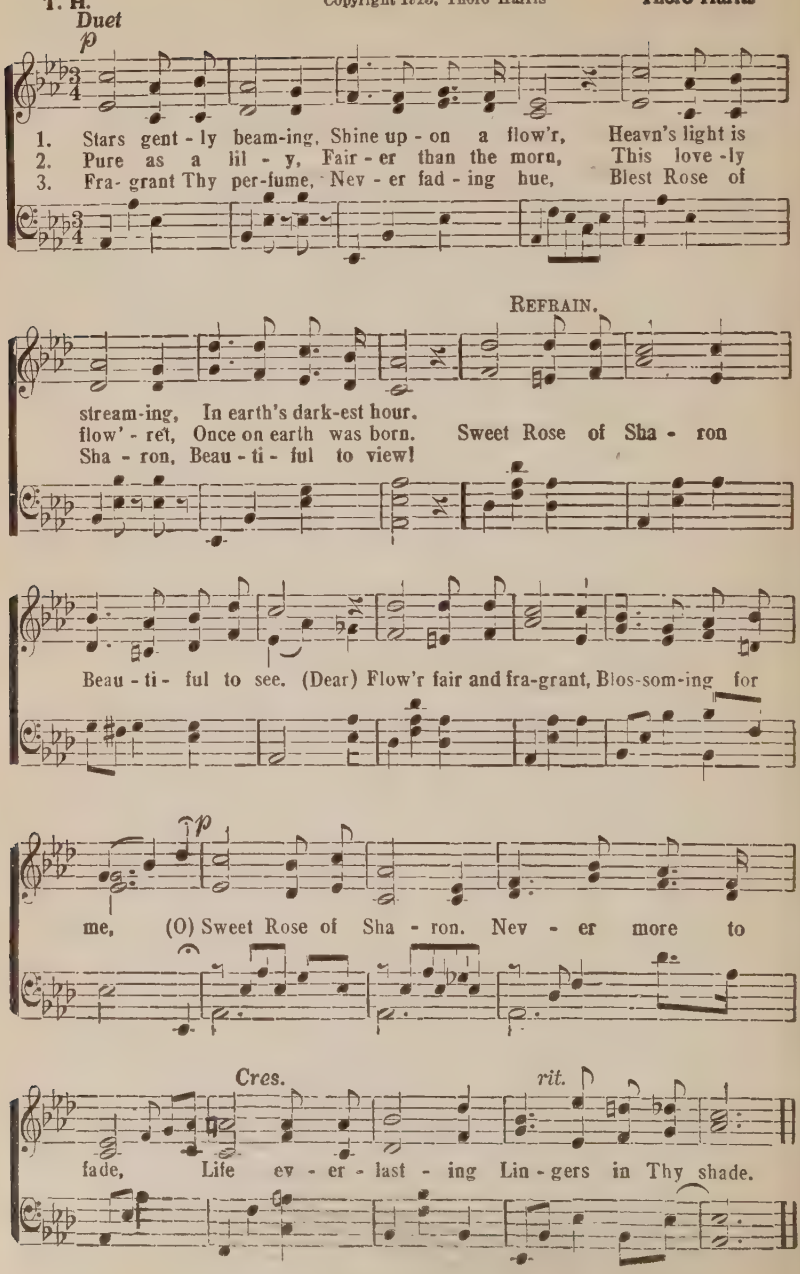
Thoro Harris



At the Place of Prayer.

Avis M. Christiansen.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 100 = ♩

1. When your cross seems heav - y, and the path-way steep, When the night grows drear - y, and the shad - ows deep, There's a ref - uge o - pen, bless - ed ha - ven fair—There's a bless - ing wait - ing at the place of Prayer!
2. When the old - time pow - er seems for - ev - er gone, When the world for- gets you as it rush - es on; When you fast are sink - ing in - to deep de-spair—There's a bless - ing wait - ing at the place of Prayer!
3. Je - sus waits to take you in His arms of love From the lone - ly val - ley to the heights a - bove; You will find sweet com-fort in His pres - ence there—There's a bless - ing wait - ing at the place of Prayer!

FINE.

D. S.—*There's a bless - ing wait - ing at the place of Prayer!*

CHORUS.

There's a bless - ing wait-ing at the place of Prayer! There is balm for sor - row, there is rest from care; There is per - fect peace and joy be - yond com-pare;

D.S.

293 Pilot of Galilee.

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HOPE PUB CO, OWNERS

Grace Duffie Roe. Jay Arthur Ford.

M. 116 = ♩

1. Day-light is past, Shad-ows are cast O-ver the sea and land;
2. Once down our path The storm of wrath Lashed the wild foam-ing wave;
3. O Helms-man true, The voy-age thro' May we but trust Thy hand!

Down in the glade, Night's peaceful shade Li-eth so near at hand.
Darkness and dread Gathered o'er-head, No hu-man arm could save.
Thine are the isles Where pleasure smiles, Thine the fair Beu-lah land.

Full are the nets we've drawn to shore, Joy's measure pressed to o-ver-flow;
Drift-ing and lost, we heard with fear The breakers roar where rocks did hide,
Each strange, new morn un-veils the way To unknown seas where we must go;

The reefs are passed, the tempest's roar Sinks to a whis-per low.
Till thro' the gloom our souls could hear, "Lo, I will be Thy guide."
Thou who didst guide thro' yes-ter-day, To-mor-row's path dost know.

CHORUS.

Then, tho' the tide be swift and wide, Naught can we fear on life's wild sea;

To Thee we raise our songs of praise, Pi - lot of Gal - i - lee.....

294 Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall. John T. Grape.

M. 66 = ♩

1. I hear the Sav - ior say: "Thy strength in - deed is small; Child of
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a - lone, Can
3. For noth - ing good have I Where - by Thy grace to claim; I'll
4. And when, be-fore the throne, I stand in Him com-plete, "Je - sus

CHORUS.

weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."
change the lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. Je - sus paid it
wash my garments white In the blood of Cal-v'ry's Lamb.
died my soul to save!" My lips shall still re - peat.

all, All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

295 Strains From the Far Away.

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T.H. THORO HARRIS

1. I hear most won-der-ful mel-o-dy Come floating from yonder sphere;
2. These blessed strains from the far a-way Re-sound o'er the land and sea;
3. Sing on, sing on till the sons of men To Fa-ther come flocking home;
4. Yes, here is bless-ing and here's a home And rest from your anxious strife;

1. It fills my bos-om with ec-sta-sy, It ravish-es heart and ear.
2. They sweet-ly ech-o the Sa-vior's call, "Ye wear-y ones, come to Me."
3. Ye an-gels, sing your glad note a-gain, "Let all who are thirst-ing come."
4. Let all the thirsty ones hith-er come And drink of the water of life.

DUET

Then come to the beau-ti-ful stream of life, Balm for all sor-row and ref-uge from strife, An-gels are sing-ing: O hear the strain And come to the fount of love.

TRIO

296 Won't You Let Jesus Come In?

T.H.

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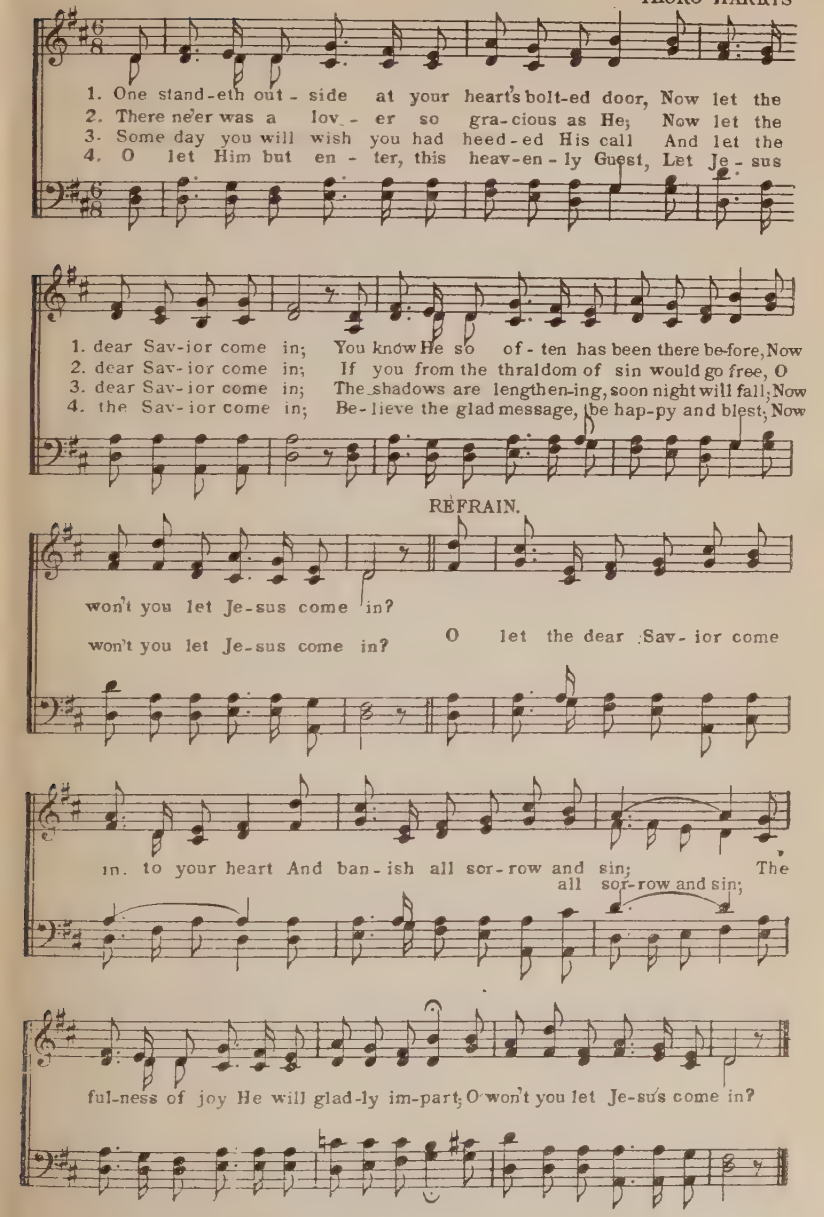
THORO HARRIS



The Wayside Cross.

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C. L. St. John. H. R. Palmer.

Solo, *ad lib.* (Declamatory Style.)

1. "Which way shall I take?" shouts a voice on the night, "I'm a pil-grim a-
2. "Which way shall I take?" for the bright gold-en span That bridges the
3. "See the lights from the palace in sil - ver - y lines, How they pen-cil the

wearied, and spent is my light; And I seek for a palace, that
wa - ters so safe - ly for man? To the right? to the left? ah,
hedg-es and fruit la - den vines— My fortune! my all! for

Slower and sustained.

rests on the hill, But be-tween us, a stream li - eth sul-len and chill.
me! if I knew—The night is so dark, and the pass - ers so few."
one tan-gled gleam That sifts thro' the lil-ies, and wastes on the stream."

*Chorus.

Near, near thee, my son, is the old wayside cross, Like a gray friar cowl'd, in lichens

and moss; And its cross-beam will point to the bright golden span, That bridges the

*The chorus should begin while the solo voice is still holding the last note.

CODA. *pp* *To be sung after last stanza.*

wa-ters so safe-ly for man; That bridges the wa-ters so safe-ly for man.

298 Lo, He Comes With Clouds Descending.

Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints. Jude, 14.

CHAS. WESLEY. REGENT SQUARE. 8s. 7s. 6l. HENRY SMART.

1. Lo! he comes with clouds de-scend-ing, Once for fav-ored sin-ners slain;
2. Ev-'ry eye shall now be-hold him Robed in dread-ful maj-es-ty;
3. Now Re-demp-tion, long ex-pect-ed, See in solemn pomp ap-pear;
4. Yea, A-men! let all a-dore thee, High on thine e-ter-nal throne;

cres.

Thousand thousand saints, at-tend-ing, Swell the tri-umphs of his train;
Those who set at naught and sold him, Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
All his saints by man re-ject-ed Now shall meet him in the air;
Sav-ior take the power and glo-ry, Make thy right-eous sen-tence known;

Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! God ap-pears on earth to reign;
Deep-ly wail-ing, Deep-ly wail-ing, Shall the true Mes-si-ah see;
Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! See the day of God ap-pear.
Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Claim the king-dom for thine own.

299 We Shall See the King Some Day.

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COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

L. E. J. L. E. Jones.

1. Tho' the way we jour-ney may be oft - en drear, We shall see the
2. Aft - er pain and an-guish, aft - er toil and care, We shall see the
3. Aft - er foes are conquered, aft - er bal - tles won, We shall see the
4. There with all the loved ones who have gone be - fore, We shall see the

King some day; (some day;) On that bless-ed morning clouds will dis - ap-pear;
King some day; (some day;) Thro' the endless a - ges joy and blessing share,
King some day; (some day;) Aft - er strife is o - ver, aft - er set of sun,
King some day; (some day;) Sor-row past for-ev - er, on that peaceful shore

CHORUS.

We shall see the King some day. We shall see the King some day, (some day,)

We shall shout and sing some day; (some day;) Gathered 'round the throne,

When He shall call His own, We shall see the King some day.

300 God Speed the Gospel Workers!

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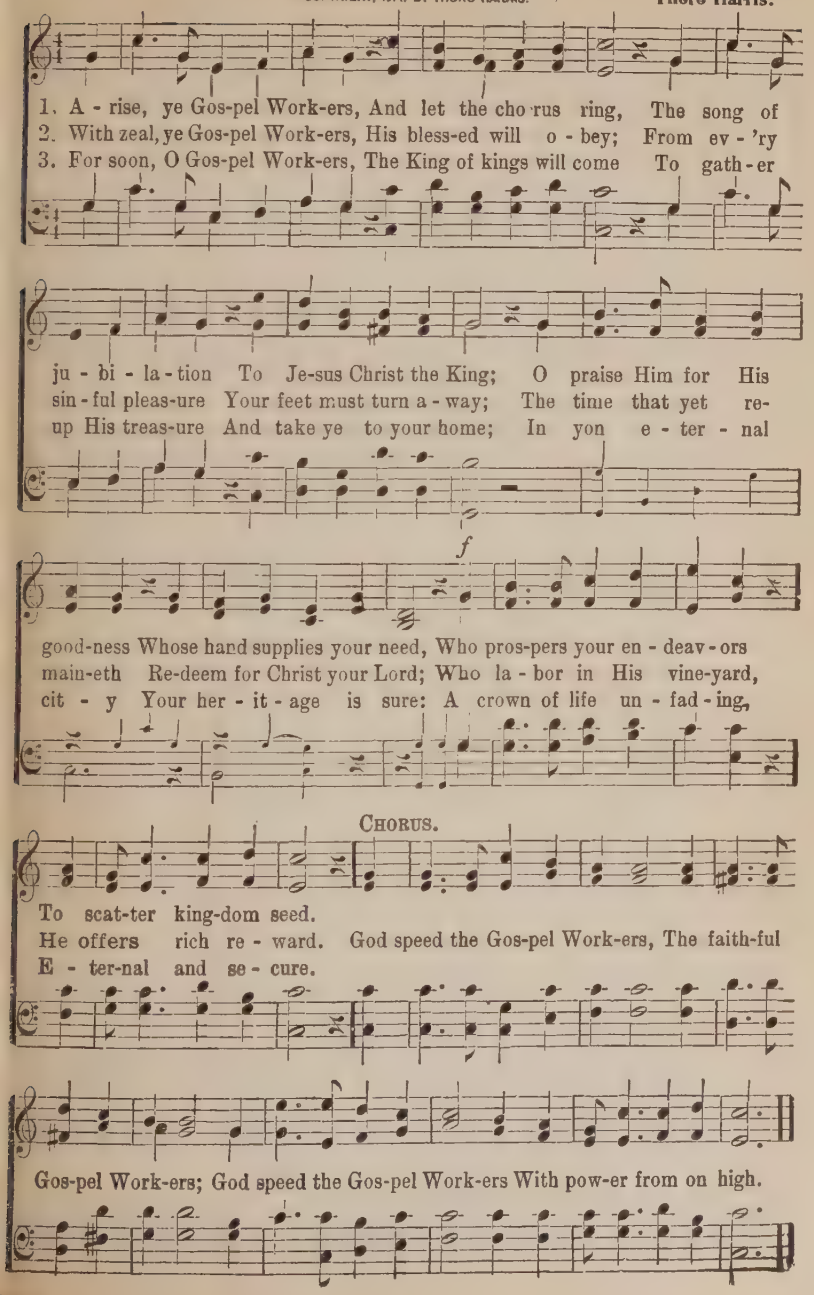


Drifting Down.

Copyright, 1898, By W. E. M. Hackleman.

Jessie Brown Pounds. The Standard Pub. Co., Owner W. E. M. Hackleman.

1. You are drift-ing far from shore, lean-ing on an i - dle oar, You are
2. Lights up-on the homeland shore give you warn-ing o'er and o'er, You are
3. Voic-es from the homeland shore faint r grow, as they im-plore, You are

drift-ing slow-ly drift-ing, drift-ing down; You are drift-ing with the tide, to the
drift-ing slow-ly drift-ing, drift-ing down; Soon be-yond the har-bor bar will your
drift-ing slow-ly drift-ing, drift-ing down; O my brother, do not wait; heed them

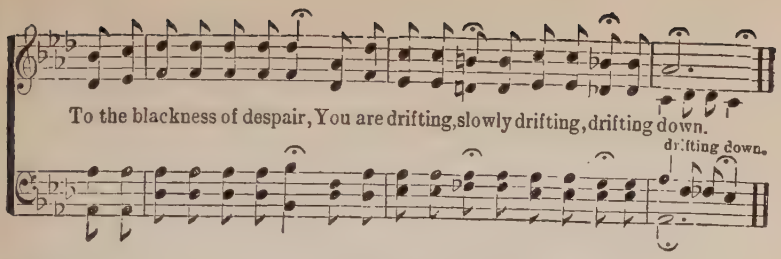
o - cean wild and wide, You are drift-ing, slow-ly drift-ing, drift-ing down.
boat be car-ried far, You are drift-ing, slow-ly drift-ing, drift-ing down.
ere it be too late, Ere for - ev - er you have drift - ed, drift - ed down.

CHORUS. *rit.* *a tempo.* *rit.* *a tempo.*

You are drift - ing down, drift - ing down To the
You are drift-ing, slow-ly drift-ing, you are slow - ly drift-ing down

rit. *a tempo.*

dark and aw-ful sea; You are drift - ing down From a Father's loving care,
You are drift-ing slow-ly drift-ing,



302 I Heard the Voice of Jesus.

HORATIUS BONAR. Arr. from L. SPOHR.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest.
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light:

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast;"
The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst-y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live."
Look un - to Me; thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea-ry and worn and sad;
I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;
I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;

I found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad.
My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.
And in that light of life I'll walk Till trav'ling days are done.

303 He Will Meet Me at the Portal.

IRVIN H. MACK. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When the cares of life have ended, And I cross the silent stream,
2. I shall know my blessed Sa-vior When he comes to greet me there,
3. O the joy of that glad meeting! Precious tho't! it thrills me now;

As I reach the heav'nly portal And its glo-ries on me beam,
When he takes me to him gen-tly, Bids me all those blessings share.
I shall hear him bid me welcome, Feel his kiss up-on my brow.

I shall hear the song of welcome, As I pass within the wall,
I shall hear his voice so ten-der And his kind-ly face shall see,
There I'll sing the songs of Zion, There with saints communion hold,

I shall see the Sav-ior com-ing And shall know his loving call.
I shall rest up-on his bo-som, Praise him thro' e-ter-ni-ty.
There I'll shout glad hallelujahs, Safe with-in the heav'nly fold.

CHORUS.

He will meet me at the por-tal, ... He will
He will meet me, he will meet me, meet me at the por-tal, He will lead me,

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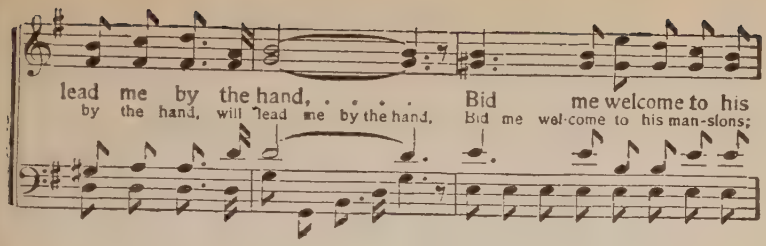
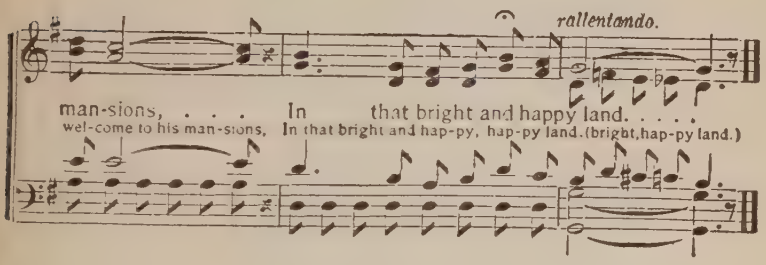
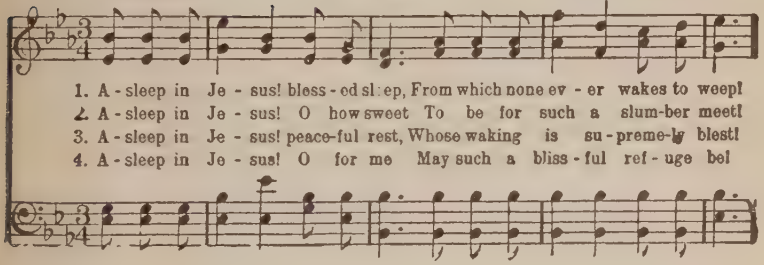
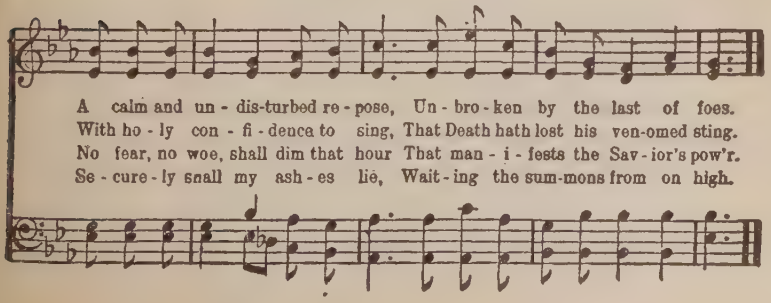




304 Asleep in Jesus.

Margaret Mackay. Wm. B. Bradbury.





305 Ring the Bells of Heaven.

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Wm. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.

M. 108 = ♩

1. { Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For a
   { See! the Fa - ther meets him out up - on the way, Wel - com-

2. { Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For the
   { Yes, a soul is res - cued from his sin - ful way, And is

3. { Ring the bells of heav - en! spread the feast to - day; An - gels
   { Tell the joy - ful ti - dings, bear it far a - way, For a

D. C.—*'Tis the ransomed ar - my, like a might-y sea, Peal - ing*

FINE. CHORUS.

soul re - turn - ing from the wild; }
ing His wear - y, wan-d'ring child. }

wan-d'rer now is rec - on - ciled; }
born a - new, a ran-somed child. } Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the

swell the glad tri - um-phant strain; }
pre - cious soul is born a - gain. }

forth the an - them of the free.

D. C.

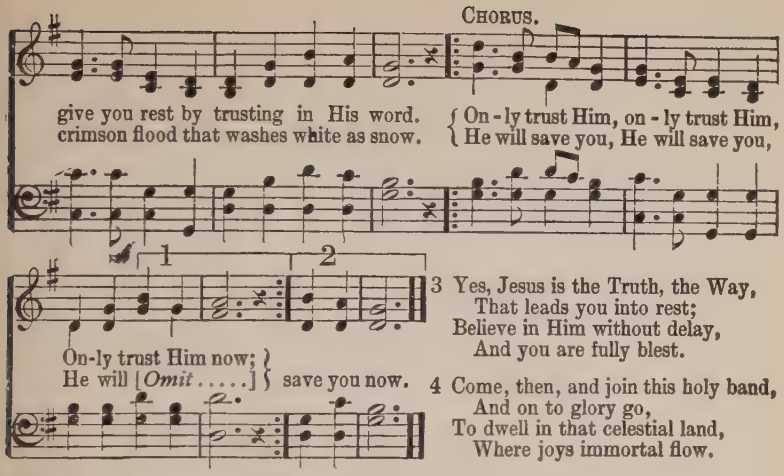
an - gels sing; Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the loud harps ring;

306 Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.

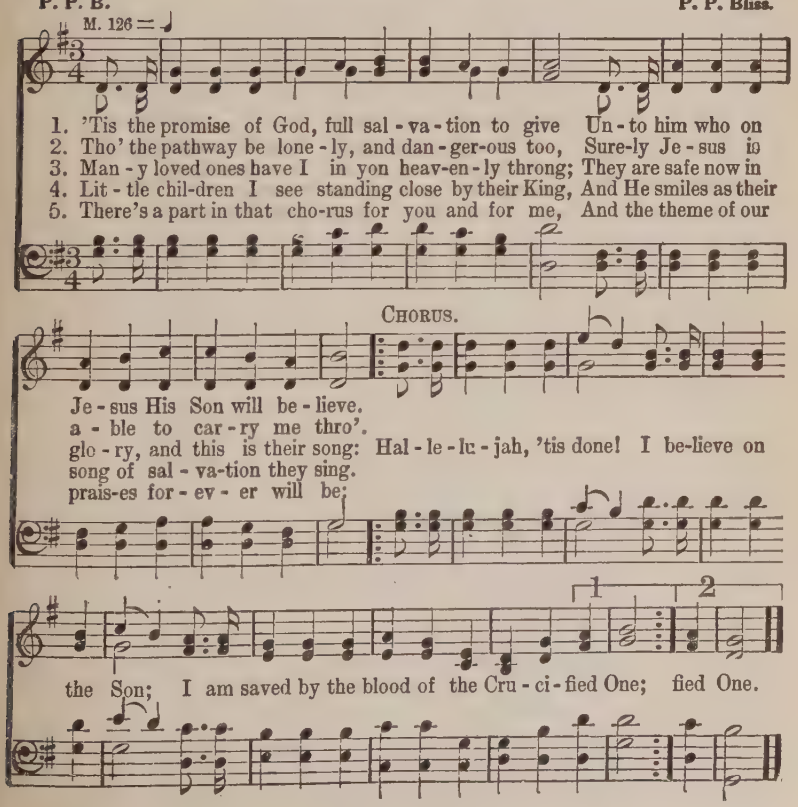
M. 100 = ♩

1. Come, ev'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely
2. For Jesus shed His precious blood, Rich blessings to bestow; Plunge now into the



307 Hallelujah, 'Tis Done!

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.



308 Welcome, Delightful Morn.

Hayward. Friedrich Schneider.

1. Wel - come, de - light - ful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest! I
2. Now may the King de - scend, And fill His throne with grace; Thy
3. De - scend, ce - les - tial Dove, With all Thy quick-'ning pow'rs; Dis-

hail Thy kind re - turn; Lord, make these mo - ments blest: From
scep - ter, Lord ex - tend, While saints ad - dress Thy face: Let
close a Sav - ior's love, And bless the sa - cred hours: Then

the low train of mor - tal toys, I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys,
sin - ners feel Thy quick'ning word, And learn to know and fear the Lord,
shall my soul new life ob - tain, Nor Sabbaths be en - joyed in vain,

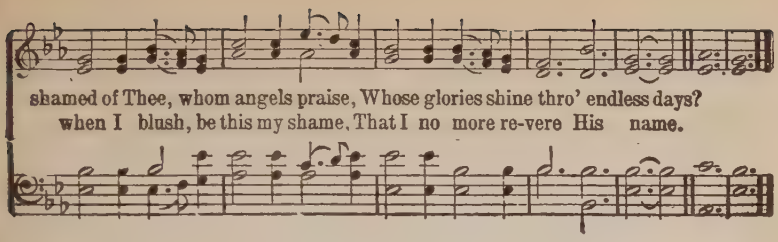
I soar to reach im - mor - tal..... joys.
And learn to know and fear the..... Lord.
Nor Sab - baths be en - joyed in..... vain. A-MEN.

I soar to reach

309 Jesus! and Shall it Ever Be.

Joseph Grigg. Wm. Bradbury.

1. Je - sus! and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man ashamed of Thee? A-
2. A-shamed of Je-sus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n depend! No,



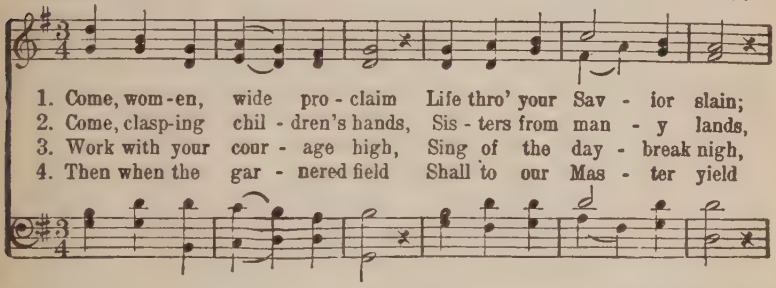
A-men.

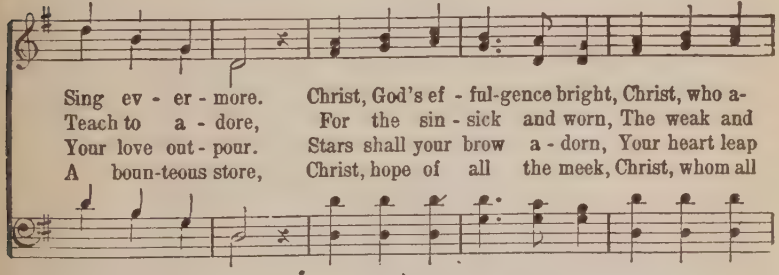
3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

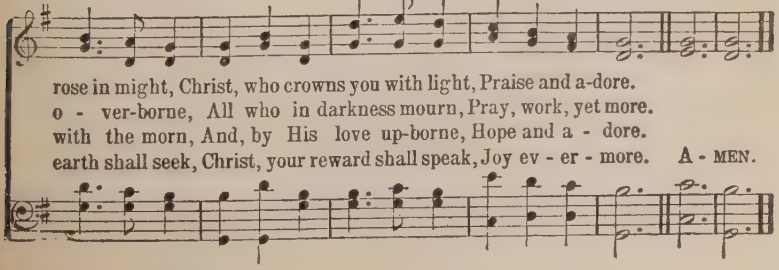
4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Savior slain;
And, oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

310 The Woman's Hymn.

Fannie E. S. Heck. Felice de Giardini.







311 Lift Your Glad Voices.

Henry Ware, Jr. John Edgar Gould.

1. Lift your glad voi - ces in tri-umph on high, For Je - sus hath
2. He burst from the fet - ters of dark-ness that bound Him, Resplendent in
3. Glo - ry to God, in full an-thems of joy; The be - ing He
4. But Je-sus hath cheered the dark val-ley of sor - row, And bade us, im-

ris - en, and man shall not die; Vain were the ter - rors that gath-ered a-
glo - ry, to live and to save: Loud was the cho - rus of an - gels on
gave us death can-not de-stroy: Sad were the life we may part with to-
mor - tal, to Heav - en as-cend: Lift then your voi - ces in tri - umph on

round Him, And short the do - min - ion of death and the grave.
high,— The Sav - ior hath ris - en, and man shall not die.
mor - row, If tears were our birth-right, and death were our end.
high, For Je - sus hath ris - en, and man shall not die. A - MEN.

312 There is a Land of Pure Delight.

Isaac Watts. Geo. F. Root.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign;
   E - ter - nal day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban - ish pain.
2. Sweet fields be - yond the swell - ing flood Stand dressed in liv - ing green;
   So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jor - dan rolled be - tween.
3. Oh, could we make our doubts re-move, Those gloom-y doubts that rise,
   And see the Ca - naan that we love With un - be-cloud-ed eyes!—

There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er-with-'ring flow'rs:
But tim -'rous mor - tals start and shrink To cross this nar - row sea,
Could we but climb where Mo - ses stood, And view the land-scape o'er,

Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides this heav'nly land from ours.
And lin - ger, shiv'ring, on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood Should fright us from the shore. A-MEN.

313 There is a Name I Love to Hear.

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sounds like
2. It tells me of a Sav-ior's love, Who died to set me free; It tells me
3. It tells me what my Fa-ther hath In store for ev - 'ry day, And tho' I
4. It tells of One whose loving heart Can feel my deep-est woe, Who in each.

CHORUS.

mu-sic in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth.
of His precious blood, The sin-ner's per-fect plea. Oh, how I love Je - sus,
tread a darksome path, Yields sunshine all the way.
sor-row bears a part, That none can bear be - low.

Oh, how I love Je-sus, Oh, how I love Je-sus, Be-cause He first loved me. A-MEN.

That Sweet Story of Old.

Mrs. Jemima Luke. Old Melody.

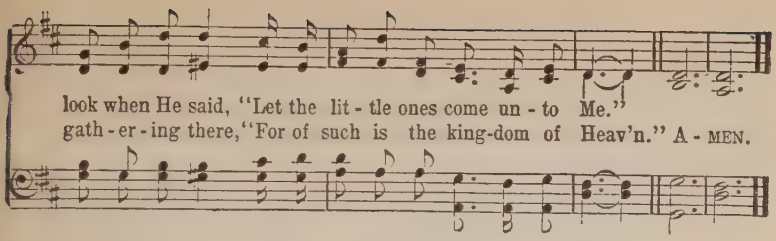
1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
2. Yet still to His foot - stool in prayer I may go, And

Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as
ask for a share in His love; And if I now ear - nest - ly

lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.
seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.

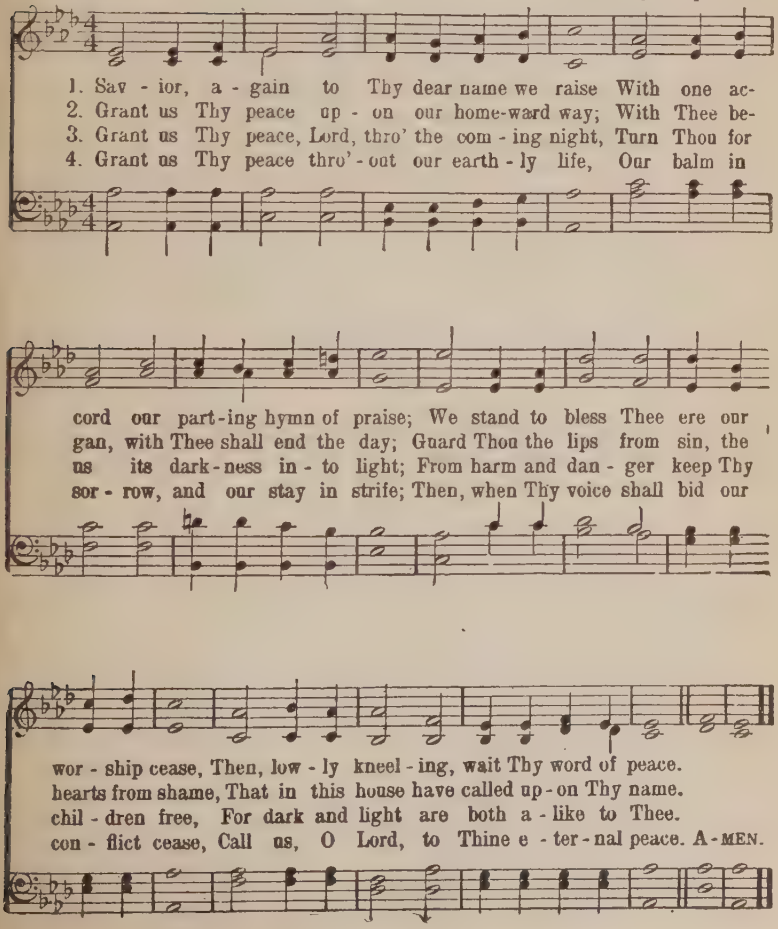
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His
In that beau - ti - ful home He has gone to pre - pare For

arms had been thrown a-round me, And that I might have seen His kind
all who are washed and for - giv'n; And man - y dear chil-dren are



315 Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name.

John Ellerton. Edward J. Hopkins.



316 Come, Ye Sinners.

Joseph Hart. Jeremiah Ingalls.

M. 88 = ♩ FINE.

1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and pow'r. }

2. { Now, ye need - y, come and welcome; God's free boun - ty glo - ri - fy;
True be - lief, and true re-pent-ance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh. }

D. S.—*Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.*

CHORUS. D. C.

Turn to the Lord and seek sal - va-tion; Sound the praise of His dear name.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

317 The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter. J. H. Stockton.

M. 72 = ♩.𝄾 FINE.

1. { The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa-thiz - ing Je - sus;
He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus. }

2. { Your man - y sins are all for-giv'n, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus;
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus. }

D. S.—*Sweet-est car - ol ev - er sung; Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.*

D. S.

{ Sweet-est note in ser-aph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue, }

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dis-pels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

318 How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. Unknown.

M. 108 = ♩

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy God, I will
3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sorrow shall
4. "When thro' fi-ery tri - als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all-suf - ficient, shall

ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for
still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by my
not o - verflow; For I will be with thee, thy tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti - fy
be thy sup-ply, The flames shall not hurt thee; I on - ly de - sign Thy dross to con-

ref - uge to Je - sus have fled? To you, who for ref - uge to Je-sus have fled?
gra-cious, om-nip - o-tent hand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand.
to thee thy deep - est dis - tress, And sanc-ti - fy to thee thy deep-est distress.
sume, and thy gold to re - fine, Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re - fine."

319 How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. Anne Steele.

M 60 = ♩

320 A Present Help.

JOHN G. WHITTIER. WILLIAM V. WALLACE.

1. We may not climb the heav'nly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;
2. But warm, sweet, tender, e - ven yet A pres - ent help is He;
3. The heal - ing of the seam-less dress Is by our beds of pain;
4. O Lord and Mas-ter of us all, Whate'er our name or sign,

In vain we search the low - est deeps, For Him no depths can drown.
And faith has still its Ol - i - vet, And love its Gal - i - lee.
We touch Him in life's throng and press, And we are whole a - gain.
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call, We test our lives by Thine!

321 Reunion.

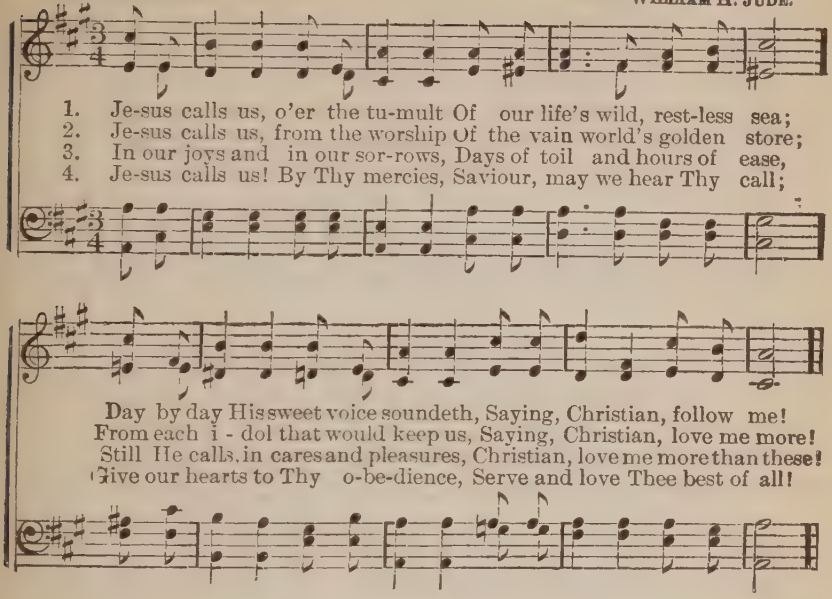
T. H. Copyright 1921 by Thoro Harris Thoro Harris

1. O bless - ed Christ, who long a - go Releas'd from death Thine own,
2. One day Thy saints re-deem'd shall stand Be - fore the o - pen gate,
3. What joys di - vine will move us then, What bless-ed-ness unknown,
4. A - bide with us, O ho - ly One, Let us a - bide in Thee,

1. Whose hand assuag'd the wi - dow's wo And gave her back her son—
2. That cit - y built by God's own hand Which all the just a - wait.
3. When ev - 'ry moth-er's arm a - gain Re-ceives her cher-ish'd son!
4. That when at last life's work is done These bless-ings we may see.

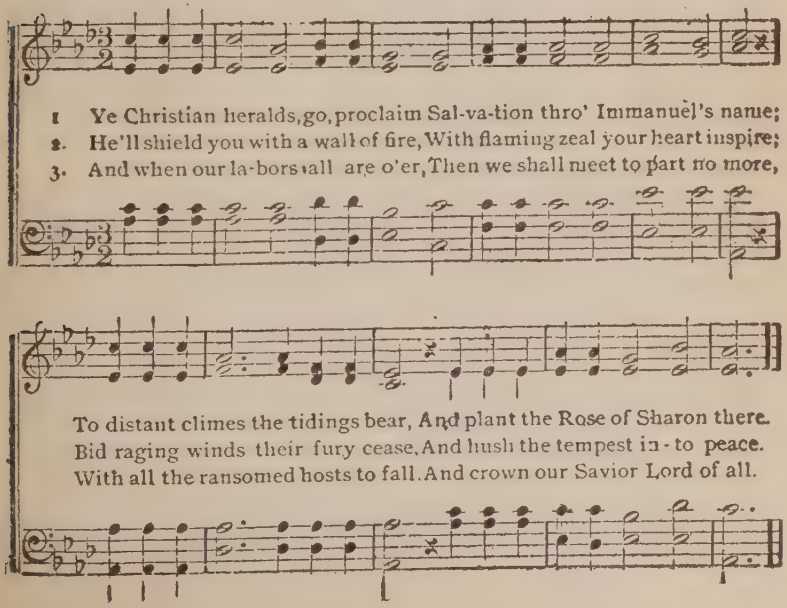
322 Jesus Calls Us O'er the Tumult.

C. F. ALEXANDER. WILLIAM H. JUDE.



323 Ye Christian Heralds, Go.

B. H. DRAPER. (MISSIONARY CHANT.) H. C. ZEUNER.

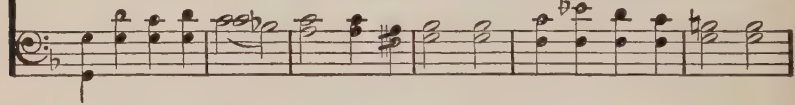


Hark, Hark, My Soul!

Frederick W. Faber. J. B. Dykes.

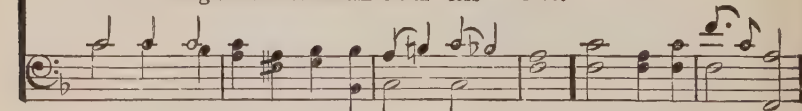
1. Hark, hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields and
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, weary souls, for
3. Far, far a-way, like bells at eve-ning peal-ing, The voice of Je - sus
4. An - gels, sing on! your faith-ful watches keep-ing; Sing us sweet frag-ments

o-cean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing
Je - sus bids you come;" And thro' the dark, its ech - oes sweet-ly ring - ing,
sounds o'er land and sea; And la - den souls, by thousands meekly steal - ing,
of the songs a - bove; Till morning's joy shall end the night of weep - ing,

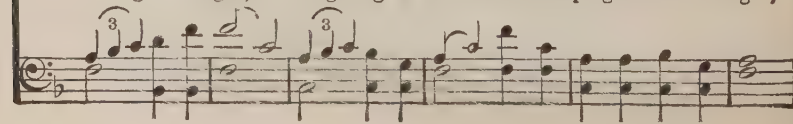


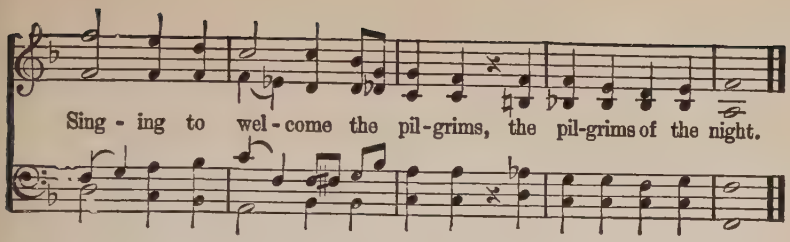
REFRAIN.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home. An-gels of Je - sus,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
And life's long shad-ows break in cloud - less love.



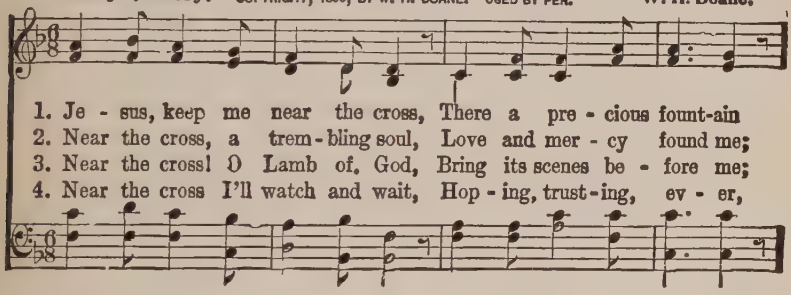
an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims of the night,

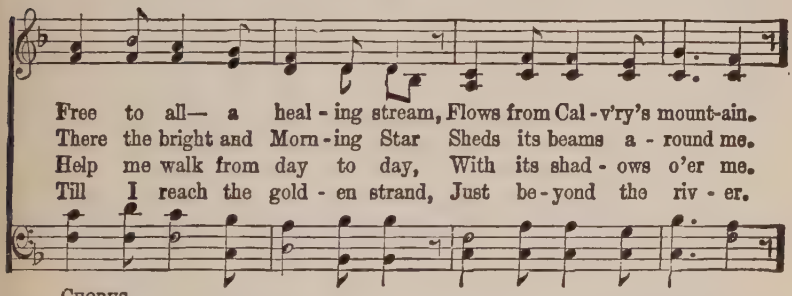




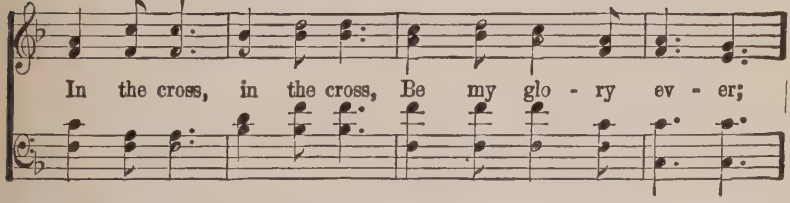
325 Near the Cross.

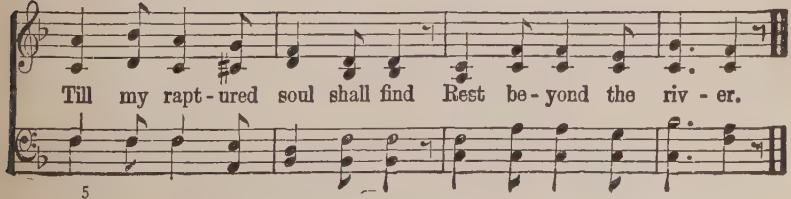
Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY W. H. DOANE. USED BY PER. W. H. Doane.





CHORUS.





The Sure Foundation.

Luella McCutcheon.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY H. N. LINCOLN.
OWNED BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

C. L. Chamberlin.

1. Each one in life is build-ing A tem-ple of his own; Seek then the sure foun-
2. Earth's mightiest works shall perish, Shall crumble and decay; The piles of brick and
3. There hath been laid in Zi-on A sure foundation stone; Build then your hopes up-

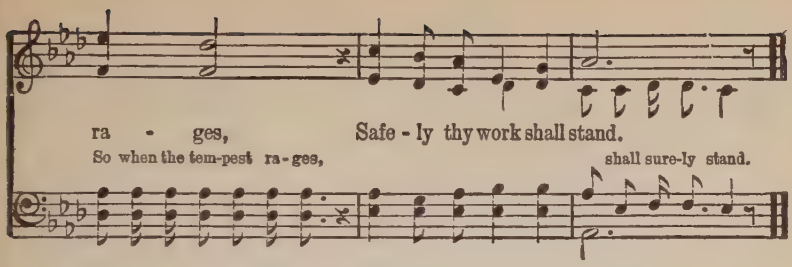
da - tion, Choose well the cor-ner-stone. Trust not in fame or rich-es, Nor
gran-ite The years shall sweep a-way; But souls live on for-ev-er, In
on it, On Christ, and Him a-lone. When to the fi - nal judgment We

on good works re-ly; Men's best acts are im-per-fect In God's un-err-ing eye.
joy or mis-er-y; And char-ac-ter is destined To last e-ter-nal-ly.
come at God's command, Safe on the Rock each temple All glo-ri-fied shall stand.

CHORUS.

Build . . . . on the Rock of A - ges, Build
Build on the Rock of A - ges, Build on the Rock of A-ges, Build not on the

not on the shifting sand; . . . . So . . . . when the tempest
shift - ing sand, on the shifting sand; So when the tempest ra - ges,



327 Lord, I'm Coming Home.

Copyright, 1919, by Wm J. Kirkpatrick,
Renewal, Hope Pub. Co., Owner.

W. J. K. USED BY PER. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I've wan - dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I've tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;

FINE.

The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
My strength re - new, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

D. S.—*O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.*

CHORUS. D. S.

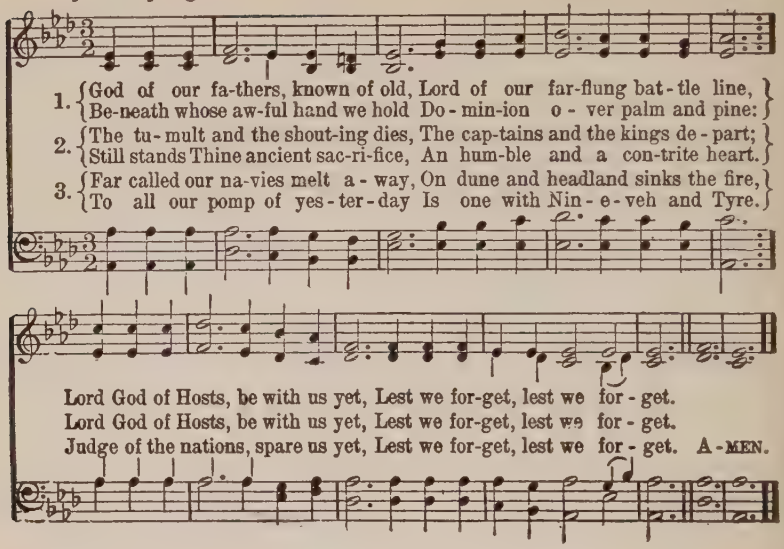
Com - ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er - more to roam,

5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home;
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need His cleansing blood I know,
Now I'm coming home;
O wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

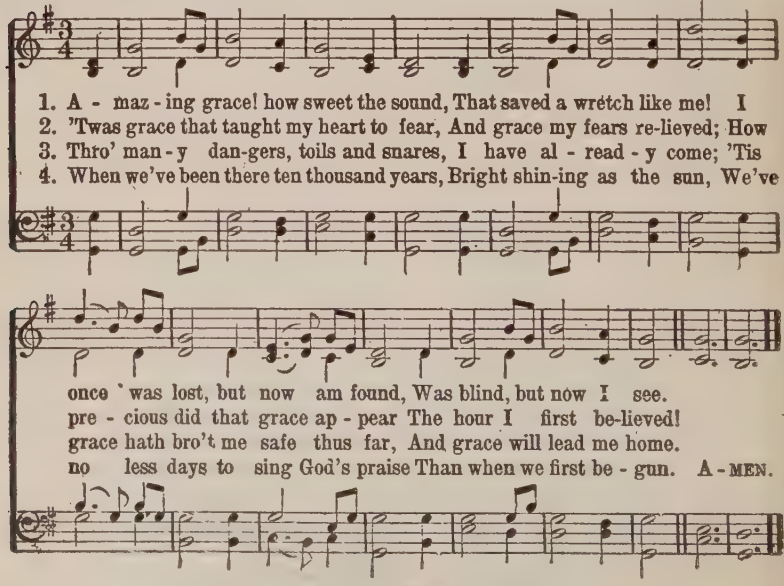
328 God of Our Fathers.

Rudyard Kipling. Isaac B. Woodbury.



329 Amazing Grace.

John Newton. Arr. by E. O. Excell.



There is a Fountain.

WILLIAM COWPER. L. MASON.

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
3. Thou dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev - er lose its power,
4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,
5. Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song, I'll sing Thy power to save,

And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains,
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way,
Till all the ran-somed church of God Be saved to sin no more,
Re - deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die,
When this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave,

Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains;
Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way;
Be saved to sin no more, Be saved to sin no more;
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die;
Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave;

And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Till all the ransomed Church of God Be saved to sin no more.
Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue Lies silent in the the grave.

331 Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.

M. 100 = ♩

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With man-y a con-flict, man-y a doubt,
4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind, Sight, rich-es, heal-ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am, Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, par-don, cleanse, relieve;
6. Just as I am, Thy love un-known Hath bro-ken ev-'ry bar-rier down;

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Fight-ings with-in, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

332 Oh, Why Not Tonight?

USED BY PERMISSION. J. Calvin Bushey.

M. 96 = ♩

1. Oh, do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes a-gainst the light;
2. To-mor-row's sun may nev-er rise To bless thy long de-lud-ed sight;
3. Our Lord in pit-y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-quite?
4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fus-es none Who would to Him their souls u-nite;

Poor sin-ner, hard-en not your heart, Be saved, oh, to-night.
This is the time, oh, then, be wise, Be saved, oh, to-night.
Re-nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, oh, to-night.
Be-lieve, o-bey, the work is done, Be saved, oh, to-night.

CHORUS.

Oh, why not to-night? Oh, why not to-night?
Oh, why not to-night? why not to-night? Why not to-night? why not to-night?

Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
Wilt thou be saved? wilt thou be saved? Then why not, oh, why not to-night?

333 Why Not Now?

El Nathan. C. C. Case.

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USED BY PERMISSION.

M. 96 = ♩.

1. While we pray, and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wan-dered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub-led mind:
4. Come to Christ, con - fes - sion make; Come to Christ and par - don take;

While your Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth-er, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But, to - day, ac - cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

CHORUS.

1 2

Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je-sus now?
Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - - - sus now?

334 Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton — Arr. by Lowell Mason.

M. 72 = ♩

1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week, God has bro't us on our way; Let us
2. While we pray for pard'ning grace, Thro 'the dear Redeemer's name, Show Thy
3. Here we come Thy name to praise; Let us feel Thy presence near: May Thy
4. May the gos-pel's joy - ful sound Con-quer sin-ners, comfort saints; Make the

now a bless-ing seek, Wait-ing in His courts to - day: Day of
rec - on - cil - ed face, Take a - way our sin and shame; From our
glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear: Here af-
fruits of grace a-bound, Bring re - lief to all com - plaints: Thus may

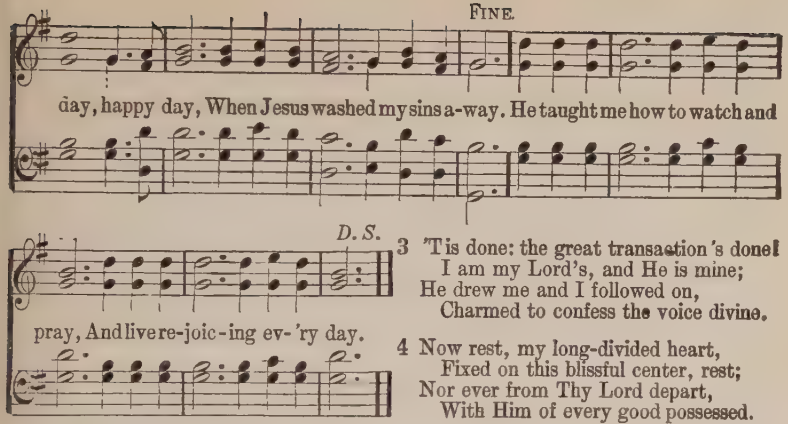
all the week the best, Emblems of e - ter - nal rest. of e - ter - nal rest.
world-ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee. rest this day in Thee.
ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er-last-ing feast. ev - er-last-ing feast.
all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the church a-bove. join the church a - bove.

335 O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge. — E. F. Rimbault.

M. 60 = 𝅗𝅥

1. { O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God! / Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its rap-tures all a - broad. } Hap - py
2. { O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love! / Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. } Hap - py

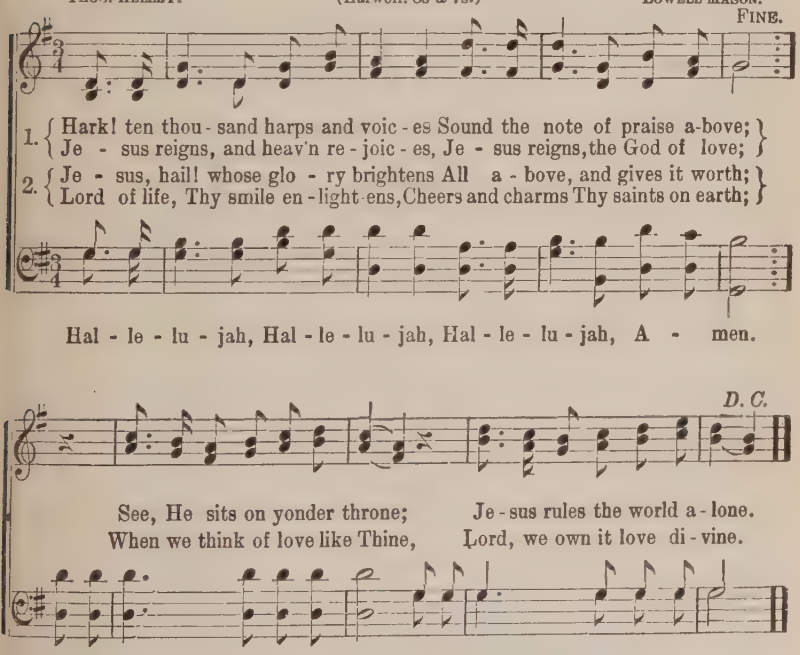


3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from Thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

336 Hark! Ten Thousand Harps and Voices.

THOS. KELLEY. (Harwell. 8s & 7s.) LOWELL MASON.



3 King of glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own,
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.
Hallelujah, Amen.

4 Savior, hasten Thine appearing;
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then with golden harps we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."
Hallelujah, Amen.

337 Loving Kindness.

Samuel Medley. William Caldwell.

M. 96 = ♩

1. A - wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me, not-with-stand-ing all;
3. Tho' numerous hosts of might-y foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op-pose,
4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick and thundered loud,

He just-ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how free!
He saved me from my lost es - tate: His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how great!
He safe-ly leads my soul a - long, His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how strong!
He near my soul has al-ways stood: His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how good!

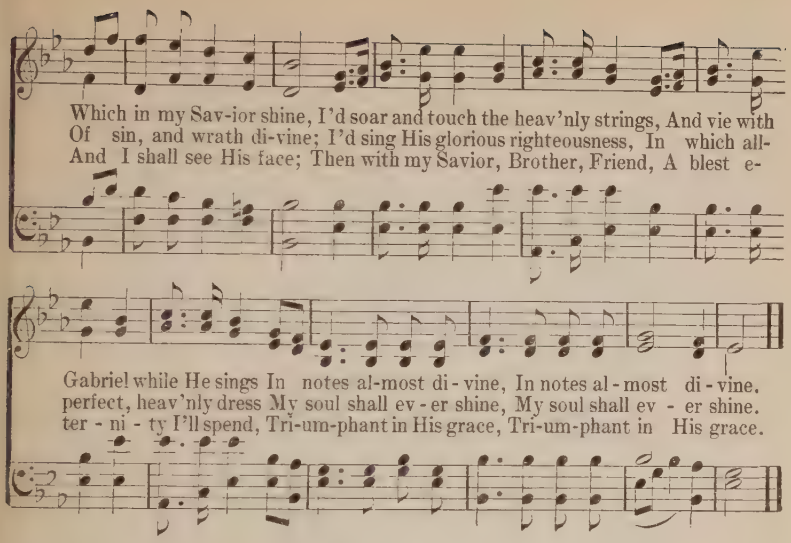
Lov-ing kind-ness, lov - ing kindness, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how free!
Lov-ing kind-ness, lov - ing kindness, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how great!
Lov-ing kind-ness, lov - ing kindness, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how strong!
Lov-ing kind-ness, lov - ing kindness, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how good!

338 O Could I Speak.

S. Medley. Lowell Mason.

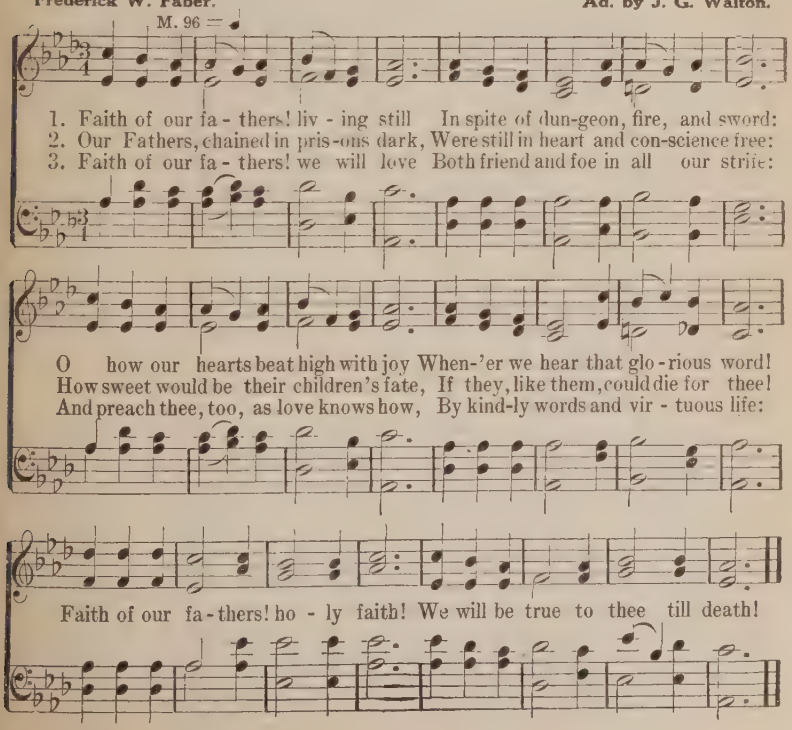
M. 96 = ♩

1. O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glo-ries forth,
2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood He spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt
3. Well, the de - light - ful day will come When my dear Lord will bring me home,



339 Faith of Our Fathers.

Frederick W. Faber. **Ad. by J. G. Walton.**



340 Close to Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby. S. J Vail.

M. 80 = ♩

1. Thou my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me,
2. Not for ease or world - ly pleas - ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad - ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea:

All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - ior, let me walk with Thee.
Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

FINE

D.S.–All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - ior, let me walk with Thee.
D.S.–Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
D.S.–Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

REFRAIN. *D. S.*

1-3. Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;

341 I Love Him.

London Hymn Book. USED BY PERMISSION. S. C. Foster.

M. 84 = ♩

1. Gone from my heart the world with all its charm; Gone are my sins and
2. Once I was lost up - on the plains of sin; Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but

all that would a - larm; Gone ev - er-more, and by His grace I know The
doubts and fears within; Once was a - fraid to trust a lov - ing God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To

D. S.—*Be-cause He first loved me, And*

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

pre-cious blood of Je-sus cleans-es white as snow.
now my guilt is washed a-way in Je - sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
tell the world the peace that He a-lone can give.

pur-chased my sal-va - tion On Cal-v'ry's tree.

342 Take My Life, and Let it Be.

F. R. HAVERGAL. WM. B. BRADBURY

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold;
4. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no lon - ger mine;

CHO.—*Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for-ev - er - more to be;*

D. C. for CHORUS.

Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on - ly, for my King.
Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise.
Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.

Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for-ev - er - more to be.

Praise the Lord.

I. E. R.

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I. E. Reynolds.

1. Praise the Lord for all His goodness To His creatures here be - low: Oft - en we do seem so thankless For the love He doth be-stow. Praise the Lord for all His goodness, Giv-ing up Him-self to die; 'Tis so great, His lov-ing-
2. Praise the Lord for all His goodness, For His pow'r to keep from sin; We shall ne'er for-get the sweetness Of the peace we have with-in. Praise the Lord for all His goodness, For the home prepared a - bove, For the crown with all its

rit.

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord..... for all His kindness, He a - lone can jus - ti - fy. Praise the Lord for good-ness, Praise the Lord..... for all His goodness, Praise the all His goodness, Praise the Lord for all His goodness,

Praise the Lord for all His brightness, Giv - en those who trust His love. Praise the Lord for all His good-ness, Praise the Lord for all His goodness,

Lord..... for all His goodness,

Praise the Lord for all His goodness, Praise His great and ho - ly name;
Praise His great, His great and ho - ly name;

Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord,

Praise Him for His goodness, praise the Lord, Praise Him for His goodness, Praise the Lord,

Praise the Lord,

Praise Him for His goodness, praise the Lord, Praise His great and ho - ly name.

344 Enough for Me.

E. A. H. USED BY PERMISSION Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

1. O love surpassing knowledge! O grace so full and free! I know that Jesus saves me,
2. O won-der-ful salvation! From sin He makes me free! I feel the sweet assurance,
3. O blood of Christ so precious, Poured out on Calvary! I feel its cleansing pow-er,

D. S.—*I know that Je-sus saves me,*

FINE. REFRAIN. D. S.

And that's enough for me! And that's enough for me, And that's enough for me!

And that's enough for me!

345 Come, Sinner, Come!

1. While Je - sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come!
   While we are pray - ing for you, Come, (*Omit*.....) sin - ner, come!
2. Are you too heav - y - la - den? Come, sin-ner, come!
   Je - sus will bear your bur - den, Come, (*Omit*.....) sin - ner, come!
3. Oh, hear His ten - der plead-ing, Come, sin-ner, come!
   Come and re - ceive the bless - ing, Come, (*Omit*.....) sin - ner, come!

Now is the time to own Him, Come, sin-ner, come!
Now is the time to know Him, Come, (*Omit*.....) sin - ner, come!
Je - sus will not de-ceive you, Come, sin-ner, come!
Je - sus can now re-deem you, Come, (*Omit*.....) sin - ner, come!
While Je - sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come!
While we are pray-ing for you, Come, (*Omit*.....) sin - ner, come!

346 I Love to Sing of Heaven.

1. I love to sing of Heav'n, Where white-robed an - gels are;
2. I love to think of Heav'n, Where my Re-deem - er reigns;
3. I love to think of Heav'n, That prom - ised land so fair;

CHO.—*There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there;*

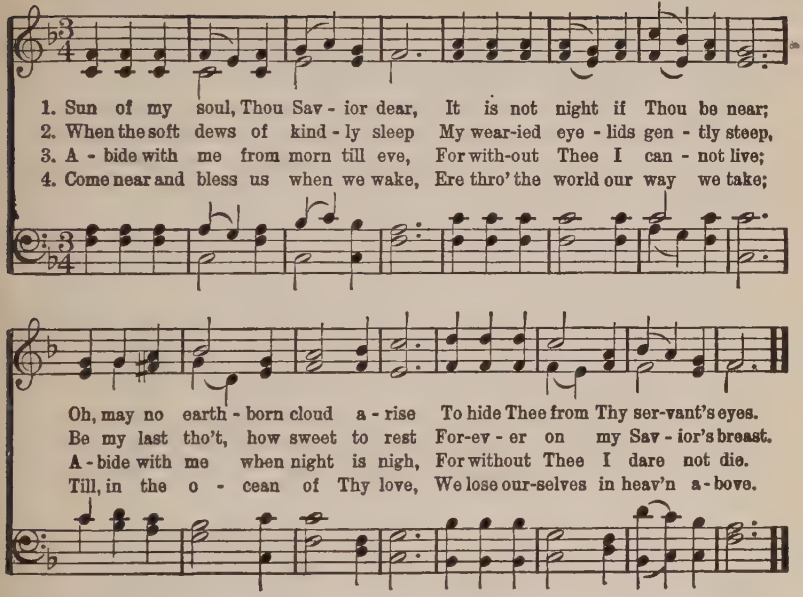
D. C.

Where many a friend is gath-ered, safe From fear, and toil, and care.
Where rap-turous songs of tri-umph rise, In end - less, joy-ous strains.
Oh, how my rap - tured spir - it longs To be for - ev - er there.

In Heav'n a - bove, Where all is love, There'll be no sor - row there.

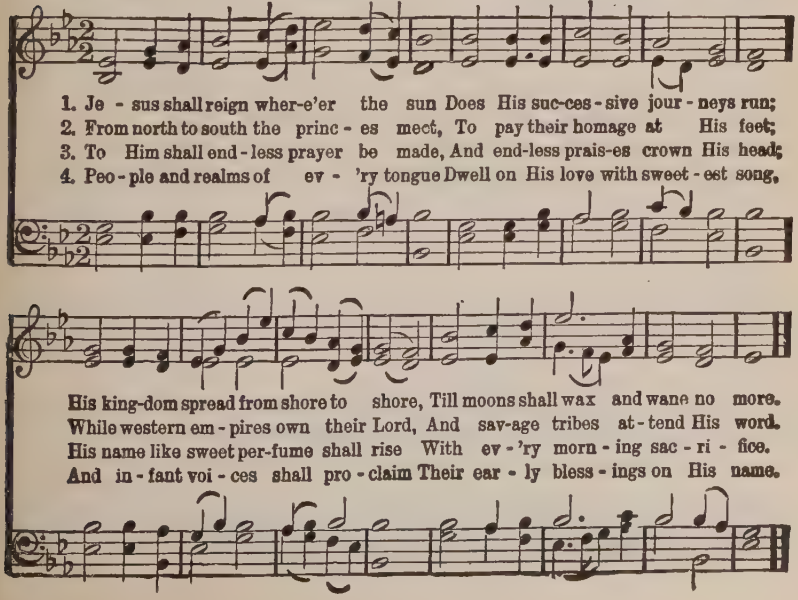
347 Sun of My Soul.

John Keble. Peter Ritter.



348 Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. John Hatton.



349 May the Grace of Christ Our Saviour.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779 — ISAAC B. WOODBURY, 1848

1. May the grace of Christ our Sav - iour, And the Fa - ther's boundless love,
2. Thus may we a - bide in un - ion With each oth - er and the Lord,

With the Ho - ly Spir - it's fa - vor, Rest up - on us from a - bove,
And pos - sess, in sweet com - mun - ion, Joys which earth cannot af - ford. A-MEN.

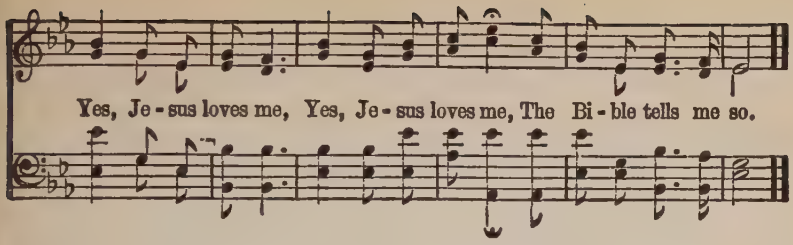
350 Jesus Loves Me.

Anna B. Warner. — Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so: Lit - tle
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died Heaven's gates to o - pen wide; He will
3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill; From His
4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way; If I

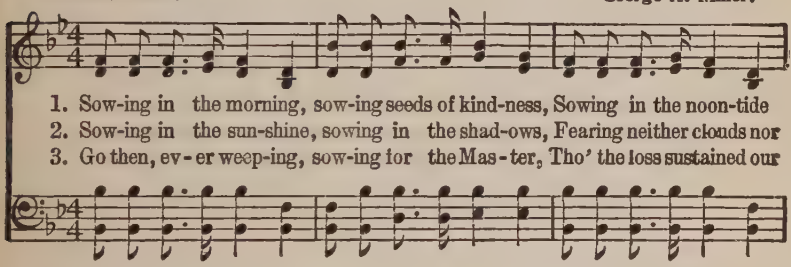
CHORUS.

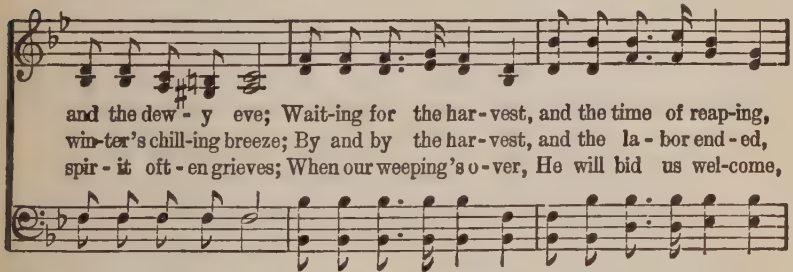
ones to Him be - long; They are weak, but He is strong.
wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in. Yes, Je - sus loves me,
shin - ing throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
love Him, when I die He will take me home on high.

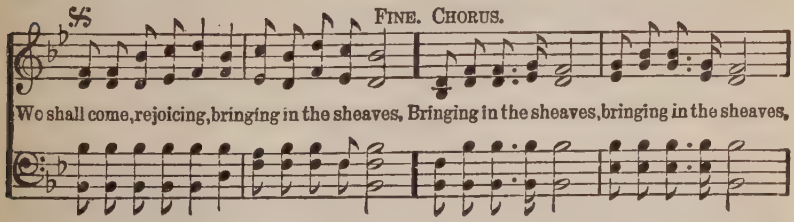


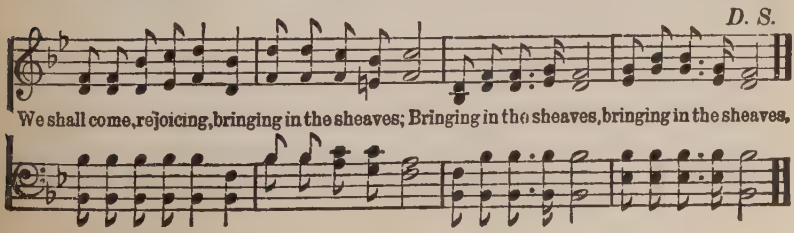
351 Bringing In the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw. George A. Minor.









352 Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H.M

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Mrs. C. H. Morris.

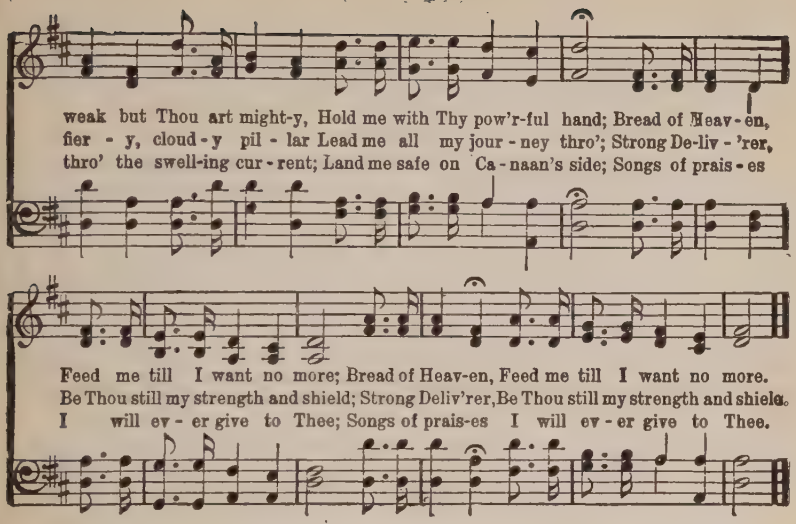
1. Near-er, still near-er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my Sav-ior, so pre-cious Thou art: Fold me, O fold me close to Thy breast, Shel-ter me safe in that "Ha-ven of Rest," Shelter me safe in that "Haven of Rest."
2. Near-er, still near-er, noth-ing I bring, Naught as an of-fring to Je-sus my King; On-ly my sin-ful, now contrite heart, Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth impart.
3. Near-er, still near-er, Lord, to be thine, Sin, with its fol-lies, I glad-ly re-sign; All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride, Give me but Je-sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied, Give me but Je-sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied.
4. Near-er, still near-er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo-ry my an-chor is cast; Thro' end-less a-ges, ev-er to be, Near-er, my Sav-ior, still near-er to Thee, Near-er, my Savior, still near-er to Thee.

353 Guide Me.

W. Williams.

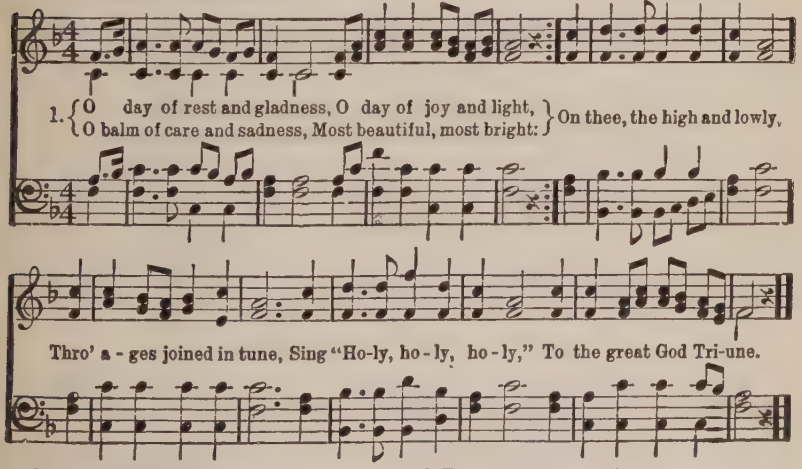
Thomas Hastings.

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho-vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar-ren land: I am
2. O-pen now the crys-tal fountain Whence the healing wa-ters flow; Let the
3. When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my anx-ious fears sub-side; Bear me



354 O Day of Rest and Gladness.

Christopher Wordsworth. Arr. by Lowell Mason.



2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord victorious,
The Spirit sent from Heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

355 My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

(JEWETT.) Arr. by J. P. Holbrook.

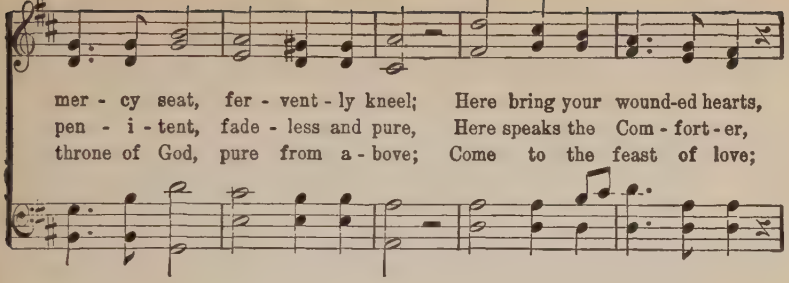
1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: O may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign. Thro' sor-row, or thro' joy
2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear. Since Thou on earth hast wept,
3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: All shall be well for me; Each chang-ing fut - ure scene I glad-ly trust with Thee. Straight to my home a - bove,

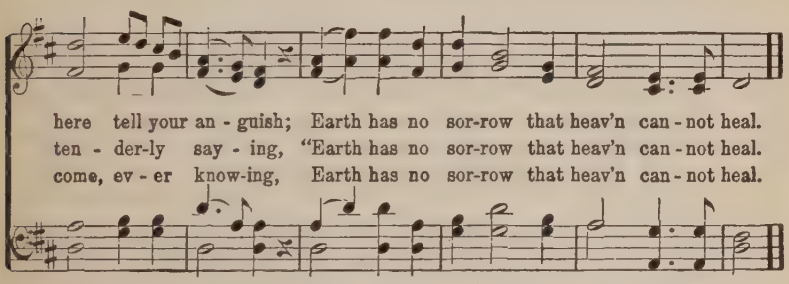
Con-duct me as Thine own, And help me still to say "My Lord, Thy will be done."
And sor-row'd oft a-lone, If I must weep with Thee "My Lord, Thy will be done."
I trav-el calm-ly on, And sing in life or death "My Lord, Thy will be done."

356 Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore. S. Webbe.

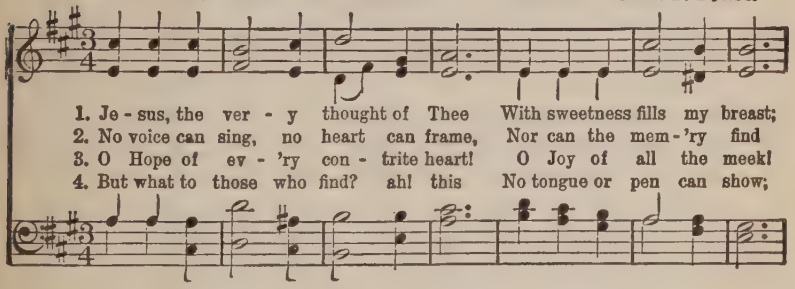
1. Come, ye dis - con - so-late, wher-e'er ye lan-guish, Come to the
2. Joy of the des - o-late, light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the Bread of Life; see wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the

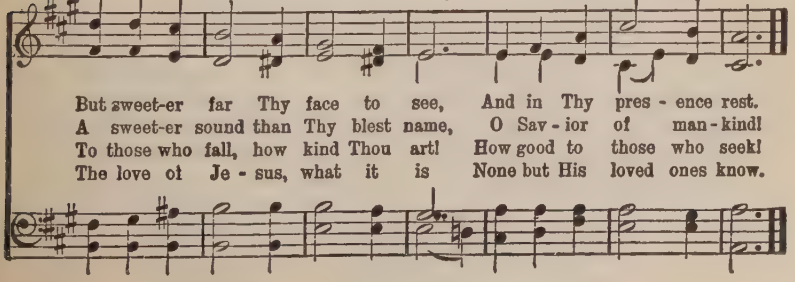




357 Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee.

Edward Caswall. John B. Dykes.





358 Holy Quietness.

M. P. Ferguson. Arr. from W. S. Marshall.

M. 60 = ♩

1. Joys are flow-ing like a riv - er, Since the Com-fort-er has come;
2. Spring-ing in - to life and glad-ness, All a-round this glo-rious Guest,
3. Like a rain that falls from heav-en, Like the sun-light from the sky,
4. What a won - der - ful sal - va - tion, Where we al-ways see His face!

He a - bides with us for - ev - er, Makes the trust-ing heart His home.
Ban-ished un - be - lief and sad - ness, And we just o - bey and trust.
So the Ho - ly Ghost is giv - en, Com - ing on us from on high.
What a peace-ful hab - i - ta - tion, What a qui - et rest-ing place.

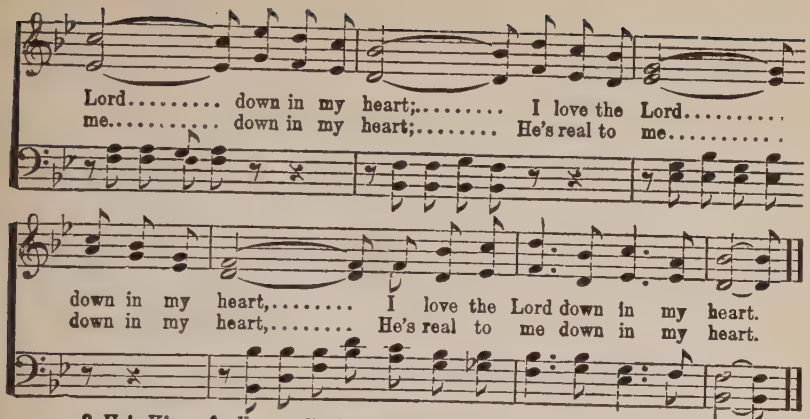
CHORUS.

Bless-ed qui - et-ness, ho - ly qui-et-ness, What as-sur-ance in my soul;
On the storm-y sea, Speaking peace to me, How the bil-lows cease to roll.

359 I Love the Lord.

Copyright, 1921, by Thoro Harris. Arr. by Thoro Harris.

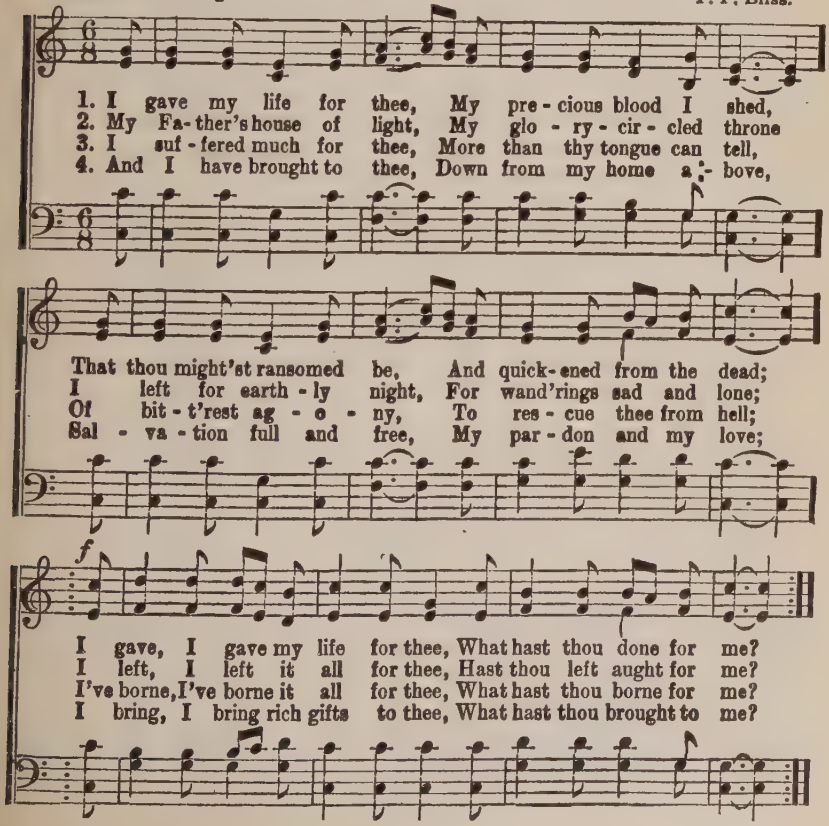
1. I love the Lord,..... I love the Lord,..... I love the
2. He's real to me,..... He's real to me,..... He's real to



3 He's King of all.
4 The fire burns.
5 There's perfect peace.
6 Sweet melodies.
7 I worship God.
8 I hide His word.

360 I Gave My Life for Thee.

Frances R. Havergal. P. P. Bliss.



361 Every Day and Hour.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

Slowly.

1. Savior, more than life to me I am clinging, clinging, close to Thee:
2. Thro' this changing world be-low, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly, as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more, and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er,

Let Thy precious blood applied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er, near Thy side.
Trust-ing Thee I can-not stray, I can nev - er, nev-er, lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world above.

REFRAIN.

Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r;
Ev - 'ry day and hour, ev - 'ry day and hour,

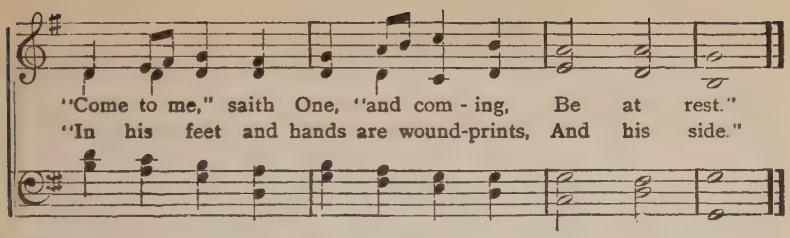
May Thy ten - der love to me Bind me clos-er, closer, Lord, to Thee.

By permission.

362 Art Thou Weary?

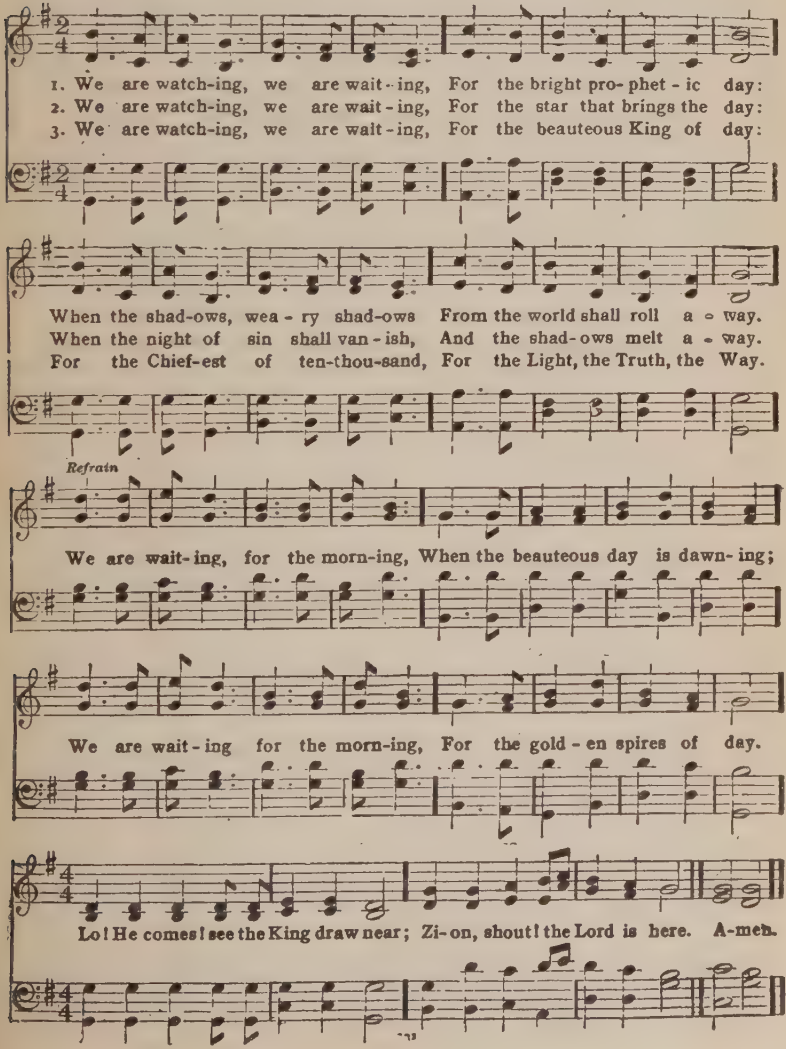
(STEPHANOS. P. M.) W. H. MONK.

1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis-tressed?
2. Hath he marks to lead me to him, If he be my Guide?—



363 We Are Watching.

Rev. William O Cushing, 1866 — Geo. F. Root, 1866



Abide in His Will.

Copyright 1924 by Thoro Harris

T. H. THORO HARRIS

1. A - bide in the will of the Fath - er in heav - en, Pur - su - ing the task which to thee He hath giv - en, And nev - er de - part from the path He hath chos - en, But
2. For in His blest will there in peace with out meas - ure, A ful - ness of joy and an in - fi - nite trea - sure, There on - ly is found true con - tent - ment and plea - sure, O
3. A - bide in His will what - so - ev - er be fall thee, A - bide in His will till the Mas - ter shall call thee, To man - sions of light He pre - pares for the faith - ful, Who

a - bide in His will.

CHORUS

In His will (ho - ly will) in His will (bless - ed will) All His pur - pose let Fath - er ful - fill; There is naught that can harm us, Fath - er ful fill;

There is naught should a - larm us If we on ly a - bide in His will. (in His will

365 Hide Me.

Tr. C. Geo. E.

Copyright, 1925, by Conference Press

Swedish Folk Tune

Andante

1 Hide me, dear Sav-ior, hide me Be-neath Thy wings, I pray.
And let me in Thy bos-om Re-pose at end of day.

2 For-give me all trans-gressions And wash me in Thy blood.
Give me a heart that's ho-ly, A will that's al-ways good.

Be Thou mine all for-ev-er, My wis-dom and my grace;
Sur-round us with Thy pres-ence — We give our-selves a-new—

Grant in a full-er meas-ure I may thy-self em-brace.
A-bide with us when shad-ows Bid pass-ing day a-dieu.

366 What Did He Do?

Dr. J. M. Gray.

USED BY PERMISSION OF G. F. PUGH.

W. Gurney

1. O list-en to our won-drous sto-ry, Count-ed once a-mong the lost;
Yet, One came down from heaven's glo-ry Sav-ing us at aw-ful cost!

2. No an-gel could His place have tak-en, High-est of the high tho' he;
The loved One on the cross for-sak-en Was one of the God-head three!

3. Will you sur-rend-er to this Sav-iour? To His scep-tre hum-bly bow?
You, too shall come to know His fav-or, He will save you, save you now.

CHORUS.

Who saved us from e-ter-nal loss? What did He do?
Who but God's Son up-on the cross? He

Where is He now? In heav-en in-ter-ced-ing!
died for you! Be-lieve it thou, In heav-en in-ter-ced-ing!

RESPONSIVE READINGS

1

THE LAW OF THE LORD

Ex. 20

And God spake all these words, saying,

I am Jehovah thy God, who brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

Thou shalt not make unto thee a graven image, nor any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth:

Thou shalt not bow down thyself unto them, nor serve them; for I Jehovah thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, upon the third and upon the fourth generation of them that hate me.

And showing lovingkindness unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments.

Thou shalt not take the name of Jehovah thy God in vain; for Jehovah will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy.

Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work;

But the seventh day is a sabbath unto Jehovah thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates:

For in six days Jehovah made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; wherefore Jehovah blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which Jehovah thy God giveth thee.

Thou shalt not kill.

Thou shalt not commit adultery.

Thou shalt not steal.

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

Matt. 22.

And one of them, a lawyer, asked him a question, trying him:

Teacher, which is the great commandment in the law?

And he said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.

This is the great and first commandment.

And a second like unto it is this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

On these two commandments the whole law hangeth and the prophets.

2

THE SANCTUARY OF GOD

Ps. 84.

How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Jehovah of hosts!

My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of Jehovah; my heart and my flesh cry out unto the living God.

Yea, the sparrow hath found her a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Jehovah of hosts, my King, and my God.

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee. Selah.

Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the highways to Zion.

Passing through the valley of Weeping they make it a place of springs; yea, the early rain covereth it with blessings.

They go from strength to strength; every one of them appeareth before God in Zion.

O Jehovah God of hosts, hear my prayer; give ear, O God of Jacob, Selah.

Behold, O God our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.

For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

For Jehovah God is a sun and a shield: Jehovah will give grace and glory; no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

O Jehovah of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

Ps. 122.

I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go unto the house of Jehovah.

Our feet are standing within thy gates, O Jerusalem.

Jerusalem, that art builded as a city that is compact together;

Whither the tribes go up, even the tribes of Jehovah, for an ordinance for Israel, to give thanks unto the name of Jehovah.

For there are set thrones for judgment, the thrones of the house of David.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be in thee.

For the sake of the house of Jehovah our God I will seek thy good.

3

LOOKING TO THE LORD

Ps. 121.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains: from whence shall my help come?

My help cometh from Jehovah, who made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold he that keepeth Israel will neither slumber nor sleep.

Jehovah is thy keeper; Jehovah is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. ..

Jehovah will keep thee from all evil; he will keep thy soul.

Jehovah will keep thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth and forevermore. ..

Ps. 125.

They that trust in Jehovah are as Mount Zion, which cannot be moved, but abideth for ever.

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so Jehovah is round about his people from this time forth and for evermore. ..

For the sceptre of wickedness shall not rest upon the lot of the righteous: that the righteous put not forth their hands unto iniquity.

Do good, O Jehovah, unto those that are good, and to them that are upright in their hearts.

But as for such as turn aside unto their crooked ways, Jehovah will lead them forth with the workers of iniquity. Peace be upon Israel.

4

CONFESSION AND FORGIVENESS

Ps. 51.

Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness; according to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. ..

For I know my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me.

Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts; and in the hidden part thou wilt make me to know wisdom.

Purify me with hyssop and I shall be clean: wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

Make me to hear joy and gladness, that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

Create in me a clean heart, O God: and renew a right spirit within me.

Cast me not away from thy presence: and take not thy holy Spirit from me.

Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with a willing spirit.

Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation; and my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall show forth thy praise.

For thou delightest not in sacrifice; else would I give it: thou hast no pleasure in burnt-offering. ..

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

5

THE LORD'S EVERLASTING MERCY

Ps. 103.

Bless Jehovah, O my soul: and all that is within me bless his holy name.

Bless Jehovah, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

Who forgiveth all thy iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies;

Who satisfieth thy desire with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle.

Jehovah executeth righteous acts, and judgments for all that are oppressed.

He made known his ways unto Moses, his doings unto the children of Israel.

Jehovah is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and abundant in lovingkindness.

He will not always chide; neither will he keep his anger for ever.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us after our iniquities.

For as the heavens are high above the earth, so great is his lovingkindness toward them that fear him.

As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so Jehovah pitieth them that fear him.

For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more. ..

But the lovingkindness of Jehovah is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children;

To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his precepts to do them.

Jehovah hath established his throne in te heavens; and his kingdom ruleth over all.

Bless Jehovah, ye his angels, that are mighty in strength, that fulfil his word, hearkening unto the voice of his word.

Bless Jehovah, all ye his hosts, ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.

Bless Jehovah, all ye his works, in all places of his dominion; Bless Jehovah, O my soul.

6

NO CONDEMNATION.

Rom. 8.

There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus.

For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus made me free from the law of sin and of death.

For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God, sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh;

That the ordinance of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, these are sons of God.

For ye received not the spirit of bondage again unto fear; but ye received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father.

The Spirit himself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are children of God;

And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified with him.

For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed to us-ward.

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or anguish, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

Even as it is written, For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we were accounted as sheep for the slaughter.

Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.

For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers,

Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

7

THE BLESSED.

Ps. 1.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the wicked, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of scoffers:

But his delight is in the law of Jehovah; and on his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the streams of water, that bringeth forth its fruit in its season, whose leaf also doth not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The wicked are not so, but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the wicked shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For Jehovah knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the wicked shall perish.

Matt. 5.

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called sons of God.

Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye when men shall reproach you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets that were before you.

8

SECURITY IN GOD'S KEEPING

Ps. 91.

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of Jehovah, He is my refuge and my fortress; my God, in whom I trust. ..

For he will deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the deadly pestilence.

He will cover thee with his pinions, and under his wings shalt thou take refuge: his truth is a shield and a buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

For the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday. .

A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold, and see the reward of the wicked.

For thou, O Jehovah, art my refuge! Thou hast made the Most High thy habitation;

There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy tent.

For he will give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the serpent shalt thou trample under foot.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honor him.

With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.

9

FAITH AND TRUST

Ps. 46.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

Therefore will we not fear, though the earth do change, and though the mountains be shaken into the heart of the seas; ..

Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains tremble with the swelling thereof. Selah.

There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.

God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God will help her, and that right early.

The nations raged, the kingdoms were moved: he uttered his voice, the earth melted.

Jehovah of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah.

Come, behold the works of Jehovah what desolations he hath made in the earth.

He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariots in the fire.

Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the nations; I will be exalted in the earth.

Jehovah of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah.

10

COMPANIONSHIP WITH GOD .

Ps. 139.

O Jehovah, thou hast searched me, and known me.

Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising; thou understandest my thought afar off.

Thou searchest out my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Jehovah, thou knowest it altogether.

Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thy hand upon me.

Such knowledge is too wonderful for me: it is high, I cannot attain unto it. ..

Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in Sheol, behold, thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

If I say, Surely the darkness shall overwhelm me, and the light about me shall be night;

Even the darkness hideth not from thee, but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! How great is the sum of them!

If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand: when I awake, I am still with thee.

Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts:

And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

11

CHRISTIAN LIVING.

Rom. 12.

I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, to present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is your spiritual service.

And be not fashioned according to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is the good and acceptable and perfect will of God.

For I say, through the grace that was given me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but so to think as to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to each man a measure of faith.

For even as we have many members in one body, and all the members have not the same office:

So we, who are many, are one body in Christ, and severally members one of another.

And having gifts differing according to the grace that was given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of our faith;

Or ministry, let us give ourselves to our ministry; or he that teacheth, to his teaching;

Or he that exhorteth, to his exhorting; he that giveth, let him do it with liberality; he that ruleth, with diligence; he that showeth mercy, with cheerfulness.

Let love be without hypocrisy, abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good.

In love of the brethren be tenderly affectioned one to another; in honor preferring one another;

In diligence not slothful; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord;

Rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing stedfastly in prayer;

Communicating to the necessities of the saints; given to hospitality.

Bless them that persecute you; bless and curse not.

Rejoice with them that rejoice; weep with them that weep.

Be of the same mind one toward another. Set not your mind on high things, but condescend to things that are lowly. Be not wise in your own conceits.

Render to no man evil for evil. Take thought for things honorable in the sight of all men.

If it be possible, as much as in you lieth, be at peace with all men.

12

THE EXCELLENCE OF LOVE.

1 Cor. 13.

If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal.

And if I have the gift of prophecy, and know all mysteries and all knowledge; and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing.

And if I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and if I give my body

to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil;

Rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Love never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall be done away; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall be done away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part:

But when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child: now that I am become a man, I have put away childish things.

For now we see in a mirror, darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know fully even as also I was fully known.

But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love.

13

CHRISTIAN HOPE.

John 14.

Let not your heart be troubled: believe in God, believe also in me.

In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; for I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I come again, and will receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

And whither I go, ye know the way.

Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; how know we the way?

Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no one cometh unto the Father, but by me.

If ye had known me, ye would have known my Father also; from henceforth ye know him, and have seen him.

Philip saith unto him, Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us.

Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and dost thou not know me, Philip? he that hath seen me hath seen the Father; how sayest thou, Show us the Father?

Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? The words that I say unto you I speak not from myself: but the Father abiding in me doeth his works.

Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me: or else believe me for the very works' sake.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto the Father.

And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.

If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it.

If ye love me ye will keep my commandments.

14

PRAISE TO THE LORD

Ps. 100.

Make a joyful noise unto Jehovah, all ye lands.

Serve Jehovah with gladness: Come before his presence with singing.

Know ye that Jehovah, he is God: it is he that hath made us, and we are his; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: give thanks unto him, and bless his name.

For Jehovah is good; his loving-

kindness endureth for ever, and his faithfulness unto all generations.

Ps. 150.

Praise ye Jehovah. Praise God in his sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power.

Praise him for his mighty acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness.

Praise him with trumpet sound: praise him with psaltery and harp.

Praise him with timbrel and dance; praise him with stringed instruments and pipe.

Praise him with loud cymbals: praise him with high sounding cymbals.

Let everything that hath breath praise Jehovah. Praise ye Jehovah.

15

THANKSGIVING.

Ps. 65.

Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion; and unto thee shall the vow be performed.

O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come. Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.

Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it, thou greatly enrichest it; the river of God is full of water: thou providest them grain, when thou hast so prepared the earth.

Thou waterest its furrows abundantly; thou settlest the ridges thereof: thou makest it soft with showers; thou blessest the springing thereof.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness.

They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness; and the hills are girded with joy.

The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with grain; they shout for joy, they also sing.

Deut. 33.

Blessed of Jehovah be his land, for the precious things of heaven, for the dew, and for the deep that coucheth beneath.

And for the precious things of the fruits of the sun, and for the precious things of the growth of the moons.

And for the chief things of the ancient mountains, and for the precious things of the everlasting hills.

And for the precious things of the earth and the fulness thereof, and the good will of him that dwelt in the bush.

1 Chron. 16.

O give thanks unto Jehovah, call upon his name; make known his doings among the peoples.

Sing unto him, sing praises unto him; talk ye of all his marvellous works.

Glory ye in his holy name; let the heart of them rejoice that seek Jehovah.

16

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST

John 1.

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

The same was in the beginning with God.

And the Word became flesh, and dwelt among us and we beheld his glory, glory as of the only begotten from the Father, full of grace and truth.

Luke 2.

And she brought forth her first-born son; and she wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were shepherds in the same country abiding in the field, and keeping watch by night over their flock.

And an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people;

For there is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord.

And this is the sign unto you: ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased.

Now lettest thou thy servant depart, Lord, according to thy word, in peace;

For mine eyes have seen thy salvation.

Which thou hast prepared before the face of all peoples;

A light for revelation to the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel.

John 3.

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotton Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life.

17

CHRIST OUR EXAMPLE.

Phil. 2.

Have this mind in you, which was also in Christ Jesus:

Who, existing in the form of God, counted not the being on an equality with God a thing to be grasped,

But emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men:

And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, becoming obedient even unto death, yea, the death of the cross.

Wherefore also God highly exalted him, and gave unto him the name which is above every name;

That in the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven and things on earth and things under the earth,

And that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

So then, my beloved, even as ye have always obeyed, not as in my presence only, but now much more in my absence, work out your own salvation with fear and trembling;

For it is God who worketh in you both to will and to work, for his good pleasure.

Do all things without murmurings and questionings:

That ye may become blameless and harmless children of God without blemish in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, among whom ye are seen as lights in the world.

Holding forth the word of life; that I may have whereof to glory in the day of Christ, that I did not run in vain neither labor in vain.

18

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Ps. 23.

Jehovah is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he guideth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou hast anointed my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and lovingkindness shall follow me all the days of my life; and I shall dwell in the house of Jehovah for ever.

John 10.

Jesus therefore said unto them again, Verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep.

All that came before me are thieves and robbers: but the sheep did not hear them.

I am the door; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and go out, and shall find pasture.

The thief cometh not, but that he may steal, and kill, and destroy; I came that they may have life, and may have it abundantly.

I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd layeth down his life for the sheep.

He that is a hireling, and not a shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, beholdeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth, and the wolf snatcheth them, and scattereth them: ..

He fleeth because he is a hireling, and careth not for the sheep.

I am the good shepherd: and I know mine own and mine own know me,

Even as the Father knoweth me, and I know the Father; and I lay down my life for the sheep.

And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and they shall become one flock, one shepherd.

Therefore doth the Father love me, because I lay down my life, that I may take it again.

No one taketh it away from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. This commandment received I from my Father.

Hebr. 13.

Now the God of peace, who brought again from the dead the great shepherd of the sheep with the blood of an eternal covenant, even our Lord Jesus.

Make you perfect in every good thing to do his will, working in us that which is well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be the glory for ever and ever. Amen.

19

THE SUFFERING SAVIOUR

Is. 53.

He was despised, and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and as one from whom men hide their face he was despised; and we esteemed him not.

Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and Jehovah hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

He was oppressed, yet when he was afflicted he opened not his mouth; as a lamb that is led to the slaughter, and as a sheep that before its shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth.

By oppression and judgment he was taken away; and as for his generation, who among them considered that he was cut off out of the land of the living for the transgression of my people to whom the stroke was due?

And they made his grave with the wicked, and with a rich man in his death; although he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

Yet it pleased Jehovah to bruise him; he hath put him to grief: when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of Jehovah shall prosper in his hand. ..

He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied: by the knowledge of himself shall my righteous servant justify many: and he shall bear their iniquities.

Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong; because he poured out his soul unto death, and was numbered with the transgressors; yea he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

20

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

Matt. 28.

Now late on the sabbath day, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre.

And behold, there was a great earthquake; for an angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled away the stone, and sat upon it.

His appearance was as lightning, and his raiment white as snow:

And for fear of him the watchers did quake, and became as dead men.

And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye; for I know that ye seek Jesus, who hath been crucified.

He is not here; for he is risen, even as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay.

And go quickly, and tell his disciples, He is risen from the dead: and lo, he goeth before you into Galilee: there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you.

And they departed quickly from the tomb with fear and great joy, and ran to bring his disciples word.

1 Cor. 15.

Now if Christ is preached that he hath been raised from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead?

But if there is no resurrection of the dead, neither hath Christ been raised:

And if Christ hath not been raised, then is our preaching vain, your faith also is vain.

Yea, and we are found false witnesses of God; because we witnessed of God that he raised up Christ; whom he raised not up, if so be that the dead are not raised.

For if the dead are not raised, neither hath Christ been raised:

And if Christ hath not been raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins.

Then they also that are fallen asleep in Christ have perished.

If we have only hoped in Christ in this life, we are of all men most pitiable.

But now hath Christ been raised from the dead, the firstfruits of them that are asleep.

21

THE DAY OF PENTECOST.

John 14.

If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments.

And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may be with you for ever,

Even the spirit of truth: whom the world cannot receive; for it beholdeth him not, neither knoweth him: ye know him: for he abideth with you, and shall be in you.

I will not leave you desolate; I come unto you.

Luke 24.4

And behold, I send forth the promise of my Father upon you: but tarry ye in the city, until ye be clothed with power from on high.

Acts. 2.

And when the day of Pentecost was now come, they were all together in one place.

And suddenly there came from heaven a sound as of the rushing of a mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting.

And there appeared unto them tongues parting asunder, like as a fire; and it sat upon each one of them.

And they were all filled with the Holy Spirit, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.

Now there were dwelling at Jerusalem Jews, devout men, from every nation under heaven.

And when this sound was heard the multitude came together, and were confounded, because that every man heard them speaking in his own language.

And they were all amazed and marvelled, saying, Behold, are not all these that speak Galilaeans?

And how hear we, every man in our own language wherein we were born?

But this is that which hath been spoken through the prophet Joel:

And it shall be in the last days,

saith God, I will pour forth of my Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and daughters shall prophecy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams:

Yea and on my servants and on my handmaidens in those days will I pour forth of my Spirit; and they shall prophesy.

And I will show wonders in the heaven above, and signs on the earth beneath; blood, and fire, and vapor of smoke:

The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before the day of the Lord come, that great and notable day;

And it shall be, that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved.

They then that received his word were baptized: and there were added unto them in that day about three thousand souls.

22

THE NEW YEAR.

Ps. 90.

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou are God.

Thou turnest man to destruction, and sayest, Return, ye children of men

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as asleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten, or even by reason of strength fourscore years; yet is their pride but labor and sorrow; for it is soon gone, and we fly away.

So teach us to number our days that we may get us a heart of wisdom.

Return, O Jehovah; how long? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

Oh satisfy us in the morning with thy lovingkindness, that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory upon their children.

And let the favor of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

Ps. 102.

My days are like a shadow that declineth; and I am withered like grass.

But thou, O Jehovah, wilt abide for ever; and thy memorial name unto all generations.

Of old didst thou lay the foundation of the earth; and the heavens are the work of thy hands.

They shall perish, but thou shalt endure.

Yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed:

But thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end.

23

BAPTISM

Matt. 3.

Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to the Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him.

But John would have hindered him, saying, I have need to be baptized of thee and comest thou to me?

But Jesus answering said unto him, Suffer it now: for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness. Then he suffereth him.

And Jesus, when he was baptized,

went up straightway from the water: and lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending as a dove, and coming upon him;

And lo, a voice out of the heavens saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.

Matt. 28.

And Jesus came to them and spake unto them, saying, All authority hath been given unto me in heaven and on earth.

Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit:

Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you: and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.

Acts 2.

Now when they heard this, they were pricked in their heart, and said unto Peter and the rest of the apostles, Brethren, what shall we do?

And Peter said unto them, Repent ye, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ unto the remission of your sins; and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Spirit.

They then that received his word were baptized: and there were added unto them in that day about three thousand souls.

Rom. 6.

Are ye ignorant that all we who were baptized into Christ Jesus were baptized into his death?

We were buried therefore with him through baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised from the dead through the glory of the Father, so we also might walk in newness of life.

For if we have become united with him in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection.

24

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

1 Cor. 5.

For our passover also hath been sacrificed, even Christ:

Wherefore let us keep the feast, not with old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness, but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth.

1 Cor. 11.

For I received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you, that the Lord Jesus in the night in which he was betrayed, took bread:

And when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, This is my body, which is for you: this do in remembrance of me.

In like manner also the cup, after supper, saying, This cup is the new covenant in my blood: this do as often as ye drink it, in remembrance of me.

For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink the cup, ye proclaim the Lord's death till he come.

Wherefore whosoever shall eat the bread or drink the cup of the Lord in an unworthy manner, shall be guilty of the body and the blood of the Lord.

But let a man prove himself, and so let him eat of the bread, and drink of the cup.

For he that eateth and drinketh eateth and drinketh judgment unto himself, if he discern not the body.

1 Cor. 10.

The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not a communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not a communion of the body of Christ?

Seeing that we, who are many, are one bread, one body: for we all partake of the one bread.

25

TEMPERANCE.

Prov. 23.

Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath complaining? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek out mixed wine.

Look not thou upon the wine

when it is red, when it sparkleth in the cup, when it goeth down smoothly:

At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

Hear thou, my son, and be wise, and guide thy heart in the way.

Be not among winebibbers, among gluttonous eaters of flesh;

For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty; and drowsiness will clothe a man with rags.

Prov. 20.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink a brawler; and whosoever erreth thereby is not wise.

Rom. 14.

None of us liveth to himself, and none dieth to himself.

Let us not therefore judge one another any more: but judge ye this rather, that no man put a stumbling-block in his brother's way, or an occasion of falling.

For the kingdom of God is not eating and drinking, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Spirit.

For he that herein serveth Christ is well-pleasing to God, and approved of men.

So then let us follow after things which make for peace, and things whereby we may edify one another.

It is good not to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor to do anything whereby thy brother stumbleth.

26

GIVING.

Prov. 3.

Honor Jehovah with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of all thine increase.

Mal. 3.

Will a man rob God? yet ye rob me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings.

Bring ye the whole tithe into the store-house, that there may be food in my house, and prove me now herewith, saith Jehovah of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.

1 Cor. 11.

Upon the first day of the week let each one of you lay by him in store as he may prosper.

2 Cor. 9.

Let each man do according as he hath purposed in his heart: not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.

And God is able to make all grace abound unto you; that ye, having always all sufficiency in everything, may abound unto every good work:

As it is written, He hath scattered abroad, he hath given to the poor; his righteousness abideth forever.

And he that supplieth seed to the sower and bread for food, shall supply and multiply your seed for sowing, and increase the fruits of your righteousness:

Ye being enriched in everything unto all liberality, which worketh through us thanksgiving to God.

For the ministration of this service not only filleth up the measure of the wants of the saints, but aboundeth also through many thanksgivings unto God.

Acts 20.

Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, that he himself said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.

Ps. 41.

Blessed is he that considereth the poor: Jehovah will deliver him in the day of evil.

Prov. 19.

He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto Jehovah, and his good deed will he pay him again.

2 Cor. 8.

For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might become rich.

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